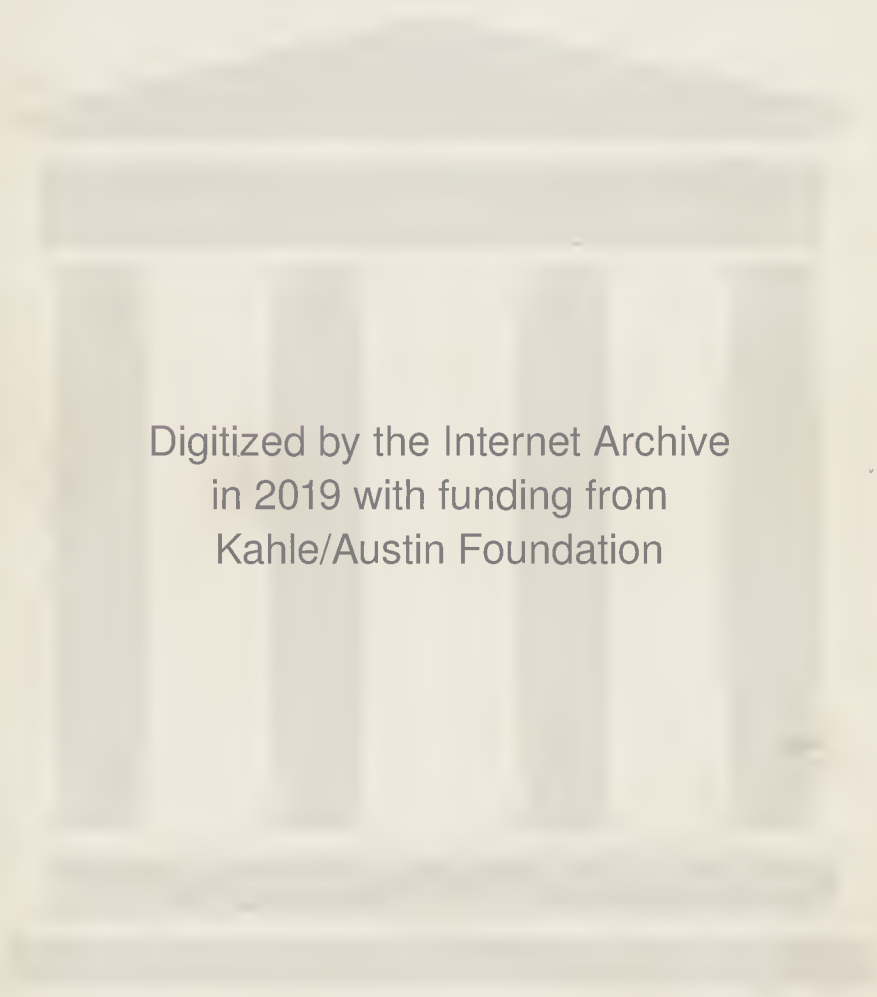


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SUNSET CANADA

BRITISH
COLUMBIA
AND
BEYOND

An Account of its Settlement; Its Progress from the Early Days to the Present, including a Review of the Hudson's Bay Company; Its Amazing Variety of Climate; Its Charm of Landscape; Its Unique Cities and Attractive Towns and Their Industries; A Survey of the Different Peoples to be Found There, including the Japanese and Doukhobors; An Analysis of What it Offers in Opportunity to the Home Seeker, the Agriculturist, the Business Man, the Sportsman and the Traveller.

BY
ARCHIE BELL

Author of

"The Spell of China," "The Spell of Egypt,"
"The Spell of the Holy Land," etc.

*With a map and fifty-six plates,
of which eight are in colour*



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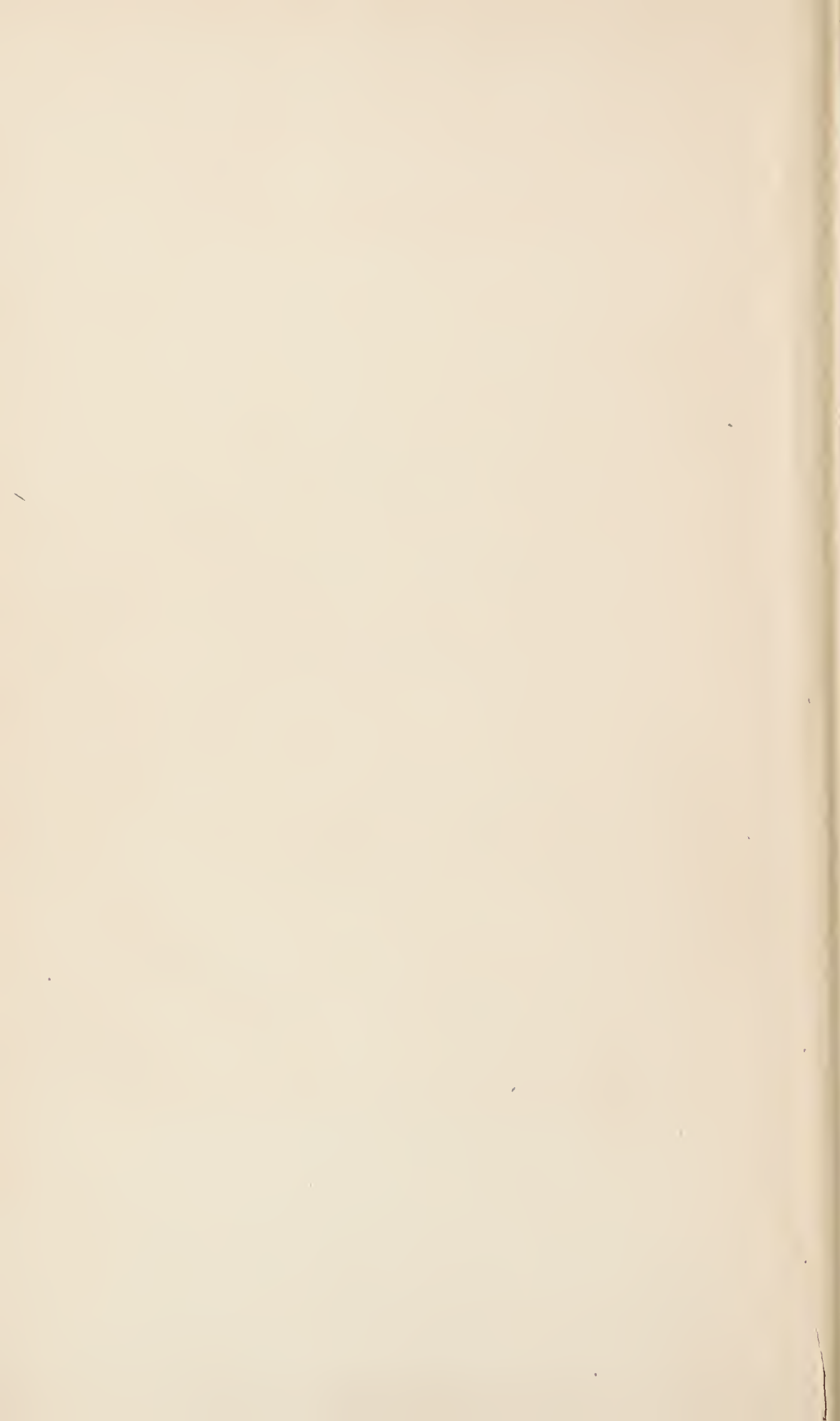
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TO
KATHERINE M. BELL

186246



FOREWORD

One who has cruised to Bermuda or Porto Rico from the eastern seaboard of the United States has known the joys of Atlantic travel, but he has not crossed the Atlantic Ocean. In the same way, the tourist who has crossed British Columbia has known the joys of the mountains. He has placed his feet on glacial ice, followed trails to snowy peaks, prowled among forbidding chasms and plucked flowers from the terraces of the valleys. Angling, hunting, canoeing, camping — all the sports of the Alpinist have contributed to those rare days of his excursion into one of the most satisfying regions of the North American continent.

But if he halt at the line that divides the provinces, even at the mountain roof where the great trail divides and the waters begin their descent toward the two oceans that wash continental shores, he has not seen the Rocky Mountains of Canada. To turn back at the provincial boundary posts would be like discontinuing the Atlantic cruise at an island washed by the Gulf Stream. To know the mountains and to experience the full joys of making friends with them, to survive the first impression of austere rebuke, caused by their majestic and frigid hauteur, one must ascend the great staircase from the Pacific and follow the trails that lose themselves in the plains of Alberta, where they have been erased by the settlers' plow. Thus, while the following chapters relate primarily to the Sunset Province of the Dominion of Canada, they also

continue the narrative of the Rocky Mountains Excursion into Alberta. The volume contains no reference to the latter province, however, excepting as concerns the tourist resorts on the granite embankment at its western boundary.

ARCHIE BELL.

Cleveland.

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SUNSET CANADA: BRITISH COLUMBIA AND BEYOND

CHAPTER I

AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

THERE are many routes that lead to Canada, many ports on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans that with characteristic pride claim to be the principal gateways of the Dominion. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of highways, rivers, railroads and lakes that mark the boundary crossing of visitors from other countries. Many people prefer to cross the older provinces of the East and the prairies of the vast territory that stretches from the Great Lakes to Calgary before mounting the colossal staircase that leads to the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks and the Coast Range. They prefer to descend the pathway toward the setting sun that slopes abruptly to the Pacific, with huge inlets, towering crags and torrential streams that rush along madly towards the ocean and in their wake leave a landscape that always has been and always will be the delight and bewilderment of all who see it. Statistics prove, however, that the majority of trans-continental travelers in the western provinces of the Dominion prefer the itinerary that takes them in the opposite direction. Easterners going to the Pacific coast,

usually allow themselves the luxury of crossing the United States outward bound, and returning through Canada. One who has crossed Canada from coast to coast many times has no hesitancy in recommending this route. Rather than not see the marvels of British Columbia at all, however, it is advisable to enter it through the towering gateway that leads from Calgary, Alberta, and plunge almost immediately into scenery that challenges comparison with anything in Europe, Asia, Africa — anything to be encountered on the North American continent. But one who may come or go as he chooses, the conscientious traveler who feels that he owes himself the rarest pleasures to be derived from observing the wonders of nature, one who appreciates the psychological effect of approaching a climax in travel as in drama or fiction, will permit the curtain to rise as he stands on the deck of a steamer entering the port of Victoria on Vancouver Island. He will arrange that the rising curtain reveal this enchanting picture of Canada's western gateway when he is forming his first impressions of the Dominion, which, in many ways, is one of the most remarkable stretches of land on earth — old enough to have a history, but a country the present and future of which is destined to be written larger in history than the busy outside world is likely to realize without personal knowledge of it gained by contact with its people, who have an inheritance from nature such as few nations have had since man began to make the earth his home.

Herein lies the first marvel of British Columbia; it seems to be so self sufficient and all embracing. Some countries are dry or wet, hot or cold, flat or mountainous, rich or poor in natural resources, and, after the brief word of general description, anything that does not

adhere strictly to the rule may easily be put down as an exception. One might expect an area so vast as the Dominion of Canada to present physical diversities; but to find them all in one province is a surprise to the tender-foot who enters this outpost of the British Empire for the first time. At whatever season of the year he approaches the harbour of Victoria it is likely that he will quickly correct former opinions; and the paradox expands as he travels across the province and up and down the lanes of its extensive territory!

Canadians from Halifax to Victoria, and from Toronto to Hudson's Bay, have never forgiven Kipling for his tribute to "Our Lady of the Snows," although he seems to have given poetical expression to the popular idea. The people of British Columbia are particularly resentful when one speaks of the province as a mountain-strewn land of snow, ice and rain. Is there not snow also on the towering peaks of torrid Guatemala or Ecuador next to the equator? And as for rain, it is a sad country whose fields are not watered. The son and daughter of "B. C." (as the province is usually called somewhat affectionately by its population) and the adopted son and adopted daughter, who have recently made the province their home, insist that it is the "Land of Sunshine," the land of scenery that can be matched in few parts of the earth's surface, the land of well-watered hills, valleys and tablelands that are perfectly adapted to all kinds of agricultural pursuits — primarily, however, the "Land of Sunshine." But there are within the province vast stretches of land that are so dry that sage-brush does not flourish as it does in the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, without the irrigating systems that are now bringing the melted snows of nearby

peaks to the valleys of fruitful orchards. There are parts of the province where the rain seems to fall continuously throughout the year, oozing into dense forests that become almost tropical jungles, with long moss hanging from trees to the tops of underbrush, where sunlight seldom penetrates for more than a few short hours at a time, and where the foot sinks deep into velvety vegetation that exists only in a country of almost perpetual downpour. There are great areas of towering rock that are chiefly the abode of such creatures as mountain goat and sheep. There are vast forest lands, the extent of which is barely known to the official surveyors. And there are tablelands and valleys of great fertility, having just enough sunshine and just enough rain. The region around Ashcroft is so mild that cattle have been left on the range all winter. Even Victoria enjoys such a mild winter that snow causes almost as much excitement as it does in England and disappears almost as readily. East of Prince Rupert, however, a farmer claims to have registered the temperature at seventy degrees below zero. I have visited the Chinese Nankou Pass in summer, and I have been in the Arabian Desert in July, two places in which it seemed that the rocks and sand would melt under the tropical sun; and yet I do not recall that I experienced such discomfort from the heat as I did in the valleys shut off from the breeze by the mountains of British Columbia. In every way the province seems a never-ending paradox, and perhaps this comes about in large measure from the ignorance of the world in regard to the realities. One hears of the cold and draws the conclusion that it must be a cold country, of the barren mountains, the timber, the rain, the heat in the valleys, or of the almost incredible depth of

snow in the mountain fastnesses and forms an opinion. The books that have been written about the province usually give the wrong impression, because they treat particular phases or topics, or they have proceeded from pens wielded by prejudiced enthusiasts. They do not tell all of the truth — perhaps because there seems to be too much to be told — and the result is a surprising unfamiliarity with the “Sunset Gateway to the Dominion” in the other provinces of Canada, in the United States and elsewhere. Even so late as 1914 Griffith remarks in his *Dominion of Canada*, a rather sketchy and prosaic tome which seems to aim at facts: “It will be noticed that in the earlier chapters, dealing with the history of Canada, very little mention has been made of the northern and northwestern parts. There is, in fact, very little history to tell of a kind which has any bearing on the evolution of the Canadian race.” To the unprejudiced observer, even to the casual traveler into what were trackless forests, swamps and mountains only a few years ago, this will appear to be a most unfair statement. If there has been a more remarkable evidence of those qualities that have had a bearing on the evolution of the Canadian race, if there is anything more typical of the courage, ambition, and ability of what is best in the Canadian character than has exhibited itself in the conquest of the British Columbia wilderness, the harnessing of natural forces, the bringing of vast wealth from its soil, rocks and waters, if there is anything more romantic or spectacular than the story of the men who penetrated into this wilderness seeking furs, then gold, found both, much else, and laid the foundation for the cities of the present that story remains untold in Dominion history.

British Columbia remains a misunderstood and un-

appreciated province — the latter on account of the former — despite the fact that it is being invaded and crossed each season by tens of thousands of tourists. Perhaps its vastness, and, until a comparatively recent date, the difficulties of penetrating into its interior are responsible. Diffusion of accurate information in regard to it will prompt a more numerous band of travelers each year; and their observations will extend to the multitude. It will not be long before people will realize that almost everything that has been said of the province is true, but that it is true of only one portion of its estimated area of three hundred and seventy thousand to three hundred and ninety thousand square miles. In time the world will cease thinking of one of the largest of the great divisions of the Dominion of Canada as cold, hot, wet, dry, mountainous, flat — or any of the other brief adjectives that have juggled themselves into numerous pages concerning it. It is none and it is all. There is but one word that may be applied to all portions alike; it is beautiful. Nobody has arisen, and none will arise, to deny that, for none can fail to fall a victim to its charm of landscape. As there remains a tremendous ignorance in regard to it, in a comparative degree its vast resources are undeveloped, and knowledge of it is likely to increase in proportion to its expansion and progress even in those directions that are popularly supposed to have become exhausted. Its mines have produced over three hundred millions of dollars, almost every running stream having produced its measure of gold, and yet mining is believed to be in its infancy, some of the scientists declaring that only the surface has been scratched. Fruit raised in British Columbia has already received honours in the markets of the world, yet it is claimed that

there are one million acres south of the Fifty-second Degree where all the fruits of the Temperate Zone may be raised. Apples, peaches and grapes were not produced in sufficient quantities a few years ago to supply the local markets; but it seems likely that fruit growing will become one of the important industries of the province very shortly. The cities, towns, and some of the villages are brilliantly lighted by power generated from waterfalls which are a part of almost every landscape, yet in his address to the Commission of Conservation not long ago, Clifford Sifton said that the province had only a little over 73,000 horse power developed, whereas the streams are capable of a development of 2,065,500 horse power. It is not usually considered an agricultural province, and yet its acres yielded over \$27,000,000 in 1914. While fisheries are becoming "worked out" in many parts of the North American continent, the fisheries production in 1914 was \$15,000,000. As in all cases where men enter a country covered with forests, the timber of British Columbia has been ruthlessly sacrificed to the settler's ax, but it is officially declared that there are 300,000,000 board feet of merchantable standing timber in the 92,000,000 acres of absolute forest land. Pulpwood manufacture is thriving in certain parts of the province, and yet James White, assistant chairman of the Canadian Commission of Conservation, is authority for the statement that the forests of British Columbia can continue to provide 6,000,000 cords of wood for this purpose every year for an indefinite period. As to the climate: in a province spread over eleven degrees of latitude, seven hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide, there is almost certain to be a great variety. Ocean currents, mountain ranges and the forests combine to

form a series of moist and dry belts which are modified in places by the varied elevation of the mountains and the presence of various mountain passes. Macoun, Canadian government naturalist, has said: "As Germany was to the Romans, so much of the northwest is to us — a land of marsh and swamp and rigorous winter. Germany has been cleared of her forests and is now one of the finest and most progressive of European countries. May not the clearing of our northwestern forests produce a similar result in the future of British Columbia?" It seems certain that when the timber has been cut away there will be a marked decrease in portions of the country where now the rainfall is heaviest, but conditions in the greater part of the province are permanent by reason of the course of the Japan Current and the location of the mountain ranges. Considered as a whole, the climate of British Columbia has those essential features that are to be met with in European countries lying within the temperate zone, such as the British Isles, the north of France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and the south of Sweden, the cradle of the greatest nations of the world, and it is therefore a climate well adapted to the development of the human race under the most favourable conditions.

But as before noted, winter is not a topic that the average Canadian cares to discuss. Summer is beautiful — when it comes — and he prefers to talk about the peach crop or the wheat fields. Even fur coats are not the most tactful topic of conversation, for the native will say that in parts of British Columbia they are never required. This is true in one part of Canada as in another, east or west. There was a movement to revive ice carnivals at Montreal, but it was abandoned. People

must not think of Canada as a place of snow and ice.

British Columbia seems to have something characteristic of every country in the world. It is a huge melting pot, with the representatives of the British Empire as the principal ingredient in the simmering liquid that is assuming its permanent flavour. So I have found that my notebook constantly compares it to such widely dissimilar and distant places as China, Panama, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Japan, England and Bavaria, as I wrote down my impressions during the days, weeks and months passed within its borders. Some of these observations and comparisons, when I came upon them months afterward, when far away from the grandeur of the country in which they were written, caused me to pause and ask myself if I had been too favourably impressed with what I had seen, if I had fallen under the "influence" that has brought so many men and women from remote parts of the world to be adopted by British Columbia as its own. I had been merely an on-looker, a casual observer and traveler. What I felt might be felt by any tourist, doubtless has been felt by thousands who kept to the great highways and never ventured into the remoter by-paths that are to become the highways of the future. There was an impulse to curb the enthusiasm, but while I questioned the wisdom of doing so I came upon a fragment of Milton (Oxford Universal Edition) and then I realized that my enthusiasm needed no apology. I had seen what the poet did not see; I had experienced what he could not have experienced excepting in prophetic vision when he wrote:

"Brutus, far to the West in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,

Seagirt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise
And kings be born of thee whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world and conquer nations bold."

CHAPTER II

VICTORIA REGINA

BRITISH COLUMBIA was named by Queen Victoria in 1858, the capital city having been named in her honour fifteen years before. Both the province and the trading station that was to become the administrative metropolis had borne other names, which appear in the early maps and letters relating to the territory, but which would be barely recognizable to-day, save by the student who has specialized in the conquest and history of the North American continent.

In the *Letters of Queen Victoria*, published in 1907, there is one that solves a problem over which there had been considerable controversy. It is dated Osborne, 24 July, 1858, and was addressed to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Objections had been made in France to the name of New Caledonia being given to the proposed colony between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean and in regard to the matter, Queen Victoria wrote: "If the name of New Caledonia is objected to as being already borne by another colony or island claimed by the French, it may be better to give the new colony west of the Rocky Mountains another name. New Hanover, New Cornwall and New Georgia appear from the maps to be names of subdivisions of that country, but do not appear on all maps. The only name which is given to the whole territory in every map the Queen has consulted is *Columbia*, but as there exists also a *Columbia* in South America,

and the citizens of the United States call their country also Columbia, at least in poetry, 'British Columbia' might be in the Queen's opinion, the best name."

Victoria, the capital, was originally called Fort Camosun, when it was the administrative center and chief depot of the western department of the Hudson's Bay Company; but in 1843 the fort was built and named in honour of England's Queen.

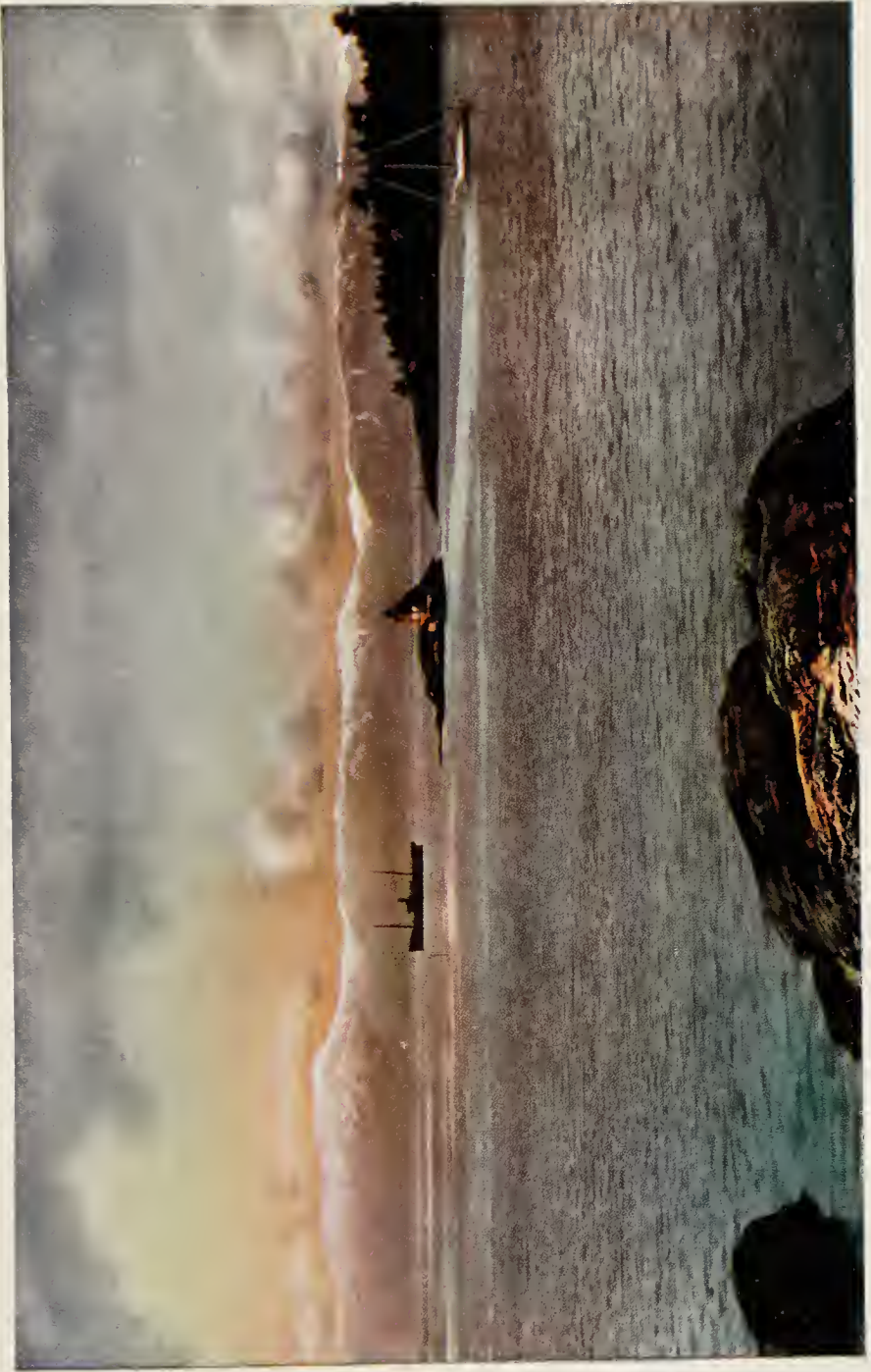
The first chapters in the history of the province, however, relate to events that transpired before the naming of the mainland and before the ships of the voyagers, free-booters and discovery-mad sea-rovers pointed their bows into the waters of the beautiful bay at the southern tip of Vancouver Island; but the traveler entering British Columbia is fortunate if he first sees the land at this point, and as it has been made most convenient for him to do so, he is likely to follow the channel of least resistance or inconvenience and see the capital before he sees what lies beyond it, something that is not possible in many countries, states or provinces of the world. The ships that enter the port may steam on to Vancouver as their terminal, because Vancouver has direct railway communication with all parts of the North American continent: but the commercial metropolis seems to be an extension of the voyage. Victoria is the logical terminus for passengers arriving in British Columbia from Seattle, Japan, China, Hawaii or Australia. It is the beginning of a tour of the province; the end of the short or long ocean voyage. It is the proud British sentinel standing at the gateway of an Empire. Perhaps you have met this sentinel in other parts of the world; perhaps he has challenged you to pass him and you have respected his authority. He is masculine in appearance, well-groomed,

neatly uniformed and pride of race, ancestry, traditions, all are apparent; everything that is near and dear to the British heart. This sentinel in the colonies is more typical of the British Empire than England itself; he is the symbol of its existence.

I have been on ships that poked their bows into many small and large harbours of the world. Some of these waterways are guarded by yellow sands, others by high mountains that seem to be granite gateways opened for the occasion; some had approaches of long curved lines of shore above which palms dipped their fronds toward ultramarine waters capped with white foam, others were guarded by snow-capped peaks where glaciers were sliding toward the sea. Some gateways were nothing but seemingly endless lines of warehouses in and around which the merchandise of the world, huge bales of hides and cotton, barrels of oil and tar, or cases of fish were piled. There was the clatter of the stevedores and their trucks, the moaning of the coolies or the singing of the workers. Men shouted at horses. Automobiles or rikishas filled the landing stages. I have even seen desert Bedouins come to port to watch the incoming ship. But there are none of these as one enters the most western port of Canada. It is a small event, the arrival of a ship at Victoria, where ships from far away countries or nearby islands are tying up to the docks almost every hour of the day or night. Victoria is on an island, and people must go to and from an island on ships. It is of comparatively little importance whether the ship has come from near or from far. There is not much curiosity to see it on the part of the Victorians. They do not visit the piers to see the Chinese man or woman in native dress; these they would see on the streets of the business

section in their own city, or, failing that, at any time in the local "Chinatown." They do not stare at the sumptuous and gorgeous turbans of the Hindoo. Men similarly dressed deliver wood or coal at the doors of their houses. A Chinese mandarin or Japanese dancer in full regalia would barely excite comment in the streets of Victoria. The port is not only the gateway of the empire, but it is a sort of toll-gate on the world's great highway.

On the steamers that come to Victoria I have floated into various other ports and harbours accustomed to the cosmopolitan mob, but none of them surpasses Victoria — not even Hongkong, the emerald-hilled "Gibraltar of China." Victoria is a fitting gateway to a land of marvels; sedate, elegant, somewhat prim and marvelous, in view of the tremendous tonnage that departs from or enters her gates. The streets are as clean as the floors of a Dutch cottage. Merchandise is stored away in warehouses. There is a great stone sea-wall over which English ivy drapes itself in festoons from adjoining gardens. Parliament House, the Empress Hotel, the Post Office, Customs House, and a few large residences surrounded by gardens and parks of ornamental shrubs and trees are visible. And yet one arrives in the very heart of the capital city. The last time I arrived in Victoria harbour it was in the early spring. Instead of the customary warehouses of port cities, and in addition to the splendid stone buildings that are grouped around the quays, there were huge beds of orange and purple iris in full bloom almost down to the ivy-covered sea-walls. The shrubbery was that of an English park. Immediately I heard the voices, even those of the newsboys, I knew that I had reached again "a little bit of England"



on the Pacific coast"—a general description beloved by the people of the city. Such a beginning must have joys ahead. It seems a promise and it will not disappoint. Victoria has been called "The Empress City of the Golden West," "The Floral City," "A City of Homes," "The Evergreen City of Canada," "The Mecca of Pacific Coast Tourists" and "A City of Sunshine." Alfred Emberson, a writer who gladly confesses to being an enthusiast, says that there is a difference in the air immediately felt by one who arrives at Victoria. The first impression of one who views the city from the sea may be that the approach is very similar to that of Stockholm. And yet John Foster Fraser says in a book called *Canada As It Is*, but which should have been called "What An Englishman Thinks of Canada" that Toronto is the most ultra-British city on earth. By comparison, Toronto is thoroughly "American"; Victoria is England transplanted to the American continent.

And again the paradox. The newcomer is likely to believe that everything is "English" because the British atmosphere permeates everything; but, on the other hand, it is the great meeting-place of the East and West. One sees the Indian of the East and the Indian of the West, the latter with the marked facial resemblance to the Chinese or Japanese, perhaps presenting to the present a suggestion of that romantic past that has been lost as a matter of certain knowledge. Orientals are met everywhere. They are waiters and servants in the hotels, restaurants and homes, and they are "common labourers." East Indians seem to be exclusively the drivers of carts—a notable example of the adaptability of men to surroundings and requirements. In the Victoria sawmills, scattered around the bay, the "lumber jacks" are Hin-

doos. The incoming steamers pass them riding the logs as if they had done it all their lives. Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Singalese, Hindoos, Greeks, Italians and Germans — I have met them all within an hour in this British city and nobody noticed them as more than a part of the usual promenade in the streets. One day I observed that a group of woolly-haired Fijiis, bare-head and barefoot, attracted a glance from the Victorian pedestrian; but I believe that this was on account of the large number of them who were fighting men bound for “somewhere in France” rather than from their unusual costume or personal appearance. Victoria expects the world’s population to pass her gateway, and it has done so for so long that it no longer excites comment or attracts attention.

The traveler who can distribute his time as he chooses should plan to arrive here in May or June. Victoria boasts that it has in its gardens every variety of flower that will bloom in England — and many others. In the last weeks of May the lilac bushes are in bloom and the deep orange yellow of the broom, which latter spreads a solid mantle over many hillsides, fills crevices between jutting rocks, and frequently from a distance recalls the heather-covered fields in the open country of Scotland. Parks are in some instances great stretches of woodland and open spaces with neat walks or automobile drives, but with no “keep off the grass” signs, and no “bobbies” to say “go here” or “don’t go there.” In the majority of cases these beauty spots have been left in their natural state, with a helpful hint here and there from the gardener who planted a flowering shrub that nature did not place beside the pathway.

It chanced that the day after my arrival was Sunday.

I was awakened by a chime of bells playing a hymn; it seemed more "English" than the week day had been. By eleven o'clock all the bells had rung and their chimes had echoed and reëchoed around the hills that hold the city in a basin. The grinning "barker" on the "Seeing Victoria" tallyho the day before had shouted as we passed a group of churches: "doubtless you have all heard that Victoria is a temperate or 'dry' city. We have many, many churches and only three saloons — to every church." But Victoria is godly and God-fearing in an English sort of way on Sunday. Most of the shop windows are boarded up. Shortly before eleven o'clock, father, mother and the children, all dressed in their best, file out from behind the closely matted and trimmed hedges, father opens the gate as his various dependents pass into the church pew. Although a modern government has provided excellent sidewalks or "paths" as the English and Victorians call them, the older families of the city take to the middle of the road. Following an English custom, some of the streets have a path only on one side. On Sunday, however, most of the church-going procession does not deign to use it; they walked down the road to church in the Mother Country and they will continue to do so. How reverently they cling to the old English customs! And they are not the city customs, not those of London, Birmingham or Manchester, but rather of that beautiful English rural life of which no country in the world offers a more pleasing example. Go to the remotest corner of England and the family will be "dressed" for Sunday. The "boots" of the men and boys shine like mirrors. Likely as not father wears his tall hat, carries a stick and gloves; and in the lapel of his coat there is a flower cut fresh for the occa-

sion from the garden. Mother has one of those prim little black lace bonnets perched atop her hair which has been crimped for the Sabbath. The girls — even those who are old enough to consider themselves young ladies if they lived in the United States — have their hair hanging down over their shoulders. And Victoria has departed less from the English traditions on Sunday than on other days.

With a Hudson's Bay "caravan," Father J. B. Bolduc came to the settlement in 1843 and celebrated the first mass. When Vancouver Island was occupied by the same company, the Rev. R. J. Staires was made the Episcopal church chaplain. Christ Church was built in 1855 and in 1865 it became the cathedral of the diocese. The present cathedral, which is built entirely of wood and sits on a lofty eminence overlooking the city of churches, as Victoria seems to be on Sunday, is not an imposing structure but it is a favourite meeting-place for residents and visitors, the pivot of Protestantism on the Island.

The latest census figures give the city a population of nearly seventy-seven thousand; but Victoria is larger than other cities with that figure, where people are crowded into thickly settled districts, apartments and tenements. The area covered is extensive, served by thirty miles of electric railway. It is a city of homes and gardens set within precisely trimmed hedges and shrubs, with formal walks and borders and with occasional swans on the ponds fed by fountains, or peacocks stretching themselves and strutting over the green lawns that are clipped like velvet carpets. The Englishman loves his garden and so does the Victorian. A lecturer who had been a nurse on European battlefields during the Great

War, brought a message of joy to the sad relatives of soldiers at the front when she related that wherever it was possible the boys in the trenches from Victoria were making small gardens of flowers and vegetables as they did at home. Where this was impossible, some of the soldiers had piled up chunks of slag and cinders to resemble garden paths, with splotches of bright paint where flowers would have bloomed under more favourable conditions. Even in war, the Victorian proved himself romantically and sentimentally attached to his home. He is "old fashioned"; he admits it and rather boasts of the fact. Victoria prides itself in being the grandmother, with few of the characteristics of her sprightly young grand-daughter Vancouver. The railway terminal on the coast declares that it should be the official capital of British Columbia, because it is the commercial metropolis; a declaration that seems to be an echo of New York's contention that instead of Washington it is the logical capital of the United States. "And one of these days we'll be obliged to move the capital over here" taunts Miss Vancouver. Her grandmother Victoria smiles tolerantly and replies: "One of these days, when you have a little culture and know that the chief aim of life should not be a gaudy display and noise, you'll take the steamer and come over here to live."

The principal buildings and the principal streets of Victoria are quite in modern style and usually have unexpected elegance. The shop windows' display is what might be found in eastern cities. But venture off the main highways and you will come upon strangely littered and dusty old offices that are reminiscent of the center of London. As I wandered into one of these side streets to the office of a large real estate concern I ob-

served that the entire front window was given over to a huge and gaudy lithograph of Queen Victoria, wearing the crown jewels, a work of art that may have come with a year's subscription to a "family" newspaper many years ago. Victoria is Victorian chronologically as well as nominally.

A local guidebook, which seems more for the citizens themselves than for reading by one looking for guidance, reaches rhetorical ecstasies when it speaks of "the quietude of the city and the orderly inhabitants," but what the book says is true. The inhabitants are not only orderly; they are correct. Victoria is as sedate and proper, even in its largeness, as any English village with hedgerows, gardens, cross-tipped spires and inhabitants who are shocked by the speed of tourists' automobiles. There are no railings, fences or gates at the parks, so the same "guide book" continues: "care for flowers and respect for the regulations are left to the good sense and the good feeling of Victorians, old and young, and few guardians or keepers are found necessary."

There are many ways of visiting the principal points of interest. There are views that are best appreciated by one who rambles to the parks and to the environs on foot. There are numerous justly famous carriage drives and automobile tours long and short. Even the tramways follow attractive streets and parkways that open vistas that are not seen by one who remains in the central part of the city from the arrival to the departure of the steamer. Sometimes it appears to the newcomer that the city tries to appear "big," owing to the so-called decimal system of numbering the houses. There is a number reckoned for every twenty feet, one hundred numbers for each block, to show how far distant it is from a given

point, thus there is a street in the Oak Bay suburb that has two houses numbered 2565 and 2671 respectively.

Automobiles, carriages and pedestrians turn to the left, as a rule of the road, thus

“If you go to the right, you are wrong;
If you go to the left, you are right.”

which is somewhat confusing at first to the pedestrians and chauffeurs from the United States.

Beacon Hill Park covers three hundred acres and is no more than a quarter-hour walk from the center of the city. Here may be obtained a splendid view of the Straits that separate the Island from the Mainland, and the Olympian Mountains in the state of Washington are plainly visible on a clear day. Stadacona Park is a gem of a recreation ground five acres in extent. The Gorge Park is two miles from the city and may be reached by tramway. Cordova Bay is six miles from the city, reached by tramway or excellent automobile road. It lies at the foot of Mount Douglas and the drive thither may be extended to Elk Lake and Sydney, which is a favourite resort for picnics and campers. Brentwood, a pleasant resort, is reached by motor or tramway and is fifteen miles from the city. Foul Bay, a popular bathing beach, is less than three miles away. And these are only a few of the many side-trips that will repay the traveler who does not arrive in the capital city in the morning expecting to depart by the evening steamer. Victoria has been a leader in the promotion of provincial highways and one who motors into the Island roads will find most attractive drives, rich in scenic beauties for a day, two days or a week, quite irrespective of time devoted to the city itself. The Island Automobile Club has been active in the pro-

motion of the campaign for a trans-Canada motor route covering four thousand miles, and its home city and Vancouver Island has furnished an excellent example of what is possible in this direction.

One who has only a day in his itinerary to spend in Victoria, however, will profit by remaining within sight of the piers at which he disembarks, where the time may be profitably employed. The gigantic Empress Hotel is in many ways one of the best on the entire continent. The Parliament Building, a massive pile of stone, erected at a total cost of over two million dollars, is an imposing structure and worth a leisurely visit. The Provincial Library, housed within its walls, possesses a fine collection of rare prints and autograph letters and other documents relating to the early history of the northern Pacific coast. The dome is capped by a gilded figure of Captain George Vancouver, who would be much more venerated in Victoria if his name had not been appropriated to itself by the city across the channel. There is an original document bearing Vancouver's signature in the library collection, but his diaries and journals are "copies." When I asked to see the originals, the librarian was astonished by my request. "Bless your soul, sir," he said, "you didn't imagine that we had the originals? Oh, no, the British Admiralty would not part with them; but we have certified copies."

Over the main entrance of the Parliament Building is carved the somewhat intricate coat of arms of British Columbia. Concerning it, the *Year Book of British Columbia* says: "The features to which it is intended to draw attention are: first, unity with the British nation, both by descent and government; second, its extreme western geographical position; third, its maritime



Photograph by Edgar Fleming.

VICTORIA, FROM HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

strength; fourth, its assured permanence and glory; fifth, its local fauna. These objects are attained in the following manner, respectively, first, the field is covered by the Union Jack, the grand standard and national emblem; second, upon a chief is defined the setting sun; third, this charge is placed upon a field barry undy which heraldically symbolizes the sea; fourth, the motto '*Splendour sine occasu*' which has been adopted by no other state or individual, refers to the sun, which, though apparently setting never decreases, and to the Empire which has a glory or radiance encircling the world; fifth, the supporters, a wapiti stag and big horn are the most noble creatures of the province and typify dignity and strength. These two animals have a peculiar significance, as they represent the union of the Mainland and Island, the wapiti being confined in its habitat to Vancouver Island and the big horn found only in the mountain ranges of the Mainland."

The Provincial Museum is well worth a visit, having a particularly fine collection of Indian curios and of the animals that were slain within the province. There are agricultural, horticultural and mining collections in the same building that will prove attractive to the tourist.

In 1858 Victoria's population numbered hundreds, but the sudden influx of miners, merchants and adventurers who anticipated a repetition of '49' in San Francisco, when gold was found in the territory, brought the figure to over twenty thousand. It was a small and somewhat insignificant trading post; but it suddenly became a city — a city of white tents and rude shacks. Land lots that had gone begging at one dollar each were sold at \$100 an acre, and one case is recorded of a half-lot bought for \$25 selling within a month for \$3000. There was

the inevitable reaction, but when it came Victoria had benefitted and completed many improvements. For example, "sidewalks were built and streets, in which the pedestrian used to sink knee-deep in the mire, were macadamized."

D. W. Higgins, who came to Victoria when the first news of British Columbia gold reached San Francisco and who has remained in the capital city since that time, not only told me of the "romance" of these gold-hunting days in Victoria, but he seemed to express exactly the local point of view, which was different from that of San Francisco. He said: "The slump had set in in San Francisco, following the golden days around the middle of the last century. The territory was supposed to be 'used up,' so when news came that gold had been discovered along the Fraser River, there was a wild scramble to reach British Columbia. Every one thought there would be a repetition of what had transpired in California. There were all those elements of glamour and romance of what had happened since '49 to stir men to the new adventure. I imagine that there were twenty thousand who came to Victoria, which was the nearest open port. Yes, we were a strange crowd and even stranger in appearance. Many of the men wore comic opera costumes with brilliant sashes, hatbands and cravats; but the difference between here and California was that they did not duplicate them when they were discarded. It was the custom here to put on 'working clothes' after the fancy things were discarded. There was never the fantastic dressing of San Francisco for any length of time, never the flash of jewelry, none of those actualities of the gaming tables that were of everyday occurrence in California. In Victoria it was all more

practical, yes, more prosaic; it was a hunt for gold, and that hunt was a little more strenuous in this country. But they took out over \$700,000 worth of gold in 1858, and they continued to find gold. Men worked diligently rather than fail, or when they failed and their money was gone with no results, they accepted all kinds of menial positions for the purpose of getting money so they could try again. California and the California life exerted a tremendous influence all along the Pacific coast."

Then Mr. Higgins related an experience that seemed to show the conservative British attitude toward these epoch-making times in Victoria, quite in contrast to what had transpired in San Francisco. "I had known two brothers in a New York bank before I came West," he continued. "I heard they had reached Victoria before me, in fact they had reached it long enough before to have lost their money in search for gold. But I did not know this and I inquired for them and visited the address that was given me. When I mentioned the name of one of the brothers, a hand pointed toward a tub in a laundry, where a young man was scrubbing dirty linen. I stood there and looked at him. I thought of a 'gentleman' doing that kind of work, merely to get money to begin another search for gold, and I admit that I was disgusted. I thought of the position that he had left in the bank to come here for the great gamble, so I turned away and did not speak to him."

CHAPTER III

ISLAND OF ROMANCE

HABITUAL doubters and searchers for "actual facts" in modern times have robbed Vancouver Island of much of its legendary history, a considerable portion of which has never been adequately disproved by the scientific historians. This treasure island has an authentic record that dates considerably beyond the coming of the British to its shores. There was a day when the Spaniards included it among their vast possessions on the Pacific coast of the New World, and as time goes on and some of the secrets of the Far East, which have reposed on the dusty shelves of monasteries and temples, are disclosed, it may be proved that the Chinese were the discoverers and the first colonists in this beautiful island of mountains, lakes and trees, which is a bright jewel in the diadem of the British Empire. Glittering romance seems to have departed from the island when it became a colony of Great Britain. First there was the hunt for furs, then the lure of the gold, and, finally, the dream of a notable colony in a supposedly cold region, which had been visited by several voyagers looking for the water passage to the Atlantic ocean, but which had not been so agreeable or dramatic in incident as the cruises along the coasts of California, Mexico and Peru. Spain turned a jealous eye toward Great Britain's extension of territory and cruises along the northwest coast were renewed with vigour. In 1592 the Straits of Juan de Fuca, between

Vancouver Island and the Mainland, were discovered by the navigator whose name they bear, but reports of visits to the coast of British Columbia are lacking until the voyages of Bodega and Haceta in 1775 and of Captain Cook's voyage in 1778. Thus for over a century there are blank pages in British Columbia history and the continuation of the story dates to the time when Spain began to fear the loss of her traditional hold on the western seas, as the Russians were "threatening" from the North and the British seemed to be everywhere.

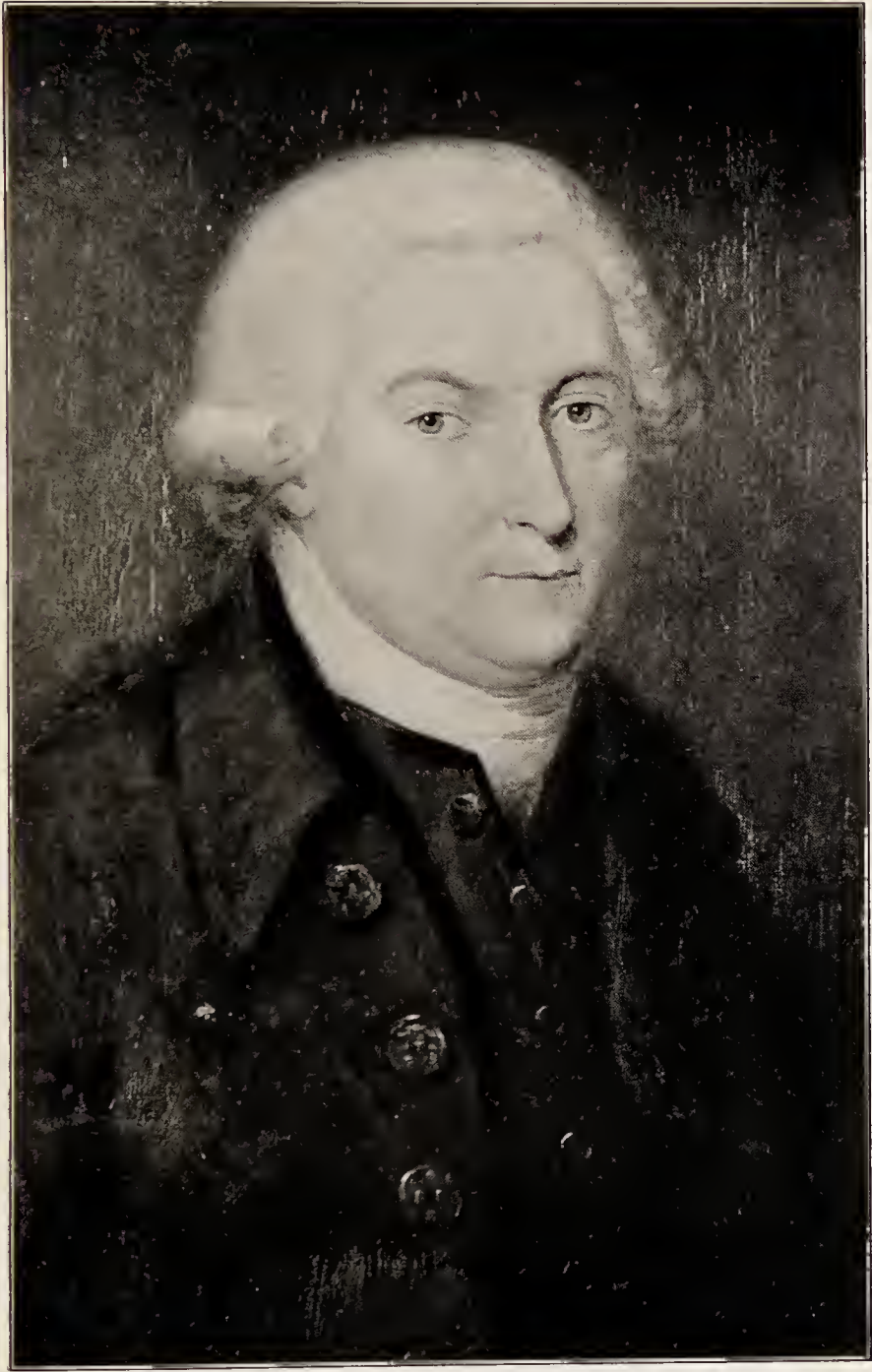
Captain James Cook visited the coast on his third voyage in 1778, having been commissioned by the British government to examine the coastline from about 45 degrees north to the Arctic Ocean, for the reported inland openings toward the east, which might be found to extend to the Atlantic. He seems to have passed the Straits of Juan de Fuca without observing them and continuing northward visited Nootka Sound, where such important events were to transpire at a later period, Prince William Sound and Cook's Inlet. After searching the Arctic through Behring Straits, he began the homeward voyage, having demonstrated the impossibility of the "North West Passage," touching at the Sandwich Islands, where he met a tragic death in 1779.

Cook's reports of his voyage renewed the activity in northern waters. Spain's claims and Great Britain's claims almost brought the two countries to war; but events transpired at Nootka that brought the rivalries to a climax with the result that Captain George Vancouver, who had been with Cook, arrived at Nootka in 1792 as the representative of his government, to see that Great Britain's demands for satisfaction and Spain's promise to pay an indemnity were successfully carried out, which

resulted in the complete restitution of "British rights and property" under the terms of the Nootka Convention of 1790. He and Captain Quadra, the representative of Spain, could not agree and the dispute was referred back to the home governments for a settlement; but, in the meantime, the ambitious young officer of Great Britain undertook another commission and for three years explored and surveyed the coastline, which resulted in the termination of Spanish activity in northwest Pacific waters. Vancouver named the coasts he visited "New Georgia," "New Hanover" and "New Cornwall," but the names barely survived the intrepid young officer, whose charts of 1798 give the first accurate representations of the western seaboard of Canada. His brief life was one of rare accomplishments. He made his eventful voyages and discoveries and left a name that is perpetuated in the land of his activities and died before he was forty years of age.

There is a history of Vancouver Island, however, that dates far beyond the coming of the British, the Spanish, or the Russians, who may have followed the coast from Alaska at an early date. It is a history that is clouded in the vapour and incense of China and not understood nor accepted as "authentic" by the present, although the not far distant future may reveal further facts that cannot be disputed, even by the white race which clings zealously to claims of "superiority" in discovery and invention, although it may be conclusively proved that much of western achievement in these directions was merely re-discovery and adaptation of inventions of the long ago in Old Cathay.

The stranger, or the "native" of Vancouver Island quickly and constantly observes the resemblance of the



CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER.

Indians to the Chinese or Japanese. The traveler unacquainted with the two would be unable to distinguish one from the other if they were similarly dressed. In fact, many Indians and Chinese resident in the Island wear semi-European dress, both frequently live on the outskirts of the small towns in shacks or huts and derive their living from fishing. The Chinese clings to his oriental recipes for preparing his food, because he has never known the necessity for doing otherwise. The Vancouver Island Indian prepares food according to the traditional recipes that may have had their origin in necessity to conditions. Merely circumstantial evidence would point to very early visits of Chinese voyagers to this coast; whether by intent on voyages of discovery, or in ships driven across the Pacific by storms is a matter of speculation. Chinese junks and vessels were blown across the Pacific as late as the last century and the sailors were captured and enslaved by the Indians near Fort Flattery, resulting in a demand from James Douglas, governor of the colony, for their immediate release, when knowledge of their tragic experience was brought to him.

In 1761 the distinguished Sinologist, De Guignes, published a paper which he had found in the works of early Chinese historians, in which appeared the statement that in the Fifth Century A. D. certain travelers of their race had discovered a country which they called *Fu-sang*, which from the direction and distance described by them appears to have been northwest America. The original document, according to the author of "Fu-sang, or The Discovery of America by Chinese Priests in the Fifth Century," was the report of the priest-missionary, Hosi-Shin in the year 499 A. D., who returned from a long

journey to the East. The report was entered in the Year Book of the Chinese Empire and the French author declares that while the evidence offered is limited, it has every appearance of being a serious state document.

O. S. Scholefield, provincial librarian and historian of British Columbia, says in regard to these interesting records: "They open a fascinating field for speculation and while they do not establish the right of Chinese to claim the discovery for their race, yet the chain of general and presumptive evidence as to the discovery of the continent by the Norsemen in the Eleventh Century is scarcely stronger than the evidence contained in the old Year Books of the Celestial Empire, touching the voyage of Hosi-Shin. It is indeed interesting, if not startling, to realize that perhaps America may not have been found by Europeans from the East, but by Asiatics from the West."

No doubt it was the voyage of Captain Cook and its subsequent publicity that led to events which determined the political future of British Columbia. He called attention to the abundance of the sea otter along the coast, and, as so often in Canadian history, it was the race for the fur prize that prompted many other traders to venture into the land that was almost unknown to the world. Captain John Meares commanded an expedition from China in 1788 that established a trading post at Nootka, which had been discovered by Juan Perez as early as 1779 and named Port Lorenzo, after the saint on whose day it was first seen. Captain Cook either forgot or overlooked the previous discovery when he entered the sound a few years later and rechristened it "King George's Sound," although he says it was called *Nootka* by the natives — which was doubtless a mistake as there



TOTEMS AND DUG-OUT CANOES, NOOTKA SOUND.



is no such word in the language of the Indians there and he may have confused their word *Nootche* (mountain) for the name of the place. Captain Meares, in the establishment of the trading station, became the first white man to conduct a business enterprise in British Columbia, although the scene of his activity is well nigh deserted to-day. Nootka is one of the most celebrated spots on the continent, when it is recalled what momentous events in North American history transpired here; but it remains little more than a fishing village and the Indian is its chief inhabitant, with totems set out in his yards, and where he is left to live much as he pleases. Captain James Hanna came to Nootka soon after Cook's voyage in the *Sea Otter* and made such a memorable haul of sea otter skins that it soon became a rendezvous for traders, particularly those dealing with China, where the skins were a prized possession and brought high prices.

By the aid of Chinese carpenters, Meares built the *North West America* in the winter of 1788-89, this sloop being the first vessel other than a canoe built on the Pacific coast north of California. Things were prospering famously. The English and American traders were sailing from Nootka to Macao, the Portuguese possession in southern China that was so close to the great fur market, and the trade grew to such proportions that Spain determined to assert her rights of original discovery. Accordingly, Don Estevan Martinez took possession of the whole sound, seizing the vessels there and building a fort to hold the territory against all comers. Meares' trading post was raided and confiscated, and although he had been sailing under the Portuguese flag, he was a British subject and his ship was a British vessel. It was England's demand for an indemnity and recognition of

her "rights" that led to the Spanish withdrawal from the territory and the mission of Captain Vancouver to the Island, which it is believed the Captain did not know was an island until his second voyage.

Most cordial and friendly relations seem to have existed and to have been maintained between the two representatives of the British and Spanish governments. In a letter dated from Nootka in September, 1792, Vancouver wrote: "Next morning after breakfast we embarked on our return. The weather was pleasant but the wind though light was contrary. The afternoon was cloudy attended by some rain, thunder and lightning: about 5 o'clock we reached Friendly Cove, having dined by the way. In the course of conversation which passed this afternoon, Sigr. Quadra requested that in the course of my farther exploring in this country I would name some port or island after us both, in commemoration of our meeting and friendly intercourse that on that occasion had taken place; which I promised to do; and conceiving no place more eligible than the place of our meeting, I have therefore named this land (which by our sailing at the back we have discovered to be an extensive island), the Island of Quadra and Vancouver: which compliment he was exceedingly pleased with, as also my retaining the name of Port Quadra to that which in May last I had called Port Discovery, but finding it had been explored and named after this Officer, I had since adopted that name."

For some time the Island was variously known as Quadra's Isle, the Island of Quadra and Vancouver and finally as Vancouver's Island; but finally the charts and maps came to refer to it as Vancouver Island, the name it will doubtless continue to bear, although an official

of the city of Victoria assured me that there was a definite movement on foot to refer to it simply as *The Island*, with no reference to the name by which a populous and aspiring young municipality across the Straits is known. "It is unfair and too much to expect that the inhabitant of this beautiful island shall mention the name of a city on the Mainland every time he speaks of the land on which Victoria is situated," he said. "If we are successful in our undertaking to promote reference to Vancouver Island as *The Island*, all well and good; but if we are not successful, some of us are in favour of changing the name back to that of the Spaniard whom Captain George Vancouver delighted to honour by linking the name with his own. *Quadra Island!* I believe that would be very acceptable to the people of Victoria."

Most of the American traders between Nootka and Macao came from Boston, so the Indians of the region called the American trader a "Boston Man," while the trader of another nationality was known as a "Kintshautsh Man"—as nearly as they can pronounce "King George's Man."

Before and after the difficulties had been adjusted between the nations involved, there were constant clashes between the white and the red men, and several tragedies resulted, one of which was related for posterity by its hero, whose story, which is believed to be a relation of the facts, reads like a hair-raising fiction of the Wild West, so many of which were published in the last century.

John Jewitt, a youth of nineteen years and a blacksmith by trade, sailed as armourer with the ship *Boston* from "The Downs," England, direct for the port on Van-

couver Island. They carried a cargo of "English cloths, Dutch blankets, looking-glasses, beads, knives, razors, sugar, rum, ammunition, cutlasses, pistols, muskets and fowling-pieces." After an uneventful voyage of nearly seven months around the Horn, the vessel arrived at Nootka and anchored. Maquinna, the Nootka chieftain, came aboard the ship and gave the crew a formal welcome. According to Jewitt, he was dressed in "a mantle of black sea otter skin," held by a belt of yellow fabric made from bark, presumably stripped from spruce roots, from which the Nootka Indians continue to make many articles, such as belts, fishlines and baskets. The savages dined with the crew and the occasion was a merry one, which seemed prophetic of the pleasant relations to follow. Jewitt relates that on this occasion the Indians particularly enjoyed bread dipped in molasses, for which they offered salmon and ducks in exchange. One day the captain of the ship loaned Maquinna a fowling-piece. It was returned in a damaged condition, whereupon the owner expressed his displeasure. Maquinna became enraged but retired from the ship and when next he paid a visit to his "friends," he wore a wooden mask, the head of a wild beast. The following day a general massacre followed and the entire crew was slain, with the exception of Jewett and a sail-maker, John Thompson. The two men became slaves of the chieftain and remained in his service from March, 1803, until they were rescued by the brig *Lydia* of Boston in July, 1805.

Jewitt's life was spared because of his skill as a mechanic, and Thompson survived because his companion pleaded that he was his father and begged his life from the chief. While serving Maquinna as his slave, making

arrow-heads, spears and fish-hooks, which pleased him, and thus having become a favourite at "court," Jewitt kept a journal. It was published in 1815 as *Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, Only Survivor of the Crew of the Ship Boston During a Captivity of Nearly Three Years Among the Savages of Nootka Sound*, and ran through many editions causing wide comment and discussion as well as laying the foundation for many legends modeled on the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. Some of the latter may have arisen from the fact that Jewitt was compelled by Maquinna to marry the daughter of a neighbouring Chief A-i-tiz-zart. In reality, Jewitt's story as he relates it has few sentimental episodes and there were enough stern realities to provide thrilling paragraphs on every page of his book. His life was spared by almost a miracle, considering the plot of the savages and their determination to drive away all white men and thus terminate all relations with them. Almost a miracle was his ability to live according to the habits of his captors, which was demanded of him, and his escape was no less miraculous, owing to the fact that he was able to tell the world of the inhuman treatment of his shipmates by the treacherous band which had professed friendship.

Jewitt says that he was cleaning muskets in the steerage when he heard loud voices and general confusion on deck, so he ran up the ladder only to be caught by the hair of the head as he was emerging from the hatchway, and was lifted from his feet. "Fortunately for me," he relates, "my hair being short and the ribbon with which it was tied slipping, I fell from his hold into the steerage. As I was falling, he struck at me with an axe, which cut a deep gash in my forehead and penetrated

the skull, but in consequence of his losing his hold, I luckily escaped the full force of the blow, which otherwise would have cleft my head in two."

It developed that he was merely unconscious when his assailant thought him dead, and when he showed signs of life Chief Maquinna commanded his men not to strike at him and explained that the captive would be useful to them in repairing their arms. The Chief knew enough of English to make himself understood. He asked Jewitt if he would promise to be his slave through life, if he would fight his battles, repair muskets and make knives for him, if he would spare his life. Six natives with daggers in their hands stood beside him to back up his authority of granting life or death. After Jewitt had promised, the Chief commanded him to kiss his hands and feet as a sign of submission.

There was a joyous home-coming for the savages who reached the shore amid loud cheers and sat down to a great feast. Jewitt's wounds were tied up and he was obliged to endure great suffering without indicating as much to the Indians who must think him "brave," if his life was to be spared. He says that as they sat at the feast, the Chief ate great quantities of dried clams and train oil "and encouraged me to follow his example, telling me to eat much and take a great deal of oil, which would make me strong and fat," although the food was loathsome to him and nauseated him. In later days all the cargo was plundered from the ship and much of it was traded to Indians of other tribes who came from miles away when they heard the "good news" of the massacre of the white men. Much of the clothing was put on by the savages, the braves frequently appearing in loose women's wrappers and feeling that they were

dressed better than their fellows who wore skins and furs.

Jewitt says that the Indians of Vancouver Island were expert fishermen of his day, as they are at the present time. He made them iron fish-hooks, which they fancied, although they were as successful with the hooks which they made from a bearded and pointed bone bound with whale sinew, while their lines were strong cords woven of spruce root bark. The diary of unusual adventures and experiences gives much valuable information in regard to the ceremonies and conditions of life of the Nootka natives which other white men did not have the opportunity to observe. Captain Cook reported that when his ship entered the Sound it was immediately surrounded by hundreds of canoes, but he did not remain long among the natives and sailed away to spread the news of what he had encountered, although disappointed in his quest of the Northwest Passage. Jewitt conversed with the Chief who declared that as a boy he remembered the arrival of Captain Cook at Nootka, when the natives took the ships for "monstrous birds swimming toward them with wings expanded." On account of the fate of the *Boston* and her crew, ships remained away from Nootka until 1805 when the brig *Lydia* arrived, and by strategy, Jewitt and his companion made their escape.

CHAPTER IV

“GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS”

IN these later days it is amusing to think of the scratch of a pen by which Charles II signed away the rights of trade and possession of Canada, when he wanted to do something for a few favourites who had helped him back to his throne. Prince Rupert, Albermarle, Shaftsbury, the Carteretts and a few others became “The Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading on Hudson’s Bay,” and the King having not the remotest idea that he was giving away more than half of the North American continent made only one limitation in the famous charter of 1670 — the lands must be those *not* already claimed by any Christian power. Otherwise, the “gentlemen” were at liberty to send their ships where they pleased and their representatives in Canada became clothed with imperial authority, because they not only made the laws, but saw to it that they were obeyed. The “clause of limitation” did not prevent their progress when men of other “Christian nations” were found to be in the field ahead of them. The company had been chartered as *Lords of the Outer Marches* and such a charter and such privileges as those granted were not of a kind to keep the company’s agents in the land that bordered on Hudson’s Bay. They went on by foot and by canoe; there was seemingly no end to the virgin empire which in reality they were claiming for England. They rewarded whoever was of assistance to them in the mighty enterprise, as for example, a

cat-skin counterpane was voted to the Right Honourable Earl John Churchill (Marlborough) for whipping “those vermin, those enemies of all mankind, the French,” and when King Charles and the Duke of York petitioned France to forbid interlopers, “two pairs of beaver stockings are ordered for the King and the Duke of York” and the company’s executive committee instructs “Sir James Hayes do attend His Royal Highness at Windsor and present him his dividend in gold in a faire embroidered purse.” The great thing in the beginning was the dividend and it was often the wonder of the financial world at the time. The company sometimes sent out thirty or forty men in two small vessels to bring home the cargo which brought as high as \$100,000, and after paying all expenses there was a clear profit of fifty per cent. on the investment.

There were periods of depression, when there was trouble with the French “vermin,” but these were followed by periods of triumph so that the sales for a single year ran close to the half-million mark. The number of boats and men was increased; instead of small trading posts where furs could be procured from the Indians, strong fortresses were built, and the “lands bordering on Hudson’s Bay,” so far as the operations of the “Gentlemen Adventurers” were concerned, were bordered on the west by the Pacific ocean and reached from Russian America, now known as Alaska, to Mexico and at one time reached to Hawaii, as a convenient stopping-place on the voyage around the Horn to England. Every share-holder in the company was obliged to take a solemn oath: “I doe solemnly sweare to bee True and faithful to ye Govern’r and Comp’y of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson’s Bay and to my power will sup-

port and maintain the said comp'y and privileges of ye same; all bye laws and orders not repeated which have been made or shall be made by ye said Govern'r and Company I will to my best knowledge truly observe and keepe; ye secrets of ye said company which shall be given me in charge to conceale, I will not disclose; and during the joint stock of ye said com'y I will not directly nor indirectly trade to ye limits of ye said company's charter without leave of the Govern'r, the Deputy Govern'r and committee, So help me God." It was feudalism transplanted from the Old World to the American continent, the only instance in which it has survived to the present day — obedience of every servant to one above him, the paddlers of canoes to the one who gave the order of direction for the cruise, the trader to the chief factor, the latter to the governor and the governor of the company to the King. Much always depended on royal favour, and this seems always to have been maintained. An English ruling house ran its course and a new family arrived on the throne; and the Hudson's Bay Company representatives were speedily at the foot of the throne renewing the ancient bonds that linked the "Gentlemen Adventurers of England" with the Sovereign.

Naturally, such a company has been the object of much condemnation, ridicule and criticism; but it seems likely that future history will accord the company its full share of credit in gaining another bright jewel for the British diadem. Profit from furs was primarily the force that sent men in canoes up unknown rivers and among unknown people in a far-reaching wilderness. Others followed these path-makers, found gold and other treasures that prompted an influx of adventurers which resulted in population of a vast region that might otherwise have



BEGINNINGS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND TOWN.

remained a wilderness for a greater length of time. Hudson's Bay Company forts became the centers around which villages, towns and cities were built. The way had been paved and the foundations laid by trusted servants of the king, usually with great profit to the company, but sometimes with great losses, as for example the \$500,000 expended in an effort to find the North West Passage before the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Even at the present time, the boats of the company venture into waters that are visited in no other way; the Hudson's Bay company in the Twentieth Century carries the lamp of civilization into quarters not otherwise reached by white men. Its treatment of the Indians, concerning which there has been much malicious fiction in the last two centuries, is best answered by asking an Indian of the wilderness: "Who's your friend?" as I had occasion to do nearly twenty years ago, when far north of what were considered centers of civilization. The red man will invariably reply: "Hudson's Bay company"—and the red man does not forget a wrong to himself nor to his fathers.

Almost a library of books has been written about the activities of the company, and books on the same subject continue to come from the presses of the world. A commissioner of the company once said to me: "Still the story has never yet been written in its entirety; no, not even in some of its essential points." I believe that he might revise this opinion, however, at the present time, because the indefatigable Agnes C. Laut has examined the minute-books of the company in London, in addition to making extensive researches elsewhere, and in captivating style she has related many thrilling chapters in the company's history that seemed to be overlooked by

previous writers who sketched the exploits and adventures of the representatives of the favourites of royalty who entered the Canadian wilderness and prepared the way for the glorious present. Her volumes *The Conquest of the Great Northwest*, *Lords of the North* and *Pathfinders of the West* contain much apparently authentic material put down in graphic style and having the interest of fiction.

In 1821 the Hudson's Bay company divided the country into three departments. The chief depot of the western division was established at Vancouver on the Columbia river. Prior to the conclusion of the Oregon Treaty, on June 15, 1846, which fixed the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain, the company anticipated the result and moved the western depot to within British territory. The present site of Victoria on Vancouver Island was selected by the company's chief factor, James Douglas, who was destined to play an important part in British Columbia's beginnings as a colonial possession of Great Britain. The depot was called Fort Camosun, the Indian name of the place, but it was soon changed to Fort Victoria to honour England's Queen. In 1849 a special charter was granted to the Hudson's Bay company which made the beautiful island the largest of the archipelago along the coast — two hundred eighty-six miles long and from forty to eighty miles wide, covering an area of twenty thousand square miles — practically a company possession. As usual, however, there was the "saving clause," which stipulated that a resident colony should be formed within five years, subject to revocation of the grant in case of failure and reserving to the Crown the right of purchase on expiration of the charter. In the same year Vancouver Island was pro-

claimed a British colony, the first to be established in the northwestern region of America.

The Hudson's Bay company had received reports of vast deposits of coal in the Island, so for this and other obvious reasons it asked the home government for an exclusive monopoly. Gladstone argued that the company which had worked under a charter of exclusive monopoly for two hundred years and had done little or nothing in the direction of colonization had proved itself an incompetent colonizer. But the company's request was granted. One-tenth of the land sales were to go to the company; nine-tenths were to go toward the improvement of the land. For every one hundred acres at five dollars an acre, the buyer was to bring to the Island at his own expense three families or six single persons — and at the end of five or ten years the government might buy the Island by paying to the company what it had expended.

In 1851 James Douglas was appointed governor, and upon the renewal of the grant of Vancouver Island in 1854 the home government requested him to establish representative government in the colony. The first parliament assembled in 1856, its members numbering less than a dozen, all of whom were connected with the Hudson's Bay company in some way. A writer has said that “while settlement was the pretense, sovereignty to restrict settlement was the ulterior object. Fur hunting did not prosper in communities where colonization was encouraged. But the events that followed precipitated the end of company rule. Gold was discovered along the Fraser River in 1856 or 1857, the exact date being a matter of dispute. Thousands of men rushed to the open port of Victoria. It brought the company's monopoly

of trade and government to an end and it gave birth to the two independent colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia. Events moved rapidly after the coming of the gold-hunters and the country was glowingly referred to by Governor Douglas in the following words: "Self-supporting and defraying all the expenses of its own government, it presents a striking contrast to every other colony in the British Empire and, like the native pine of its own storm-beaten promontories, it has acquired a slow, but hardy growth." Correct perhaps, save in the reference to the speed of its development.

During the early days, the Mainland, later to be known as British Columbia, remained Indian territory under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1858 Governor Douglas of Vancouver Island was made governor of the Mainland and authorized to make provision for its administration. In the same year the Hudson's Bay company's charter for exclusive trading with the Indians was cancelled and new officials of the colony were sworn in at Fort Langley. The rush of the gold-hunters up the Fraser valley made it necessary for the governor to act upon his own initiative in many matters, which as a representative of the company he had been in the habit of doing on many occasions. For example, he thought that the large numbers of men from American mining camps might become a menace to British rule, so he placed a headtax on all comers from the United States, which implied the Queen's authority, and in this rather zealous move he was not upheld by the home government, but his acts generally were confirmed by the Secretary for the Colonies in London, as it was believed that he had acted wisely in the new country, where he could receive no adequate instructions to deal with the unexpected events

that transpired. To curb the “lawless” element and to keep a better check on the gold country, Langley was at first chosen as the seat of the Mainland government, but this place was abandoned in favour of the present site of New Westminster.

The next step was the union of the two colonies, which naturally resulted in a spirited contest as to which city should become the capital of the new province, New Westminster or Victoria. A petition for union was signed by four hundred fifty persons. In the *Life of Sir James Douglas* appears the following summary of these events:

“In the end the British government decided the question, and the authority of the executive government and council of British Columbia was extended over Vancouver Island, the number of members of the council being increased to twenty-three. The customs regulations of the Mainland colony were likewise extended to the island. Other ordinances remained for a time as before. The original authority of the governor to make regulations for peace, order and good government was not restricted. The act bore date of August 6, 1866. A short time after, the attorney general of Vancouver Island introduced a bill for assimilating its laws with those of British Columbia. There then remained only the question of the seat of government — a rock which the act of union had discreetly avoided. Amid the violent altercations of partisans, the choice fell on Victoria and though the bitterness of the defeat rankled long on the Mainland, no effort subsequently availed to secure a revision of the decision.”

Immediately following the union, came advocacy of Confederation with the other Canadian states into a con-

solidation of the whole British North America. Sentiment on Vancouver Island was unfavourable to such a move, but the Mainland was almost unanimously in its favour. The promise to link the province with the rest of Canada by overland communication, however, was the determining factor. On July 7, 1870, the news was received from Ottawa that terms had been agreed upon and the construction of the trans-continental railroad had been guaranteed. The provisions ensured that the Dominion assume all debts and liabilities of the colony, several "operating" expenses, a fortnightly steam mail service between Victoria and San Francisco, a weekly mail service with Olympia and, most important of all, the railway which became the Canadian Pacific, uniting the Pacific seaboard with the eastern railway system, its construction to begin within two years of the date of union. There were the inevitable delays in beginning the work of construction and many arguments were advanced for the abandonment of the project. It was said that the building of the railway was into a territory "where nothing will grow and where nobody wants to go," and "it will go down in history as the most colossal blunder of the Dominion of Canada"; but the wonderful system was built at a cost said to have been in the neighbourhood of \$300,000,000, and, although the contract called for ten years' work, it was completed in five years, and in 1885 the first trains crossed. The company controls thousands of miles of railway, telegraph lines, builds its own cars, operates over fifty steamers on British Columbia lakes and rivers, and is said to have expended \$25,000,000 on the most remarkable string of hotels in existence, reaching from New Brunswick to Vancouver Island.

And with the opening of railway connection with the East began British Columbia's great era of prosperity through which it is still passing. Instead of it being a region "where nobody wants to go," it is invaded by tens of thousands of tourists every year, and indications are that the number will soon become hundreds of thousands, because it is one of the great natural recreation fields of the earth, and the time is approaching when one who has not visited it may not claim to have "traveled." The tour through the Canadian Rockies is coming to be what a visit was to Switzerland in our father's day; the difference being that thousands who come to look and remain but a couple of weeks, decide to make their permanent homes in the magic land of sunset.

CHAPTER V

THE ISLAND HIGHWAY

THERE are several routes by which a traveler may reach the attractive interior of Vancouver Island with the greatest ease; in fact, with the comforts that are possible in going from New York to Boston, although it appears that not enough people know about it. Perhaps the usual traveler knows that there is "some sort of a railway running somewhere outside of Victoria"; but the majority of strangers who enter the port are so pleased with the city and its immediate environs that they make no inquiries about going further inland. I have heard visitors lately returned from Victoria praise the city very highly, and then not knowing anything about it advise others to plan to stay there only a few days, "because in that time you can see everything." I have heard Mainland booking agents advise much the same thing. So it frequently happens that the newcomer does not hear about anything excepting the capital city on the Island, or he hears too late, and after a pleasant sojourn of several days in the principal city imagines that he has "seen everything." This was my experience during several visits to Victoria and I know that it has been the experience of many others. After I had returned from the inland tour it seemed that something had been held back from me in the past, for it was one of the "prize packages" in the entire British Columbia tour. It seemed almost that it had been reserved for the "discriminating few," for they were there enjoying themselves in full

measure while the rest of the world was passing its way, not exactly unmindful, but in absolute ignorance of what it was missing.

I mentioned the matter to an official of the Island and his reply was to place in my hands several attractively printed folders and leaflets that told of the inland journeys. There were reproductions of photographs that showed lakes, mountains, rivers and fishermen standing proudly beside huge strings of fish, which cutlines declared represented "One Day's Catch." But even these advertisements failed to present the subject adequately, and it seemed certain that the leaflets and folders never reached the hands for which they were intended. "Tourists are making the inland journey more and more every year," said the official, and he seemed to be satisfied. But I still felt a sting of resentment for never having made the little journey before; and for the knowledge that it was generally overlooked by most of the tourists who came to see as much of British Columbia and its beauties as they were able to see in a given length of time. And now I have my "revenge" by telling every one who chances to read this page that in the province there is no more fascinating territory for a "side-trip" of a few days than this inland journey. It is not a virgin field for the traveler; others have been there in large numbers. The inns are prepared to entertain those who come in a cozy, home-like fashion, and they have room for all who are likely to visit them in the immediate future; but the Island from one end to the other has not been "spoiled" by routine tourists who rush from place to place, hesitating between trains for a glance at the "principal attraction," a few meals and a room or suite of rooms at the leading hotel. Upper Vancouver Island is still what

most easterners consider "wild." There are many fine homes in the towns and cities, where the stumps have not been removed from front door yards. A ten-minute walk from the center of some of these towns brings one into the "bush" that is as tangled and overgrown with luxuriant foliage as it was centuries ago. The woodman's ax is at work and he is clearing more and more of the land to adapt it to his use, as the days pass, but there are still vast reaches where the ax has not been heard, mountains capped with snow that have been barely prospected by men who venture far from the populated districts in search of mineral treasure, of which the Island has given its share to the world. There are beautiful mountain lakes with fish waiting to be caught, but few fishermen visit them each season. There is a frankness noticeable and commendable in the people who are taming this wilderness to their needs and requirements. It has not the savage grandeur of the Rocky Mountain districts of the Mainland; but it has a distinctive beauty all its own, which is perhaps the more beautiful by contrast in the British Columbia tour.

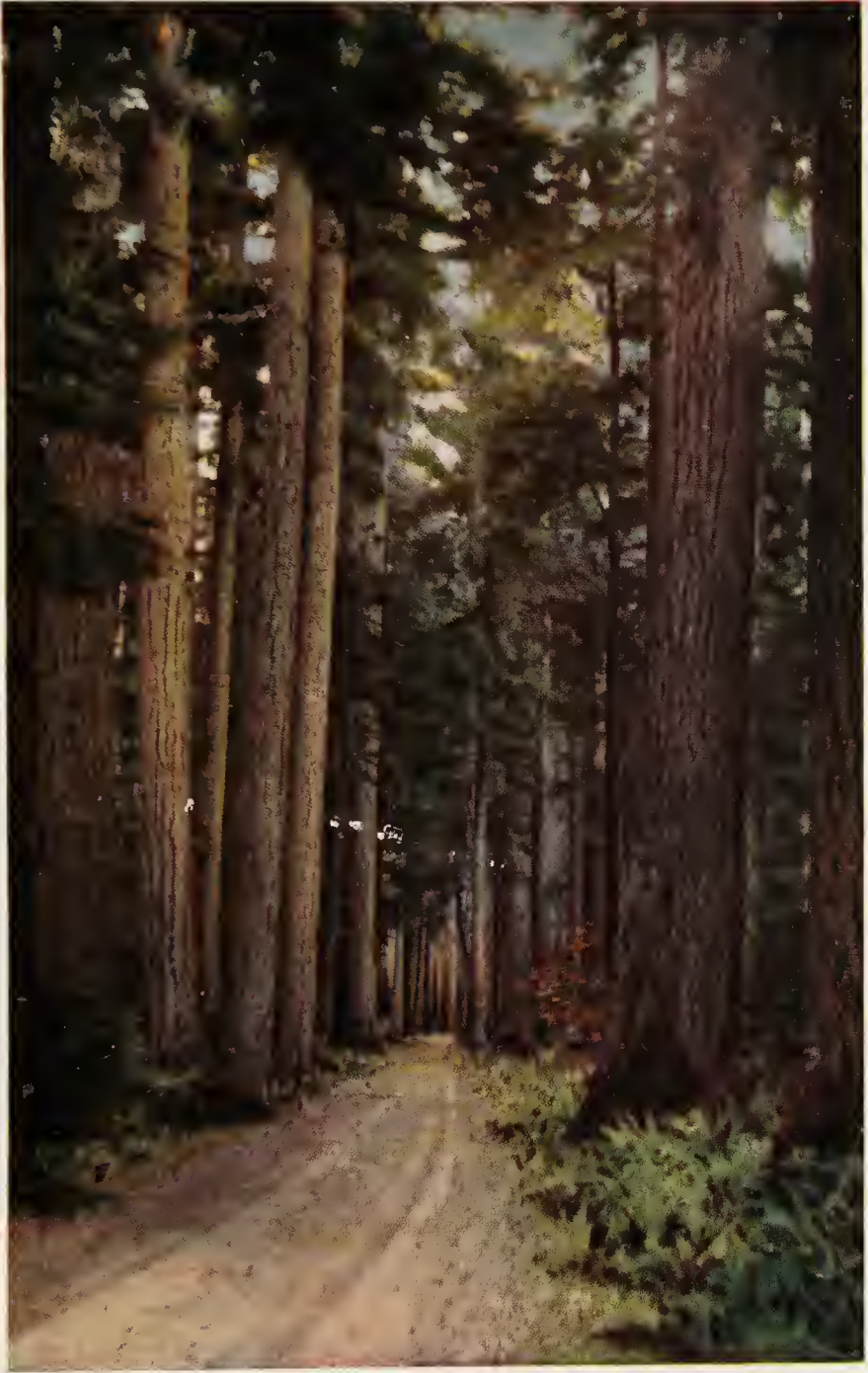
And it is all to be seen and appreciated with so little effort on the part of the spectator! It is true that he may make the Island trip as strenuous as he desires it to be. There are trails into almost unknown regions and there are vast districts that have no trails. There are mountains that are the delight of amateur climbers, and there are great areas where one may pitch his tent for many days with not the slightest probability of coming upon human beings. There is plenty of big game, some of which is shy of the gunner and some which likes to give him a desperate battle. One making an automobile journey over the Island Highway at sunset will some-

times see from a dozen to twenty deer timidly peeping at him from behind the green foilage that borders the roadway. Those who climb far up into the hills may meet the black bear or the cougar, both of which in times when food was scarce have ventured into the dooryards of residents of the principal towns. In short, Vancouver Island, when properly visited, seems to be British Columbia in miniature and in gentler mold. Whatever reaches the apex of bewilderment on the Mainland is here in a lesser degree, as if suggestive of what is to come in the faithful pilgrim's itinerary. And one may reach most of it in the seat of an automobile, view it from the window of a parlour car on the railway, or from the deck of a steamer, which last makes a complete circuit of the Island, entering ports that are barely known by name to the outside world, and sometimes pointing its bow into long inlets or fjords which almost cut the Island in two.

Perhaps it is preferable to make the inland tour from Victoria to Port Alberni (134 miles) or to Courtenay (140 miles) by automobile, at least in one direction, returning by rail. The excellent motor road, which will ultimately become the western terminus of the trans-Canada route, parallels the railroad much of the way, but as a rule lies lower in the valleys and commands a more intimate view of the scenery through which it passes, while the rails, often spiral along mountainsides, and the car window commands a more distant view of mountain peaks, as it shoots along through century-old fir trees, which are claimed to be "unequaled by any trees occupying corresponding latitudes in other countries." It may be more convenient for the majority of travelers who do not bring their own cars with them, unaware as the world seems to be of the excellence of roads in many parts

of the province, to make the entire journey by rail. It is a trip that offers many of the thrills of the ride from Lucerne, Switzerland, to Milan, Italy, with very few of the obnoxious tunnels which detract from the pleasure of any train ride, where one finds delight in the scenery and dislikes to catch a glimpse of a beautiful landscape only to be plunged into the darkness of a hill.

From the start to the end of the trip one observes the same cosmopolitanism that was apparent in Victoria. Far out on the country roads the Chinese are seen trudging with bamboo poles over their shoulders. At the logging camps or sawmills one sees the picturesque and gaudy turbans of the Hindoos, who are more fortunate than their brethren of India, who desire to come to this country of promise, but failed to do so when the special dispensation was offered for workers on the trans-continental railway at the time of construction, and now learn that it is too late, that Canada must remain a "white man's country." There are Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Portuguese and Spaniards, all more or less distinctive amid the British population. All came in the first instance for the same reason, or with a few notable exceptions this is true. They like the free life of the wilds, and in bettering their condition they are glad to work diligently, holding on to the roseate prospects for the future — at least for the future of their children who are receiving what they could not have received at home. There are a few Englishmen who came because they prefer to spend their years of retirement in the locality that pleased them from the report of others, or when they saw it during a tour of British dominions it pleased them more than any other place they had seen. The homes of some of the latter are miniatures of English country resi-



dences. At least, there is one large room, the floors of which are covered with bear-skin rugs and the walls are decorated with deer, elk and moose heads with spreading antlers. There is a large fireplace in which logs crackle and my English gentleman seems to be thoroughly enjoying himself in an atmosphere of a century ago — with the exception that he reads by electric lights, for the people of Vancouver Island have learned how to harness the waterfalls that splash over almost every hill, and doubtless the house is heated by steam, the fireplace being more of an ornament and luxury than necessity. It is a beautiful life in the primeval woods for one who knows how to enjoy it; and there are enough who do to set a worthy example to the colonists who dream of the day when their land of promise will enable them to live in the same way.

As the train leaves the queer little station on the waterfront, it seems as if one were starting on a boat journey, for it circles around bridges, over the Inlet, and seems to be gliding on the water. Almost immediately, the train plunges between the rocks and begins its climb, spiraling a big hill. Immediately it enters great forests of Douglas fir (named for the botanist and not for the governor) the huge tree that is the pride of the Island. Such great shafts of timber with barely a limb until they have reached the height of perhaps two hundred feet, then breaking into myrtle green plumes like a small umbrella at the top of a lengthy pole! Early in the trip they wave their fronds high above the train; but as the train climbs, leaving the trunks of the trees in the valley, they shoot their tops beside the car windows. Soon one looks through the fragrant screen of green and sees blue lakes filling the canyons below, or rushing streams that our fellow trav-

elers equipped with all sorts of tackle, say are the abiding-places of trout of actual weight that make all fishermen hereabouts appear to be boasters — or worse — when they relate past experiences in the same streams.

One's suggestion to the tourist who can arrange his own time is to plan to make this trip in the last days of May or in June, when the foliage of the hills is taking on the rank green of spring — although autumn is said to offer a picture as diverting with the sprays of colouring foliage against the green. The trees, however, are mostly fir or cedar and in the spring a frequent tall dogwood bursts a mass of white bloom in the high arches of green. Along the clearing at the trackside the grass is splotted with masses of white or pink "English" daisies, wild columbine and whole banks of flowering wild strawberries.

The morning train from Victoria — and all trains start in the morning — soon reaches Esquimault, which probably would have been the capital of the Island and Province if the Hudson's Bay chief factor had dreamed of the city's future importance, when he located a fort at the southern tip of the Island. For many years the harbour of Esquimault was Great Britain's only naval station on the Pacific coast and it is now the base of the Canadian and Imperial navies. There is a large dry dock here, and one of the largest docks in the world is in prospect for construction at an early date. It is a quaint and interesting place with the atmosphere of "officialdom" about it and is well worth a visit. It is easily reached by tramway from Victoria and therefore unnecessary to come by train.

The train makes a rather meandering and slow climb to Shawnigan Lake, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

The lake, which bears an Indian name, is a popular and conveniently reached resort during the shooting and fishing seasons. It is five miles long, winding like a river in a basin of tall green hills, and at the train platform is the entrance of Strathcona Lodge, a pretty little hotel set in rustic-fenced gardens. Motorists who visit the lake and return to Victoria may do so by way of Sooke Lake.

Several small towns are scattered along the railway beyond the lake, but there are vast stretches of timberland with no suggestion of a habitation, save the deserted shacks of the construction gang or lumber jacks. Some idea of the amount of unsettled land may be gained from the statement that the railway still has over one million acres unsold. Duncan is a little agricultural center, where dairying is a specialty. Crofton, Chemainus, Ladysmith! The train rolls along and in watching the name-boards on the stations one detects sometimes a recollection of "the old home," as well as an adoption or adaptation of the local Indian name.

Nanaimo, the Coal City, which claims a population of ten thousand, has twice-daily steamer service with Vancouver, the crossing being much shorter than by the Victoria-Vancouver route of slightly over eighty miles. The city is one of the oldest on the island, a Hudson's Bay Company post having been located here and the coal mines having been worked to some extent since 1850, when they were discovered through the help of the Indians. In the district vast fortunes have been made from the industry, but they were not spent there. It is a somewhat uninteresting place having the combined qualities of a mining town and a port. It was to this district that young Robert Dunsmuir came as a coal expert from Scotland. He remained in the employ of

others for a number of years, but in his explorations for himself he discovered rich veins of coal that laid the foundation for the Dunsmuir millions. In the early days he had several partners, the conditions being that he own one-half the mine and have complete control of the operations. In time he was able to buy out all his associates, the last being Lieutenant Diggles, to whom he gave his personal check for \$800,000 in settlement of all claims. His properties eventually made him the richest man in the province, perhaps in the Dominion. Naturally, he became a man of great influence in British Columbia and there was barely an enterprise of any magnitude in the province in which he was not financially interested. He was one of the promoters of the proposed Canadian Western railway, to which the provincial legislature granted a charter and a subsidy of about fourteen million acres of land.

The train arrives at Parksville Junction for lunch, where one may have the experience of what might be called *de luxe* roughing it. He is traveling on a parlour car, but the railway has not yet reached the point of offering its patrons dining-car service, so all passengers rush to the eating-room of the little station, climb to the tops of high stools and sit around the counter, while nattily dressed young ladies pour coffee or tea and recite a long menu which sounds something like — “ham sandwiches, egg sandwiches, cress sandwiches, lettuce sandwiches, beef sandwiches, sardine sandwiches — or pie.” And such pie! It is of that almost gold-leaf flakiness that makes one feel that the Canadian Pacific railway is having its little joke and serving better pie at the Parksville Junction station than in its magnificent hosteleries at better known stopping places across the country.

And the station agent at Parksville Junction must be an artist, proving his love of the beautiful in this out-of-the-way corner of the world in a practical manner, where perhaps his example will have a better effect than if he were a rich man in the city who built a beautiful park and permitted the public to saunter through its walks and enjoy the old masters' marbles set up by formal lake or fountain. The Junction is located in a dense forest of Douglas fir, which looks as if it had never known the tread of man. There is a small clearing at the railway tracks and a small plot at each end of the station. This has been enclosed by an ornamental fence made of white birch limbs woven and twisted into fantastic designs. Inside the railing there is a grass plot, a teahouse, tables and benches of birch like the fence — and, when I passed, there was a bed of tulips in full bloom! Tea in this little garden in the wilderness, a sandwich and the never-to-be-forgotten pie was the temptation that drew us away from the more substantial meal at the counter and high stools.

The rails part and one branch leads to Qualicum Beach, where there is a beautiful white strand two miles in length and where the surf rolls high, where there is a sheltering cove for yachting, a golf course and a hotel. In a short time the rails will extend up this branch to Campbell River, which is already a fisherman's paradise and the gateway to Strathcona Park, which is not yet "formally" open to the public, but which is already an ideal retreat for a camping tour. Towering mountains, of which Mount Victoria is the highest (7,500 feet), are in this district and much else that will delight the eyes of all who venture so far off the main highway of travel.

The entire Dominion of Canada has made remarkable strides in selecting natural beauty spots, of preserving them, and building roads and trails which make them available to travelers. Having many of the scenic wonders of the continent within its borders, British Columbia has many large areas already set apart and improved and they are becoming a great asset to the province as well as a joy to an ever increasing number of travelers. On this subject Richard Watrous of the American Civic Association says: "Canada has been ahead of us on the national park proposition in every respect — in almost every respect. I am going to say, first of all, that that was best illustrated when the great drift of travel from the East to the West on account of the expositions at San Francisco and San Diego brought out the fact that the Canadian National Parks, because of their exploitation, and because of the things that have been done to make them ready for the comfort and convenience and safety of the tourists, drew the great, wholesale travel — I learned on very good authority that of the travel which went West about 75 per cent. was routed either going or returning by Canadian railroad systems."

Robert Sterling Yard of the Department of the Interior, Washington, referring to the Canadian mountains says: "till then in this country every man, woman and child has been brought up to the belief that the greatest scenery of the world was in Switzerland, and now in the last few years, they have also added the Canadian Rockies. That is the great word in this country to-day — the Canadian Rockies."

The European war delayed the final preparations for opening Strathcona Park, and it may be some time before it is ready to accommodate travelers who do not care for

camping, but a motor road through to the entrance from Victoria will one day take visitors to this wonderland, where now it is necessary to proceed on horseback. There are a few cabins, with stoves and bunks along the trail going into the park at Goose Neck Lake; and these, together with "Packers' Cabin" just above the lower end of Upper Campbell Lake, can be utilized by travelers. It will be a thrilling lifetime memory to recall such an experience. No "tame cat" vacation through a well-groomed National Park will ever compare with it. In addition to the direct trip into the Park itself, a delightful and easy trip is afforded by taking a motor car up to either Campbell River or to lower Campbell Lake at Forbes' Landing. All the superb scenery from Victoria north to these points will be seen along the road. Between Forbes' Landing and Buttle Lake there are good camping sites at Echo and Mirror Lakes, and good trout fishing is obtainable almost everywhere. Visitors starting from Victoria will see the famous Malahat Drive among other beauties.

The trip into Strathcona Park from Campbell River takes the visitors to McIvor Lake and thence to Forbes' Landing at Lower Campbell Lake by automobile, where pack horses brought on from Campbell River may be taken unless visitors decide to walk up the trail, about twenty-two miles to the lower end of Buttle Lake, breaking the journey at the Packers' Cabin. There is a sleeping cabin at Buttle Lake which will accommodate twenty-six persons, a stove and a special room for ladies being included. A man is in charge of this cabin for the months of June, July and August.

There are a number of creeks and rivers entering Buttle Lake which afford splendid fishing at their mouths, par-

ticularly the mouth of Wolf Creek, Phillip Creek, Myra River, the first bay on the west side of Buttle Lake and other points. There are a few boats belonging to the provincial government stored at Buttle Lake, and there is a keeper in charge of these who will give the use of them to responsible parties. Such parties should obtain from the Minister of Public Works a permit to use these boats before leaving Victoria. Such permits are directed to the man in charge. To prevent disappointment, however, in the event of the visitors finding the boats in use when they arrive, the precaution of taking canoes or boats in, together with suitable motors is urgently advised by the officials. Horses and guides can be obtained at Campbell River or Forbes' Landing at Lower Campbell Lake.

Shooting is forbidden inside the park limits, but permission to take along a rifle or revolver can be secured by application to the Minister of Public Works. Trout in the district readily take the regulation flies used by anglers. The best month for sea trout is June and the Campbell River at and near its mouth affords splendid sea trout fishing. June, July, August and September provide trout fishing and August and September are the best months for the big tye or spring salmon at the mouth of the Campbell River. September gives the coho salmon fishing, and while these fish do not run nearly as large as the spring salmon; they are very gamy and give excellent sport.

The following calendar for fishing and shooting on Vancouver Island has been tabulated by a provincial bureau and is the result of a wide observation extending over a number of years, so that its information is as correct as any available.

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- January For the shooter, ducks, geese, snipe.
For the fisherman, grilse in salt water with a good chance for salmon. Steelhead in nontidal waters.
- February For the shooter, ducks, geese, snipe.
For the fisherman, grilse, spring salmon and steelhead.
- March For the shooter, geese (Brant and Canada geese).
For the fisherman, grilse, spring salmon, trout, steelhead; trout fishing opens and steelhead fishing closes March 26.
- April For the shooter, geese, black bear.
For the fisherman, trout, grilse, spring salmon.
- May For the shooter, black bear.
For the fisherman, trout, grilse, small run of coho salmon.
- June For the fisherman, trout, black bass, grilse, small run of coho salmon. (Best month for sea trout.)
- July For the fisherman, trout, black bass.
- August For the shooter, wild pigeons (Bandtail).
For the fisherman, trout, spring salmon, black bass.
- September For the shooter, grouse, deer, ducks, geese, snipe, pigeons, bear.
For the fisherman, trout, spring salmon, coho salmon, black bass.
- October For the shooter, grouse, deer, ducks, geese, snipe, pheasants, quail, bear.
For the fisherman, trout, spring salmon, coho salmon.

- November For the shooter, grouse, deer, ducks, geese, snipe, pheasants, quail, bear.
For the fisherman, trout until November 15, coho salmon until November 15. Trout fishing closes and steelhead fishing opens.
- December For the shooter, grouse, ducks, geese, snipe, pheasants, quail, deer until December 15. December 31 pheasant, grouse and quail shooting ends.

Taking the opposite fork from Parksville Junction, the railway proceeds to Cameron Lake thirteen miles away, an emerald blue body of water that lies at the base of Mount Arrowsmith, which occupies as commanding position in the landscape as Mount Fuji does in the typical Japanese scene. It is less than six thousand feet high, but its top is capped with eternal snow and it stands effectively prominent among neighbouring peaks. The railway skirts along high shelves of rock on the banks of the lake with the firs and cedars of the valley reaching to towering heights, but failing to reach the altitude of the rails in the skyward flight. Here, it is claimed, is some of the finest standing timber in the world, magnificent shafts that shoot upward like granite pillars, five to nine feet in circumference and from one to three hundred feet high. There is a pleasant little chalet here for the entertainment of visitors, famous fishing, and much to delight the excursionist. The automobile road lies in the valley close to the lake and the Island Highway passes directly through the magnificent stand of timber to which reference has been made. The tourist who comes here will be tempted to stay and let it mark the terminus of his inland

journey, because there is everything that most human beings enjoy when on pleasure bent: canoeing, fishing, hunting, motoring, mountain-climbing — and, if he prefers, a landscape that seems to have been created for his special benefit if he is looking for absolute quiet and fascinating scenes. The railway leads on, however, and so does the motor road, and circles over to the other side of Mount Arrowsmith, so that its snowy peak is viewed to the eastward instead of being the southwestern “decoration” of the lake picture. Twenty miles further is Alberni, the port which lies nearer the opposite coast than the Pacific, being situated at the head of the so-called Alberni Canal, a fjord or deep gash in the mountains from the Pacific to within a few miles of the Straits, where it is suddenly cut off by lofty barriers of stone. Arriving at the terminus of the railway, the traveler is glad, after all, that he was able to overcome all temptations to stop his journey at any of the numerous enchanting spots that beckoned to him along the route. Arrived and settled in the evening before the crackling log fire of the cozy hotel which has many features to remind one of an English inn — including the cuisine, which however is presided over by a white-capped chef from the Celestial Republic — one glances over the schedule for days soon to come and it seems that here is the fisherman’s paradise and that all roads and trails of the district ultimately lead in this direction.

CHAPTER VI

MEMORIES OF NORWAY

THE traveler who arrives at Alburni by motor or railway may spend several days there before he is reminded of those granite walls of Norway, as straight as if they had been cut by the knife from mountain-top to water's edge, because the hills and mountains are more sloping toward the head of the fjord and often their lower strata are covered with trees; but one who enters from the Pacific side will have had recollections of the celebrated country of rock-bound waterways long before the steamer enters this beautiful channel on its circuit of the Island, which is scheduled for twice a month and which takes six days to complete. The first important stop out of Victoria is Bamfield, the station of the Australian cable, said to be the longest single stretch in the world. Clayoquot never fails to excite admiration on account of its scenery. Nootka is touched, the scene of so much of importance in the early days of the Island; and finally more than scenic suggestion of Norway, Holberg is reached, the westerly terminus of the voyage that is pleasant for "good sailors," but not exactly to be recommended to those who are uncomfortable when the tides and currents play tag and when the steamer stands on end most of the time. The chief interest of this cruise is the opportunity it affords to visit small towns which remain somewhat primitive and which in several instances are populated almost entirely by the coast Indians who live much as their fathers

and grandfathers did, excepting that they are certain that provision will be made for them by a paternal government if they come on evil times, which is so often the fate of the red man anywhere on the continent.

There is ample opportunity for one to observe the red men in their villages along the Canal, a trip that may be made from Alberni to the coast and back in one day. They are essentially aquatic Indians and spend their lives fishing — and carving totem poles, concerning which there is still so much misunderstanding and mystery. But perhaps much of this “mystery” has arisen from the “explanations” and theories of the men who have endeavoured to elucidate the “mystical message” that in many instances does not exist at all, save in their own minds. At least this is the opinion of the Dominion Indian Agent, who has spent his life among red men, speaks their own language, and by reason of his position has had many opportunities to learn “secrets” that are withheld from most white men.

“I have even read that the making of totems is a ‘lost art,’” said the Agent, smiling, as he pointed to a large pole in his front yard. “That doesn’t look much like lost art, does it? Look at the carving on the eagle’s wings, and see that statue of me! It isn’t exactly after Greek standards; but apparently it is a red man’s conception of what an Indian Agent ought to look like. They carved that a few years ago and presented it to me with all the oldtime ceremonies, some of which had an almost ‘Masonic’ meaning that might have been rather vague to the layman but which were not ‘mysterious’ in the way that some of the ‘scientists’ would have us believe. None of the ‘scholars’ have ever ‘explained’ this totem, but it would be amusing to know the ‘symbolism’ that they would read

into it. I am represented on the pole with a skull in my hands. Now that is very promising as a field for 'explanations.' As a matter of fact, it is all perfectly simple, as are most of the other totems that I have seen — at least they are simple to me, because I know the Indians well and I know that they are first of all very 'primitive' and have never dreamed of the things that white men discover for them. Tossing the skull harks back to an ancient custom among them. The chief stood in front of the young bucks and threw a skull. There was a great scramble to get hold of it, for good fortune would come to the possessor. On this totem I am represented as the Big Chief because I represent the government. In my official capacity I am in a position to do many things for them that they want done. They consider that I can be of great service to them. I hold the skull and I am about to toss it. Whoever catches it will be lucky because I am the dispenser of government gifts. Now what could be simpler? It is nonsense to read too much 'symbolism' into any of these things, particularly to give them too great religious significance. I have usually found that a chief's personal totem is in reality a boast; but I have read that a chief is sometimes *buried* in his totem. Never! It is rather his means of telling every one what an unusual person he is. He kills large whales, deer or bear, at least he claims that he has done so by his totem. As for 'symbolism,' here is a favourite story with them often represented on the poles and it is very characteristic of most of the others. 'Once upon a time — a very long time ago, as most Indian stories begin — the kingfisher was so smart that he could talk, and, in consequence, he became a great liar. He boasted so much about what he could catch to eat that the bear asked: "Can you take



TOTEM CARVED TO REPRESENT WHITE MAN.

a lizard from your stomach?" The kingfisher could not do it and the bear could.' So you find the bird, the bear and the lizard on many totems to-day to remind the Indians that it is not wise to boast about your accomplishments or prowess, unless you can make good."

Perhaps the Agent's words are much nearer the truth than most of the "scientific explanations"; but it is possible that the whole truth lies between too close familiarity with the red men and too great ignorance of them in everyday life. The totem in some form or other usually representing animals has appeared at some stage in the development of practically all the people in the world, as MacLean says in *Canadian Savage Folk*:

"Traces of its existence are found in the symbolism of the Bible, as the lion was the animal symbol for Judah, the ass for Issachar, the wolf for Benjamin, the serpent for Dan, and the hind for Gad. . . . The natives protected their totems and they expected to be protected by them. . . . They were divinities which guarded and protected them. . . . Rival totems made war with each other as in Grecian mythology, Lycus the wolf flees the country before Aegus the goat. . . . A husband may belong to different totems which will divide them when there arises a totem feud. Intermarriage between the members of the same totem was forbidden. A member of the wolf clan could not marry a wolf, but he might take a wife from the women of the hawk clan. . . . Natives make a theoretical claim of descent from the animals, which they accept as their totems, but it cannot be shown that this is a literal descent. Confounding the ideal with the real they have come to speak of them as their ancestors. . . . A clan was forbidden to kill or eat the totem."

Sometimes an Indian's totem is tattooed on his body; but this is always concealed from white men. The contact of man in his primitive condition with animals doubtless gave rise to a choice of them as totems, the bear, deer, wolf and buffalo being most frequently selected. Sometimes the Indians sign their names to treaties and letters with their individual totems. They seem always to have been partial to the bear, as they had great respect for his cunning. In the British Association Report of the Northwest Tribes appears the following as to the origin of the bear totem, which is fairly typical of the stories concerning other animals:

“An Indian went mountain goat hunting. When he had reached a remote mountain range, he met a black bear, who took him to his home, taught him how to catch salmon and how to build boats. Two years the man stayed with the bear; then he returned to his village. All the people were afraid of him for he looked like a bear. One man, however, caught him and took him home. He could not speak and could not eat anything but raw food. Then they rubbed him with magic herbs and he was transformed into the shape of a man. Thenceforth, when he was in want, he went into the woods and his friend the bear helped him. In winter when the rivers were frozen he caught plenty of salmon. He built a house and painted a bear on the front of it. His sister made a dancing blanket, the design of which represented a bear. Therefore the descendants of his sisters used the bear for their crest.”

Walter Moberly, living in Victoria at the time of writing, but nevertheless one of the early explorers in several parts of the province, relates that at one time he was badly in need of food for himself and the Indian who

was accompanying him and fortunately he shot a bear. It was an exceptionally large specimen and he wanted to pack the head and hide over the trails to have it mounted for his home. But his companion urged him not to do so, declaring that it would make all other bears very angry. He would be unable to procure any more bears for food and all grizzlies would be particularly ferocious. He begged that he might have the head to dispose of in "Indian fashion." Moberly gave it to him and watched the Indian tear off a piece from his red shirt (the ceremonial colour) thus paying to it the respect which Indians always like to pay to the bear, tied it to the bear's head and then climbed to the top of a spruce tree, tear away the branches and leave the head there, ornamented with red, thus an adequate tribute in death.

Modern totems are perhaps best represented among the coast Indians of British Columbia at the present time, although they are also found among the natives of New Zealand and Australia. It does not require much of a stretch of the imagination to associate these wooden images with the stone carvings of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Chinese and even the Greeks. In fact, it has been maintained that traces of totem worship are indicated in the names of Christians and pagans alike in the catacombs of Rome.

"It is my opinion that our coast Indians will remain fishermen despite the educational opportunities that are afforded them or whatever they observe from contact with white men," continued the Agent. "They are notably undemonstrative and appear to take very slight interest in what one would expect to interest them profoundly. For example, the first automobile they saw did not occasion any particular interest. They would not

be interested if a submarine should come up the Alberni Canal. These Indians are prosperous and could become rich if they wanted to be, but they are improvident, and when old age overtakes them they are usually pitiable objects, because they may not expect help from children, relatives, or members of the tribe. It seems that most of my work consists of looking up the cases of the outcasts who are neglected and become *declassé* for no other reason than that they are old, infirm or ill. To these I give blankets, flour, or whatever they need and their relatives or tribesmen do not resent my 'interference,' although it seems to be in their nature to deal otherwise with those in distress."

On this subject Sproat's *Scenes and Studies of Savage Life* says: "The practice of abandoning aged persons or those afflicted with lingering diseases was lately quite common among the Alts. Before satisfying myself on this point, I had believed that this inhuman custom was confined to those savage tribes which being forced to wander over extensive districts in pursuit of game for food and obliged to be at all times ready to fight an enemy, were unable to carry with them in their rapid marches persons infirm from age or sickness and children of defective forms. But the practice is common among the tribes on this coast who are seldom in want of food and who never move their encampments but for short distances, and the custom I think rests simply on the unwillingness of the natives to be troubled with the care of hopeless invalids. It is not much worse as a proof of the insensibility of the human heart than the manner of treating insane persons in Scotland and other civilized countries before lunatic asylums were established. The victims among the Indians, as stated above,

are not always aged persons, young and old of both sexes are exposed when afflicted with lingering disease. A father will abandon his child, or a child his father. In bitter weather a sufferer has been known to have been taken to a distance from the encampment and left unsheltered with a small quantity of water and dried salmon. No one is permitted to add to the allowance, or to show attention to the miserable invalid, his own relatives pass him by in the woods with perfect indifference. Individuals thus abandoned occasionally recover and return to the village, but more often they perish wretchedly and the wild beasts devour them. In opposition to this indifference an eye-witness told me of the frightful manner in which the parents of a young girl who died showed on that occasion their excessive grief. As soon as life had departed, they screamed, and frantically seizing the body by the hair, arms and legs, threw it about the house until they were quite fatigued, then, after a time, they placed it on a couch in a sitting posture to await burial."

I called the Agent's attention to the fact that I had seen a young Indian receive \$67 for one day's catch of fish, and that I had been told of an Indian who received \$10 a day for eight days' fishing.

"That's nothing for these Indians," he replied. "I know a young fellow who made \$117 in one day with his fish lines. There are times when they get eleven cents a pound, and when you realize that a good salmon weighs in the neighbourhood of fifty pounds, the abundance of salmon in these waters — and the fact that they are better fishermen than white men, you can see how they can make money. At present, most of them are buying launches, as they do not care to paddle canoes as their fathers did. Here is what they used to fish with." The Agent ex-

hibited hooks made of twisted spruce roots and prongs of bone, with fine strong lines made of bark shreds. "But they don't like to do it any more; they fish with trolling spoons and beat the white man with his own invention. Fishing, as I said before, is their ambition and their life. As a general rule they are holding their own pretty well, although some of the tribes have become almost extinct. I cannot say that I am particularly optimistic about the results from educating them in our schools. In the first place, they do not want education and they do not use it after they get it. I have seen girls remain in our schools until they seemed to be completely reclaimed from savagery, but contact with home influence soon brought them back to where they started or worse — because after they had been to school they had gained a knowledge of a life that made them unhappy afterwards. I knew a girl who was several years in our schools. She seemed a shining example of what could be accomplished with proper training. You should have heard her play the piano! Then she returned to her parents and instead of having any influence for good in the home life, she quickly returned to where she was in the beginning. I saw her not long after she left school. She was wearing a dirty calico wrapper and sitting in the doorway of a tumble-down shack — just like the others who had no education, excepting that she was miserable because she had tasted a better life."

A few days before I visited him, the Agent had made what he considered a most important discovery, because so little remains to be found out about a people who have been so diligently studied by the specialists, who have always endeavoured to find something that would definitely link them with the Chinese or Japanese.



INDIAN SHRINE FOR "OOSH-MISH."

“ I always knew that they had some sort of ceremony at the beginning of the fishing season, or when they were about to go to their boats and particularly wanted ‘ luck,’ ” he related. “ At one time and another they have been pretty confidential with me about these matters; but they always denied that there was anything of the kind. Last week, when I was completing a tour of my district, I chanced to come to a village where the men had left on a fishing expedition. Looking around the place, as I usually do to discover any old and destitute Indians who had been thrown out of the village, I scented a trail in the woods, one that would not be likely to be recognized by any one but an Indian, unless he knew them and their customs pretty well. I followed it and by the merest chance I came on what I had always wanted to see, a shrine for ‘ *oosh-mish* ’ which may be roughly interpreted as a prayer for fish. Fortunately, I had my camera with me and snapped this photograph. The foliage was heavy, and there was very little sunlight; but I am certain it is the first and only photograph ever taken of such a shrine. If you look closely, you will distinguish two men in a canoe, a spear over the side of the boat and three ‘ seals ’ or fish in the moss at the side. All this was neatly woven and formed of moss and twigs. Rather simple, yes; but I assure you that it is probably one of the most sacred shrines the coast Indians knows. He would believe implicitly in the efficacy of a prayer at this shrine, in bringing him ‘ fisherman’s luck,’ which in these waters means several fifty-pound salmon, which he could sell at about eleven cents a pound.”

On the Canal there is one of several British Columbia whale fisheries where the operation of carving the sea monsters into various articles of commerce may be wit-

nessed. Formerly there was world-wide interest in the catching of whales, and many towns in the United States and Canada practically owe their existence to the day when it was supposed to be a more flourishing industry. Then whales became "scarce" and profits decreased. Boats that had been exclusively used in whale fishing were sent on other sea errands. And then as the industry revived it attracted so little attention that the world is not aware of its magnitude in various places, one of the most important being on Vancouver Island and adjacent waters. The Pacific Whaling company has averaged about six hundred whales each season since it began operations. It has adopted modern methods—like the other fishing concerns—and instead of old-fashioned sailing ships, whales are now pursued by fast steamers and are harpooned not in the old style, but by a Svend Foyu harpoon gun. After the harpoon enters the carcass it explodes and the whale is speedily despatched. Sometimes when the boat is near a school of whales a second harpoon is shot, which connects with a tube by means of which steam is pumped into the body, which assists it to float. A flag or marker is placed in it and the steamer loses little time in the pursuit of another whale. After the catch, the carcasses are towed to the whaling station, where they are raised to piers convenient for cutting. Practically every portion of the huge mammal is used to profit. Whalebone of a certain variety fetches \$12,000 a ton. The body bones are crushed and used as fertilizer. Strips of flesh are cut from head to tail, about a foot wide, from which the blubber is torn by means of hooks and a steam winch. It goes to steam-heated pans where it is "tried" for whale oil, which likewise continues to bring a fancy price in the



FIRING SVEND FOYU HARPOON GUN.

market. On the Pacific coast a considerable profit is derived from salting or pickling the tails and sending them to Japan, where they are deemed a delicacy. And the experiment of salting some of the "beef" for the oriental market has been a success, resulting in annual shipments worth \$50,000 from the province. In this manner the whaling industry on Vancouver Island has paid a profit of from fifteen to forty per cent., although it is an industry concerning which one hears very little. There is a possibility that it may become far more profitable, because in the spring of 1917, when food prices were soaring on account of the European war, a serious propaganda was started in Victoria to encourage people to eat whale meat. It was placed on sale in all the leading markets, attention being called to its cheapness and food values by large placards. The price was ten cents per pound and it was widely heralded that official analysis had proved it to possess two per cent. more protein matter than beef, which it resembled, although of a darker red colour, more like corned beef that has been cooked. It is said that the average whale contains about six tons of this "beef," so that the source of supply is almost inexhaustible.

The *British Columbia Yearbook* says that the average whale in these waters weighs about sixty tons and at present prices (not counting that which is sold for food at ten cents a pound) is worth about \$500. There are several varieties, however, some of which are much smaller and bring less revenue; but there is also the so-called "right" whale, exceedingly rare and which is worth in the neighbourhood of \$10,000. About two-thirds of the whales captured are cows, either with sucking calves or with the young unborn. I saw one of the

latter which was about eighteen inches long and perfectly formed. It had been preserved in the collection of the above-quoted Indian Agent, who said that the average whale is about fourteen feet long at birth.

“I have seen the time when I ran into a dozen or more whales here at the mouth of the Canal as I started on my inspection tours,” he continued. “They seem to thin out for a time, and then when there is something of a letup in the killing they quickly become numerous again, which makes it appear that indiscriminate slaughter makes them scarce. The whale seems to be an affectionate animal. When his mate is harpooned, it is pretty certain that another will be caught, because he will remain in the vicinity and pay the penalty. I have known two of them to linger around the baby which had been killed, until harpoons brought them to the same fate. Whale hunting was at one time the sport of kings in this region, or more correctly perhaps, it had a deep political or religious meaning, something like the opening of Parliament by the King. You recall that John Jewitt refers to this in his *Journal* written at Nootka, when he was the slave of Maquinna the Chief. He wrote: ‘The whale is considered as the King’s fish and no other person when he is present is permitted to touch him until the royal harpoon has first drawn his blood however near he may approach; and it would be considered almost a sacrilege for any of the common people to strike a whale before he is killed, particularly if any of the chiefs should be present.’”

Sproat gives more explicit details of this ceremony of royal whale-fishing. He says that preparations for the event sometimes continue over several months and adds: “I particularly noticed this circumstance from having in



WHALES AT DOCK ON ALBERNI CANAL.

boyhood heard of the Manx custom in which all the crews of the herring fleet invoke a blessing before 'shooting' their herring nets. The honour of using the harpoon in an Aht tribe is enjoyed but by few — about a dozen in the tribe — who inherit the privilege. Instances, however, are known of the privilege having been acquired by merit; eight or nine men, selected by the harpooner, form the crew of his canoe. For several moons before the fishing begins, these men are compelled to abstain from their usual food, they live away from their wives, wash their bodies morning, noon, and night and rub their skins with twigs, or a rough stone. If a canoe is damaged or capsized by a whale, or any accident happens during the fishing season, it is assumed that some of the crew have failed in their preparatory offices and a very strict inquiry is instituted by the chief men of the tribe. Witnesses are examined and an investigation made into the domestic affairs and the habits of the accused persons. Should any inculpatory circumstances appear, the delinquent is severely dealt with and is often deprived of his rank and placed under the bans for months. When the whales approach the coast, the fishermen are out all day, let the wind blow high or not. The canoes have different cruising-grounds some little distance apart. The Indian whaling gear consists of harpoons, lines, inflated sealskins, and wooden and bone spears. The harpoon is often made of a piece of the iron hoop of an ale cask, cut with a chisel into the shape of a harpoon blade — two barbs fashioned from the tips of deer-horns being affixed to this blade with gum. Close to the harpoon the line is of deer sinews. To this the main line is attached, which is generally made of cedar twigs laid together as thick as a three-inch rope.

Large inflated skins are fastened to this line about twelve feet from the harpoon. The weapon itself is then tied to the yew handle ten feet long. On getting close, the harpooner, from the bow of the canoe, throws the harpoon at the whale with his full force. As soon as the barb enters, the fastening of the wooden handle, being but slight, breaks and it becomes detached from the line. The natives raise a yell, and the whale dives quickly, but the sealskins impede his movements. Very long lengths of line are kept in the canoe and sometimes the lines from several canoes are joined. On the reappearance of the whale on the surface he is attacked from the nearest canoe, and thus, finally, forty or fifty large buoys are attached to his body. He struggles violently for a time, and beats and lashes the water in all directions, until, weakened by loss of blood and fatigued by his exertions, he ceases to struggle, and the natives despatch him with their short spears. The whale is then taken in tow by the whole fleet of canoes — the crews yelling and singing and keeping time with their paddles. Sometimes, after being harpooned, the whale escapes and takes ropes, sealskins and everything with him. Should he die from his wounds and be found by another tribe at sea, or on shore within the territorial limits of the finders, the instruments are returned to the losers, with a large piece of the fish as a present. Many disputes arise between tribes on the finding of dead whales near the undefined boundaries of the tribal territories. If the quarrel is serious, all intercourse ceases, trade is forbidden and war is threatened. By and by, when the loss of trade is felt, negotiation is tried. An envoy is selected who is of high rank in his own tribe, and, if possible, connected with the other tribe by marriage. He is usually a quiet man of fluent speech.

Wearing white eagle feathers in his head dress as a mark of peace, he departs in a small canoe. Only one female attendant, generally an old slave, accompanies him to assist in paddling, as the natives never risk two men on such an occasion. As a general rule, the first proposition is rejected. Objections, references, counter-proposals, frequently make three or four embassies necessary before the question can be settled."

CHAPTER VII

AN UNFULFILLED PROPHECY

THE two Albernis, for some reason or other which nobody seems to be able to explain, were named for the Spanish Captain of Infantry, Don Pedro Alberni, who served in Mexico. One is old, a sawmill having been located there about sixty years ago, when Douglas fir timbers were cut and prepared for the Scotch and English ship-builders; and it is said to have been the first ship-building port of the British Columbia coast in modern times, not considering the vessels that were constructed at Nootka by the early traders who had the assistance of Chinese carpenters. The other is new. When the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway completed its extension to the Alberni Canal it was considered practicable to go beyond the old town, where the waters were shallower on account of the Somas river's spring freshets which brought down great quantities of deposit. So Port Alberni became the railway terminus, leaving the old town two miles away. It had hotels, stores, and was the center of a large community; new hotels, stores and houses were built in the new town. An era of prosperity seemed at hand and the district was caught in a real estate boom that seems to have anticipated that it would become a second Chicago, Winnipeg or Vancouver. The city's limits quickly included the old town and the new town. Forest land and land where timber had been cut, but where stumps remained, swamps, hills and valleys, lie between

the two; but the ground was plotted for streets and house sites over the entire distance and far beyond. The town was immediately laid out to accommodate twenty-five thousand inhabitants. A water-works system was installed bringing fine snow water from China Creek (so named because the Chinese washed gold out of its sands in the early days) electric lights were installed, and a building boom started and continued for some time. Nobody seemed to know just why; but it was in the air that Alberni was to become a great city. There may have been a few doubting questioners; but they were silenced. Were there not similar doubters in the first days of Vancouver, Seattle and other populous port cities? Every newcomer seemed to be as optimistic as those who had preceded him. If a direct inquiry had been made as to this optimism, he would have replied: "Why will the sun rise to-morrow morning? You can't tell why it will; but you are sure of it."

But Alberni did not become a metropolis. Perhaps it never will. If it does not, it will remain a charming rendezvous for sportsmen of all kinds and a delightful place to make one's headquarters, while exploring the dozen interesting places in the vicinity. If it does, and for some reason it is necessary to bring colonists and settlers by special train because their numbers overtax the regularly scheduled trains, then the town is large enough to accommodate them — all that are likely to arrive for many years to come. It has never had more than two thousand five hundred inhabitants in its most exciting days — this city laid out and equipped to make life attractive for twenty-five thousand at the beginning. Dozens of pretty bungalows on the hillside are deserted or have never been tenanted. They are set amid plots

of ground that would easily produce fine gardens if there was any one to cultivate the soil. They look down a gently sloping hill, across the mile-and-a-half wide waterway to a steep mountain of green and away to snow-capped mountains beyond. Here it appears that one might enjoy a blissful life. Fish swarm up the waters of the Canal in such numbers that even the trainmen drop their lines when they reach the terminal, and while the cars are being switched and the engines turned have been known to capture salmon or trout that paid them for their day's journey across the Island. There is game in the neighbouring woods some of which browses at shrubs in the gardens of the town itself. There are enough excursions in the nearby "wilds" to make the average residents a year's holidays to enjoy them all. And still the people did not come. The city was prepared for them, but they remained elsewhere. The slump from the real estate boom had already set in, and, when the European war began, Alberni's young men heard their country's call and left by trainloads. When I visited it the cruel effects of speculators' optimism and the war had combined to make it merely a shadow of what it had been, which was but a shadow of what its chief promoters had anticipated. Still its inhabitants were optimistic and were thinking of the future. Many of them assured me that "some day it will be a great city"; but even if this prophecy should be fulfilled, if the streets of forest and stumps should become gardens and rows of bungalows, it would add nothing to the traveler's pleasure. In fact, Alberni may be more attractive to the visitor as it is at present. Accommodations for his comfort are ample. And his excursions afield could be no more enjoyable if he returned at night to a populous city of

paved streets and the noise and clatter of the Island metropolis.

“The conditions here are peculiar,” explained a man of Alberni. “In a prairie country agriculture produces towns and cities; here the reverse is true, the towns will promote agriculture. This district is surrounded by a vast amount of fine timber. First of all, that must be cut and the cutting will bring men. Unfortunately, much of it is held by capitalists who are waiting until other timberlands fail. Ultimately, however, they must come here; and, when they do come, their employees are likely to remain. Land that is now forest will be bringing money to the small agricultural producer, which will develop Alberni; and, in the meantime, we have resources in fish. From the reports of prospectors who have recently returned from nearby mountains, we have reason to suspect that mining operations will be carried on here shortly. Out-croppings near the base of the city indicate that the townsite itself is upon a large deposit of coal. Copper has been found and larger quantities are almost within sight. Whatever develops, however, we are in the midst of the splendid timberlands and they cannot fail to promote Alberni’s prosperity.”

Alberni is cool and misty in the morning; in fact at all seasons of the year the nights are cool, made so by a breeze that comes through the granite tunnel of the Canal every afternoon, a breeze that seems to sweep inland from the Pacific. The waters that early in the day are like the proverbial millpond, pile into small waves, sometimes crested with whitecaps by four o’clock in the afternoon. It is a climate in summer that produces appetites and hotels are usually well stocked with what is popularly known as “fruit in season”—salmon of various kinds,

trout from the cold waters, and even several kinds of game, much of which is contributed to the larder by tourists who not only prefer to eat "the fish I caught" and "the goose I shot," but who "have such good luck," that they like to invite others to share in their fortune.

Data collected by the Provincial Bureau of Information shows the duck tribe is well represented by mallards, Widgeon, Pin-tail, Buffle-head, Golden-eye, Blue-bills and some teal. On the west coast and in the Alberni district, and on the east coast in the Comox and Campbell River districts, and further north, the shooting is the best at all times. Where the birds feed on the flats extending up the rivers they will be found to be of good flavour. As the season advances and they commence feeding along the seashore their flesh becomes fishy. Some of the lakes afford fair shooting and the birds feeding there are good eating.

Willow grouse is the popular name for the Ruffed Grouse, which is common. In the early part of the season they frequent the swamps and thickets, where they are difficult to get at, and, when found, are apt to play into the hands of the pot-hunter by the way they have of perching in the trees and staying there until he spots and potshots them. Later on, however, when the swamps become overflowed, they take to higher and more open ground, when the sport they afford over a good dog is by most British Columbia sportsmen considered the best of any of the game birds. The blue, sooty or pine grouse is a timber bird, which is plentiful, particularly in those places in the hills where there are bare patches of rock among the tall timber. For the greater part of the year they feed on the foliage of the Douglas pines and keep in the trees. They come down to lower ground in the

breeding season, but when the young birds are full grown they speedily retake themselves to the tall timber and the higher levels of the mountains. Hence the season for blue grouse shooting is in practice a short one, as however plentiful the birds before the shooting opens, a week or two of shooting will find them very scarce, not because they have been decimated by the hunters, but because they have taken to their natural refuge in the timber of the mountains. Shot on level ground over dogs the blue grouse is not a particularly hard bird to hit, but among timber, and especially on steep hillsides, where they invariably fly down hill at a great pace, they afford shooting which is difficult to beat for its sporting qualities.

Canada geese or "Honkers" are shot in large numbers up the west coast. Live decoys when such are obtainable are the best, and after that the sheet iron profile decoys. Some geese are shot during the brant flight, but the "honker" is a wary bird. When the pheasants, grouse and quail are out, the ducks and geese are in, and the wild fowl shooting is at its best. Before these are out of season, angling is open for salmon and grilse, with excellent prospects of large baskets of these latter and a very fair chance of good sport with Spring salmon on most parts of the coast.

Practically speaking, all the streams and lakes of the Island contain trout of some kind, chiefly rainbow or cut-throat; but they are particularly plentiful around Alberni. The Somas river, which flows into one end of the town itself, and neighbouring streams and lakes offer splendid sport for the pedestrian. Sproat Lake is within easy distance and it is only twelve miles over a good motor road to Great Central Lake, where the Ark, a

floating hotel, provides novel comforts for those who wish to avail themselves of its hospitality, instead of returning to Alberni. Large fish are caught in the large lakes by trolling, but larger fish are caught on the fly as a general rule in the streams than in the lakes. In the heat of midsummer, when the rivers are low and fly-fishing is barely practicable, except in the early morning and late evening, excellent sport is afforded by sea trout in the estuaries. These sea fish average heavy, two-pounders being common, three-pounders by no means rare, and four and even six-pounders occasionally caught. As a general rule, they take a fly well even in the salt water.

Only the Cohoes and the Spring salmon interest the sportsman. The latter is the finest table fish and attains a great weight in these waters, often weighing fifty pounds. It is known as several names such as "King," "Tyee" and "Chinook." Twenty to thirty-pound fish are common in any of the estuaries, when the run of "Springs" is on. These salmon are caught in these waters practically all the year around. In February and March there is a run to the rivers, but the big run comes in August, September and October, varying in date according to locality. There is a run of small "Cohoes" in May and June, but these early fish, although very game, do not average very large. The big run of "Cohoes" does not arrive until the latter part of September, when their number is legion all over the coast and the sport they give is superior for their size to that yielded by the "Springs," as they play more on the surface.

At least most of the foregoing is a condensation of the advice, suggestions and observations of fishermen of extended and varied experience, who have passed it on



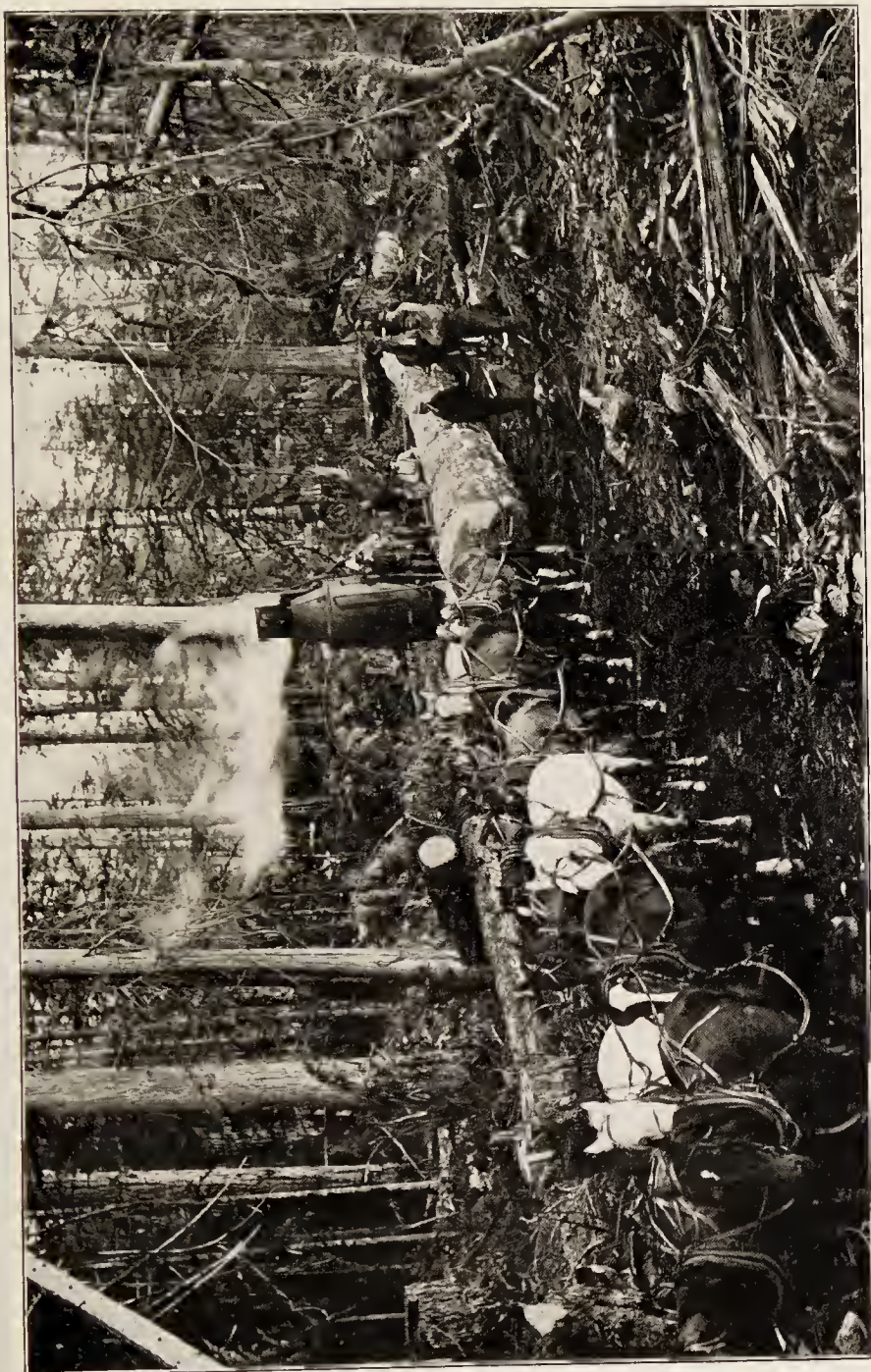
SALMON FISHING.

to the Provincial and Island authorities for the aid of amateur anglers. It may prove to be more helpful than the instructions for cooking a hare: "First catch your hare"; but, on the other hand, it may simply suggest other means of luring the splendid game fish of the region from the rivers and lakes. Every fisherman has his own "style" of fishing, after following a few fundamental rules of the sport, and a part of his pleasure comes from following no stereotyped advice. He may be an advice-giver; but he rarely accepts it willingly from others, and when he does, he rarely follows it. Around Alberni fish are so plentiful that there is a wide field for all of those little "experiments" in which anglers delight, with a fairly certain promise of "results." If all else should fail in the cycles of a year, the "run" of salmon is as dependable as the changing of the seasons. And it appears that this condition has not altered since the first white man visited the Island's coast line. John Jewitt says in his *Journal*, published in 1815: "Such is the immense quantity of these fish and they are taken with such facility that I have known upwards of 2500 brought in to Maquinna's (the Chief's) house at once; and at one of their great feasts have seen one hundred or more cooked in one of their largest tubs."

Black tail deer are numerous in season and are plentiful in this region. It is illegal to hunt them with dogs. Good specimens of black bear are occasionally met on the road; but it usually requires dogs and a guide to get them. Wapiti (American elk) are met with occasionally, but they are protected for a term of years. Cougar, known variously as panther or mountain lion, are plentiful. To hunt them with success, it is necessary to employ guides who will provide suitable dogs. A cougar skin

makes a handsome trophy, but cougars can hardly be classed as game. The provincial government, by putting on a bounty of \$15 a head, classes them as vermin. Wolves, both black and gray, are found in northern and northwestern districts of Vancouver Island, but are seldom seen by the casual hunter. The bounty is the same as for cougar.

At Alberni one has not the opportunity to see the spectacular logging operations of the far interior where trees are sawed down, tumbled over the mountainside into a rushing river and sometimes travel fifty, sixty or even a hundred miles, before they are gathered by a chain of logs thrown across the river; but there is the chance to see the harvesting of mighty firs, cedars and hemlocks, such as is rarely visible close to a city entered by a railroad. The former is bewildering to the layman, and the logging camp at Alberni's doors — just beyond the bungalows of the last inhabited street — is thrilling. In some of the distant camps of the hinterland logs splash into wild streams and the spring thaw carries them far on their ride through wild country. Sometimes they jam or catch on the rocks and balance themselves in mid-stream defying the onward rush until the waters fall too low for them to float, so there they remain until another spring thaw brings a new onrush of water. The banks of some of the rivers are strewn with this precious timber; but enough has found its way through to supply the jaws of the great sawmills, and nobody seems to care about the possible or probable loss. Far down the stream below rapids through which no raft could ride in safety and where no power boat would venture, the logs are caught and chained into huge floats. Sometimes these are so large that a temporary shack is built on them



LOGGING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

and the men who guide them eat and sleep aboard the raft on its course further down. Sometimes they are permitted to drift to the railroad that will carry them to the sawmill and sometimes to the sawmill itself, where they are gathered like a huge carpet over the river or estuary upon which the mill has been built. Who can say that the wild terrors have departed from far-western life when he sees these lumberjacks in their perilous occupation? Comparatively few people see them, however, and there are few places where the larger logging operations are visible, unless one plunges far into the wilderness.

Alberni's surrounding hills are so covered with trees, however, that it will likely be possible for all tourists who visit the place within a period extending over many future years. It is not the old-fashioned method of sawing the trees and hauling them to the open with a twelve-horse team. A standard gauge railroad spur has been run into the forest. It crosses canyons and ravines that are piled full of logs as supports or foundations, instead of bridges, and one who sees the locomotive cross these improvised "bridges" that will have served their purpose as soon as the large trees have been felled, expects to see it topple from the rails as it seesaws over the rough "right-of-way." The flat cars have been loaded with the giant trees, sometimes five or six of them piled upon one another the length of two flat cars. The engine is coupled on, there is a toot of the whistle as a signal and off the strange train goes circling down the hillside to the water's edge, where the logs are rolled into the Canal—"where they can be more easily handled," explains a man who appears to be in charge of the operation.

The ease with which these forest giants are manipu-

lated by a handful of men is astounding. One man chops wood and feeds a stationary engine set up on logs near the end of the railroad where the flat-cars are switched to receive their load. Another man stands with his hand on the lever. When I arrived, I could not see where the big logs came from, for the railroad ended in a small clearing where there were only stumps to prove that the ground had once been a "stand" of Douglas fir. It seemed for a moment that operations had been suspended and that I had arrived too late. A third man, smoking a cigaret, stood near the empty cars. Then there was a shrill whistle from the distance, a signal for the man at the engine to do something. He did it, and I observed what I had not seen before; there was a steel cable attached to the engine which ran to the top of a solitary fir which had been left standing, and then stretched far away over a hill into the dense forest beyond, further than I could see. The cable tightened and the tree quivered, almost threatening not to stand the strain, but it was one that had been picked because its roots ran far into the earth and it was held upright by four steel cables attached to the trunks of distant trees. It strained and creaked as the cable drew tighter and tighter, continuing to wind itself around a huge spool or winch. Soon, on a distant hill in the direction reached by the cable, the tree-tops began to bend and rustle. There was the cracking of many limbs and the breaking of many branches as a gigantic fir log, perhaps a hundred feet in length, came crashing over the hill the heavy end in the air. It had been sawed, the cable attached to it, the signal given to the engineer and it had started on its defiant way. As it reached the top of the hill it bounded against other trees and the impact echoed through the forest. Small trees

that impeded its progress snapped like match-sticks and fell over. On and on the monster bounded like a vessel ploughing through rough seas, and presently it was lying on the ground beside the car that was destined to carry it to the mill. The man who had been smoking a cigaret stepped forward, twisted cables and caught hooks in its sides. Another whistle and it rose in the air as if hesitating which way to turn; but the cables had been twisted by an expert, and in righting themselves they caused the log to twist until it hung lengthwise, directly over the two cars. The man at the engine observed this and let it fall gently into position, as easily as one could place a toothpick on the palm of his hand. There was no loud talking, no expressions of wonder when this monster of the forest came crashing toward them. A fourth man took hold of the cable, which was slackened, and started off over the hill again. There were a few minutes of calm, similar to that during which I had arrived, and then the same operation was repeated. It was repeated until the train was loaded in the same way and then the locomotive came and went puffing down the hill with its cargo of forest giants. It was "all in a day's work" as one of the men explained and "nothing to get excited about." To them it was as simple as the opening of a letter by an office man seated at his desk. To me it was one of the most spectacular and thrilling operations that I had ever beheld!

The sawmill is similarly interesting to the traveler because of the immensity of most of the operations, for while shingles, lath and small boards are manufactured in the various departments, the chief distinction lies in the production of the huge square beams of unbelievable length, which are to form the keels of ships or the frames

of heavy buildings where they must withstand a heavy strain and weight. There is a long spiked chain that moves slowly from the top of an incline to below the water's surface. The logs are ridden by turbaned Hindoos, who easily manipulate them with spiked poles as they are floating in the water. They are directed toward the chain end on, a spike catches them and raises them a little, then another spike and soon the giant is moving upward toward the saws. Arrived at the exact position, they are caught in a vise, a Chinese operator touches a lever and the log is sawed square on one side, the bark slab falling to an endless chain that carries it outside the mill. Another lever is touched and the log flops over on its square side again as easily as one could flip a matchstick. As it travels back to the first position, the second side is squared. Back and forth once more and it has become a gigantic square beam in less time than it takes to tell about it. A series of rollers start it on its way and it is soon in the yards making way for the log, the nose of which has just caught the first spike in the chain that rises from the canal.

The refuse passes along an endless chain in the mill-yard, where Chinese sorters lift out the pieces which are suitable for sawing into chunks for firewood; but the sawdust and smaller fragments proceed along the route and are finally raised to an elevation and dropped on the fire which, like the flame at a temple altar, is eternally burning. This huge flame from all British Columbia sawmills seems a wanton waste of fuel where fuel is so expensive; but it seems to be an ancient custom to destroy wood wantonly in a land of trees and the province, like other well-forested countries, cannot look far enough ahead to see the time when wood will be scarce.



SAWMILL, ALBERNI CANAL.

It is reported, however, that the provincial officials are investigating a possible method of utilizing these enormous quantities and other refuse now burned by saw-mills by converting it into gas, oils, tar and charcoal through destructive distillation. It is reported that experiments recently conducted by the chemistry department of the University of Columbia at Vancouver show that out of one cord of wood it is possible to obtain forty gallons of tar, twenty gallons of oil, eighty pounds of acetate of lime and nine hundred pounds of charcoal.

In these thickly wooded districts of British Columbia stove fuel brings almost as much as it does in the treeless sections of the East. One is not permitted to use the logs that have fallen and will soon decay on the vast timber reserves of the capitalists who live far away. Drift-wood from the rivers and lakes is sawed and chopped by Indians — and sold in town for prices that often soar beyond five dollars a cord. An ambitious resident of Alberni told me that, having no other occupation during a couple of weeks in the winter, he went to the Canal and sawed and chopped his own fuel; but when he paid \$14 for cartage he came to the conclusion that it was better to pay the Indians even what they charge for the fuel. And still the great fires at the saw-mills flame day and night, like active volcanoes. It is the traditional practice, and no man is rash enough to alter it until he is compelled to do so. I saw a Chinese timidly approach the chain that leads to the great fire, pick out a few sticks to cook his rice and attempt to carry them away; but the loud voice of a foreman told him to drop them and he retired like a thief who had been caught with his booty.

Day after day there is something in this delightful

wilderness to attract and hold the traveler and he may spend a pleasant week barely aware of the passing time. One who enters British Columbia should do so via Victoria the front door as before noted; but even then he should not pass too quickly through the portal and beyond. The Island tour is the vestibule just inside the gate, and visitors will be well paid for pausing there for at least a glance around, before crossing the threshold that leads to the Mainland or the inner beauties of the province.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER'S NAMESAKE

IN the winter, snow fell on the mountains and when spring came it thawed and the streams of water ran into the valleys. When the valleys were completely surrounded by a rock basin the water accumulated and formed lakes, but water seems to abhor quiet basins and in its nervous lapping against the rock and sand it seeks release. Finding a crevice through which it can trickle it soon forces a passage and the tiny rivulet, dripping each minute as the years pass, finally forces an opening through which the waters gush. Granite walls that defiantly hem it in at first finally give way before what seems to be the resistless force of water rushing from a mountainside. Deeper and deeper it carves its way until it becomes a mighty river rushing to the ocean. It plunges against mountains of rock, and where they are impregnable it rushes around their bases, seemingly forces channels where there is the least resistance; but always flowing onward, stopping in a canyon or valley only long enough to fill the basin and then repeat previous dashes for the sea, seemingly its logical destination.

With natural instincts the animals of the hills followed these water-courses from their homes in the timberland or above timber-line to the green meadows fertilized and watered by the rivers and streams that flow into them. Then when the Red Men came to the impassable districts they followed the footprints of their companions of the forest, the deer, bear, sheep and goat. The first white

men who came followed the lead of the Indians over these trails that spanned yawning precipices or led along shelves of rock through which the water had cut its way and was surging below. As time went on, the Indians and the white men built ladders of logs to scale dangerous ledges and they made a tiny footpath of the same materials that reached from one side of ravines to the other. The moss became trampled and the branches of trees were torn away if they impeded progress. But the first animals and the first men followed the snow waters of the mountains in their struggle to reach the sea.

The Indians who followed the animals found food, raiment and shelter in these courses, so they remained beside the rivers or where the rivers met the sea. The white men who followed the Indians found gold, so they were followed by other white men who gained supremacy by force and intellect over the Red Men. Along the difficult trails they built wagon roads and bridges to carry the gold and other treasure with speed and safety, and when, as elsewhere, wagon roads were followed by the railroad, the skill of surveyors and engineers could not discover a better route than that of the white pathfinders, who followed the Red Men, who followed the animals, who followed the course of melted mountain snows. Thus was built the great Canadian Pacific railway, which crossed the mountains and linked British Columbia with the Canadian prairie provinces and the provinces of the eastern seaboard. At its terminus it was desirable for the railway not only to reach the mouth of the river it had followed, but to run to the ocean's brink where mighty steamers from the Orient and Antipodes could moor at piers where the world's commerce could be transferred with a minimum of labour and time, so an is-

land and rock-studded channel that led to the sea was chosen. Of the exact spot, Captain George Vancouver wrote in his *Journal* of 1792: "The shores of this canal, which after Sir Harry Burrard of the Navy I have distinguished by the name of Burrard's Channel, may be considered on the southern side of a moderate height and though rocky are well covered with trees of a large growth, principally of the pine tribe. On the northern side the rugged snowy barrier whose base we had now nearly approached, rose very abruptly and was only protected from the sea by a very narrow border of lowland."

On this site a small town was located, an insignificant little village known as Granville. But when it was accepted by the officials as the terminus of the railroad, Sir W. C. Vanhorne, the chief executive of the company, suggested that the name be changed to Vancouver, honouring the young man who did more to add this vast northwestern domain to the British Empire than any other. The suggestion was favourably acted upon and in 1886 the city was incorporated. Its growth has been as great as that of any city on earth within a given time and its well-wishers boldly prophesy that it will soon become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Yet a little over thirty years ago it was in the midst of the wilderness and there was no man wise enough to look off to the eastward at snow-capped mountains and dream that their streams of water would lead the march of civilization and commerce in this direction.

Approaching Vancouver from the sea, which is the advisable route, not only to incoming travelers from far corners of the world, but to those American tourists who have made the journey to the coast over continental railroads to the south of Canada and have followed the coast-

line to Seattle and thence by boat to Victoria, one obtains a panoramic impression of this North Pacific metropolis that will not be forgotten easily. The guide-books say that Vancouver is a city with no "motif," that it lacks individual character, that it is "like other port cities"—which is manifestly unfair—and that it is a place where Pacific ocean travelers are caught in the net for a day or two, so that the hotels and merchants may reap a profit from "goers and comers." English writers have declared it to be the most un-British city in the British Empire and have classed it with Seattle, Chicago and New York as a "city of dollars" and nothing more.

All of these declarations of opinion are right and they are wrong. Compared to Victoria, Vancouver has no "motif." It is not essentially "British" in exterior—not professionally British at any rate—and it must plead guilty to being young. But it is a lusty youth, and one who tarries longer than between trains or the arrival of the steamer and the departure of the first train, will realize that it does not lack distinction and that it is the symbol of the Canadian West in enduring form. Here are centered many of the hopes and ambitions of a vast imperial domain. Dollars have been made in Vancouver, many millions of them, and many millions have been spent in crowning the hills that were covered with trees less than a half-century ago with towering sky-scrapers and architectural monuments that would be a credit to cities that date their beginnings from the dawn of the Christian era. Vancouver has several structures that would be notable in London, Paris or Berlin. The Vancouver Hotel, for example, a saffron-hued pile that looms high above surrounding high buildings and that is visible



VANCOUVER FROM THE HARBOUR.

from the deck of incoming steamers when they are far down the Bay, would be counted a marvel of construction amid Rhenish castles, Venetian villas or New York hostleries. Close to it is the classic courthouse set in spacious grounds, its imposing entrance guarded by two colossal white lions. And around it are splendid groupings of hotels, office buildings, and shops that in general appearance compare favourably with any on the American continent. Vancouver has achieved one great ambition. After little more than a quarter-century of real history as a city it has become more than "a railway terminus in the wilderness," more than "just another port city," it is a spacious and thriving metropolis. It cannot and does not boast of its past; but it rejoices in its present and sees its great future not afar off. Already its business section has reached far into residential quarters and many hills and valleys beyond are covered with homes. Across the Inlet, another hill has become North Vancouver and is already taking on metropolitan airs, which is likewise true of West Vancouver — both reached by ferry and occupying positions similar to Oakland and the various bay cities across from San Francisco. The streets are wide and well paved. In every way Vancouver seems prepared to become one of the great cities of the continent. Even those vast plots of stumpage in the outskirts, which cause a smirk from evil-wishers, will one of these days live up to the claims of real estate boomers, who in this instance do not seem to be false prophets but men whose range of vision carries further ahead than they care to admit to prospective customers. Lay down a map of the world, note the situation of the most prosperous and famous cities, and it will be apparent that most of the geographical and natural

advantages are in Vancouver's favour. Forces that have contributed to the making of great centers of population are working speedily and energetically with Vancouver as a pivot.

Preferably, one should not only arrive at this port by steamer, but the arrival should be during the hours of light. The cruise over the Straits of Georgia is constantly in view of "land" on a clear day, for Mainland is visible, and the steamer plows along between wooded islands and rocky coves that are a suggestion of that rugged scenery that awaits travelers north from Vancouver, to Prince Rupert and intermediate points. A hundred ships from foreign ports might lie in many harbours of the world and be so sheltered and cradled at their moorings as to be barely discernible from any given point in the cities. This is not true of Vancouver. The Inlet is more spacious than it may appear to be to the stranger because it is surrounded by mountains on all sides and it is not easy to distinguish from the city exactly the location of the small channel behind the islands through which the steamer has passed on arrival at port. All the large boats in the harbour are visible from the city, and instead of appearing diminished in size on account of the distance, some of them loom to large proportions as viewed from the deck of an incoming boat, from the city streets or from the windows of a building that commands a view of the broad harbour. One of the "Empress" boats is usually lying at her berth, taking an Oriental cargo for the long cruise to Japan, the Philippines and the China Coast. The three yellow funnels are visible from all parts of Vancouver, and it is unnecessary for any one in the city to inquire whether or not one of the big C. P. R. floating palaces is in port.

Vancouver calls itself "The Front Door of Canada" — perhaps with its tongue in its cheek, hoping to bring a frown or rejoinder from Grandmother Victoria across the Straits. In the most diverse ways she claims superiority. She has over one hundred miles of cement sidewalks, over one hundred miles of macadamized or paved roads, the largest area of any city in Canada, the birth-rate is higher than in any city of the continent, in giving Single Tax a long and successful trial (it has been written in a Single Tax Magazine that "Vancouver is a city set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid — a beacon to guide the municipalities of the world into the haven of righteousness in raising public revenue"), the estimated population of what is known as "Greater Vancouver" is considerably over two hundred thousand, she has eighty miles of water frontage and forty miles of anchorage, the tonnage of the port has increased four hundred sixty-eight per cent. in the last five years, waterfalls nearby provide a possible supply of 500,000 horse power of which 200,000 is now available, she has a water supply of glacial origin that is now 36,000,000 gallons a day with an available supply of 100,000,000 gallons, and there is an annual pay roll of \$14,000,000 from industries in which over \$100,000,000 is invested.

These are not figures coming from a city statistician and filed away for reference in dusty municipal cupboards. They are the regular conversation of the ordinary citizen of Vancouver; he loves to talk in hundreds of thousands and millions. When he decides to make his home in the city it is as if he took an oath to join the chorus of civic publicity promoters. He is for Vancouver first, last and all the time, and he takes it as a personal affront if into a casual conversation slips

the slightest suggestion that the visitor does not consider it the superlative degree in everything, the ideal toward which the world has been struggling for thousands of years. One suggests that the climate is not exactly to his liking, if he be a tactless person and unfortunately chance to arrive in the city during one of those frightful downpours that continue day and night for a week, and the loyal citizen replies: "When it rains in the East you call it mist, and when it rains in Vancouver you say there is a continuous downpour for days. Remember that the official figures show that our winters are as mild as those of Atlanta, Georgia. There is no better climate in the world!"

Figures and the superlative degree of all adjectives in the language! One never dreamed of so many of them before, never heard so many of them used in conversation. The citizen of Vancouver exudes them as naturally as he breathes. And the strange result is that it does not convey the impression that he is boasting. One does not accept it as *braggadacio*. Rather, it seems to be the natural exuberance of youth, like the college boy who returns to tell of his victories in the field or classroom. Likely as not the stranger becomes sufficiently interested to "check up" or recapitulate and finds that he has heard more truth than fiction. The city has expanded so rapidly, stretched itself so far beyond expectations and expanded into so many channels that could not have been anticipated by its founders, that every one takes a personal pride in its greatness and considers it a pleasure, rather than a duty, to extol its virtues, much as one would feel love for parents who reared him. They feel about it as the psalmist felt about Jerusalem when he beheld it from Mount Olivet and rhapsodized: "Beautiful for

situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the City of the Great King."

At the top of the mountain overlooking the entrance to the harbour there are two peaks that when viewed in certain lights resemble the forms of lions, which has been seized upon as the opportunity for giving the channel at this point the name of "Gateway of the Lions." It appears, however, that there is an ancient Indian legend attached to these "lions," which calls them the "Two Sisters." Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, relates it in one of her books and says she had it from Chief Joe Capilano, with whom she could converse in the Chinook tongue. While the language of the legend seems to be that of the poetess, and not a very literal translation of the story as it was related to her, there remains in it much of the traditional Indian manner and it seems a fairly typical example of the stories that were heard over ancient campfires; those tales of the days when rocks, trees, rivers, fish, birds and animals close companions of the Red Men, had souls and tongues, when they passed through experiences of life similar to those of men. Pauline Johnson was the daughter of the head chief of the Six Nations and an English woman. She traveled extensively, and in late life came to reside in Vancouver, which she loved. She wrote pretty verses about the new city and its environs and she put down on paper many legends that came to her from the Indians, but which she "adapted" into fluent prose. Before she died, she requested that she be cremated and that her ashes be deposited in Stanley Park, which was the scene of so much of interest in Indian traditions. Of the "Two Sisters," she relates:

"It was many thousands of years ago that the great

Tyee had two daughters that grew to womanhood at the same springtime when the first great run of salmon thronged the rivers, and the ollallie bushes were heavy with blossoms. These daughters were young, lovable and oh very beautiful! Their father, the great Tyee, prepared to make a feast such as the coast had never seen. There were to be days and days of rejoicing, the people were to come for many leagues, were to bring gifts of great value to the girls and to receive gifts from the chief, and hospitality was to reign as long as pleasuring feet could dance, and enjoying lips could laugh, and mouths partake of the excellence of the chief's fish, game and ollallies. The only shadow on the joy of it all was war, for the tribe of the great Tyee was at war with the upper coast Indians, those who lived north, near what is named by the paleface as the port of Prince Rupert. Giant war canoes slipped along the entire coast, war parties paddled up and down, war songs broke the silences of the nights, hatred, vengeance, strife, and horror festered everywhere little sores on the surface of the earth. But the great Tyee, after warring for weeks, turned and laughed at the battle and the bloodshed, for he had been victor in every encounter and he could well afford to leave the strife for a brief week and feast in his daughters' honour, nor permit any near enemy to come between him and the traditions of his race and household. So he turned insultingly deaf ears to their warcries; he ignored with arrogant indifference their paddle dips that encroached within his own coast waters, and he prepared as a great Tyee should, to royally entertain his tribesmen in honour of his daughters. But seven suns before the great feast, these two maidens came before him, hand clasped in hand.



“TWO SISTERS” GUARDING VANCOUVER HARBOUR.

“ ‘Oh, our father,’ they said, ‘may we speak?’

“ ‘Speak my daughters, my girls with the eyes of April, the hearts of June.’ (Early Spring and early summer would be the more accurate Indian phrasing.)

“ ‘Some day, oh our father, we may mother a man-child who may grow to be such a powerful Tyee as you are, and for this honour that may some day be ours we have come to crave a favour of you — you, oh our father.’

“ ‘It is your privilege at this celebration to receive any favour your hearts may wish,’ he replied graciously, placing his fingers beneath their girlish chins. ‘The favour is yours before you ask it, my daughters.’

“ ‘Will you for our sakes, invite the great northern hostile tribe — the tribe you war upon, to this our feast?’ they asked fearlessly.

“ ‘To a peaceful feast, a feast in honour of women?’ he exclaimed incredulously.

“ ‘So we would desire it,’ they answered.

“ ‘And so shall it be,’ he declared. ‘I can deny you nothing this day and some time you may bear sons to bless this peace you have asked, and to bless their mothers’ sire for granting it.’

“ Then he turned to all the young men of the tribe and commanded, ‘build fires at sunset on all the coast headlands — fires of welcome. Man your canoes and face the North, greet the enemy and tell them that I, the Tyee of the Capilanos, ask — no, command — that they join me for a great feast in honour of my two daughters.’

“ And when the northern tribe got this invitation, they flooded down the coast to this feast of the Great Peace. They brought their women and their children, they brought game and fish, gold and white stone beads, bas-

kets and carved ladles and wonderful woven blankets to lay at the feet of their now acknowledged ruler, the great Tyee. And he, in turn, gave such a potlatch that nothing but tradition can vie with it. There were long, glad days of rejoicing, long pleasurable nights of dancing and campfires and vast quantities of food. The war canoes were emptied of the deadly weapons and filled with the daily catch of salmon. The hostile war songs ceased and in their places were heard the soft shuffle of dance feet, the singing voices of women, the playgames of the children of two powerful tribes, which had been until now ancient enemies, for a great and lasting brotherhood was sealed between them — their war songs were ended forever. Then the Sagalie Tyee smiled on his Indian children: 'I will make these young-eyed maidens immortal,' He said. In the cup of His Hands, He lifted the chief's two daughters and set them forever in a high place, for they had borne two offsprings — peace and brotherhood — each of which is now a great Tyee ruling this land. And on the mountain crest the chief's daughters can be seen wrapped in the suns, the snows, the stars of all seasons, for they have stood in this high place for thousands of years and will stand for thousands of years to come, guarding the peace of the Pacific coast and the quiet of the Capilano Canyon."

Vancouver has a remarkable asset in Stanley Park, easily within walking distance from the piers, depots and principal business streets, but reached by tram and various motor conveyances that deposit their passengers at the rustic entrance built of limbs and trees and appropriately inviting pedestrians to roads and paths of corduroy covered with gravel that lead through great tangles of ferns and undergrowth to the giant trees, which are one of the

wonders of the entire province, the Dominion of Canada, and perhaps of the world, because it is claimed that such colossal vegetation does not exist elsewhere in this latitude. Although it is a much frequented park and is properly within the city limits, those in authority have wisely left it the jungle that it was when the first white men passed this way. The paths are well kept, but for miles they are arched by the canopy of rank green, and frequently by layer on layers or tier upon tier of foilage, while in many places, two yards away from the walk are masses of tumbled over tree giants, passing to decay and permitting the mold of their trunks and roots to be penetrated by the roots of masses or ferns, moss and fungus that form a bewildering maze from which the tenderfoot would find his way out with difficulty. Huge, crisp leaves of skunk-cabbage, resembling the canna of domestic flowerbeds, borders the underlying logs of the paths. Now and then a flower or flowering shrub shows itself through the dense shade, but seems to do so with difficulty. The air in the huge forest on a summer day is that of a hot-house. The moisture seems to rise from the earth and emit the odor of aromatic spruces, resins, balsams and pitch that reaches the nostrils when pine needles are rolled in the hands.

Layer on layer the green branches sway in the breeze that usually floats in from the sea, the leaves of plants at the side of the path, the shrubs, the trees that shed their leaves, such as beeches and maples, the firs, pines, cedars, that tower above them, and then high above the fir monarchs, which are the pride of Pacific coast forests, are the giant trees that have made Stanley Park known around the world. One tree reaches the amazing circumference of fifty-four feet and seems at its base to be a

round building until one follows its towering trunk skyward and observes where huge limbs leave the parent trunk and wave their plumes of green. There are several "largest" trees in this one-thousand-acre forest which juts out into the waters of the bay, and a well-made log and gravel path leads close to all of them. First of all, one comes upon a group of seven monarchs known as the "Seven Sisters." Primitive flat arches of logs, a railing of the same and square-hewn logs for benches are the sole furniture of this mighty cathedral in which there is perpetual music by the wind. One takes his pew, if he chances to have come on a day when there are few visitors, as I have done on three occasions scattered over fifteen years. A gray-coated water-fowl from the bay soars over the tree-tops and chants his low, monotonous vespers, while smaller birds of the forest, sweet singers in gay surplices, seem to be the acolytes and choristers. This cathedral with the mystic number of pillars reminds one of the remnants of that colossal temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, Syria. One was the sublime creation of nature, and the other was the work of man who learned the secret of the towering pillar and cornices roof from forests trees and crowning foliage. And, strangely enough, the scientists no doubt could date the building of the Baalbek temple of stone from the same period as the beginning of this "Seven Sister" Cathedral in Stanley Park.

At the outskirts of the park there are nurseries where there are formal gardens of flowers and flowering shrubs, there are refreshment pavilions and a rather limited collection of animals, the conventional beginnings of a city's outdoor "attractions." One encounters them elsewhere and they will attract but a glance from the eastern visi-



BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

tor. The real thrill, the distinctive feature of Stanley Park as compared to other parks of the world, comes after one has penetrated beyond log gateways and immediately falls back one thousand years to a forest that remains much as it was when Christopher Columbus was seeking a passage to the Indies.

Throughout the park there are well-marked trails that lead over waterways bridged by logs in corduroy fashion, where, if one has not been in Japan, he is likely to imagine that he has come upon the original views of the Hiroshige drawings. Above, are the tall firs and cedars and along the meandering narrow streams, so suggestive of those that clatter down the Japanese mountains, the natural beauty has been retained, logs lie helter-skelter, sometimes fallen across the streams and by the aid of birch poles as railings have become bridges, huge boulders are as perhaps they fell from glaciers thousands of years ago, huge tropical waxen leaves of the skunk cabbage bank themselves along the edges of streams not more than four feet wide, yet deep and rapid — it is all as if made by some landscape architect, inspired by the Japanese gardens, which in turn were inspired by West Lake and the environs at Hangchow, the ancient capital of China.

The late Elbert Hubbard, who usually etched an exact portrait when he guided the pen, wrote: "There are parks and parks, but there is no park in the world that will exhaust your stock of adjectives and subdue you into silence like Stanley Park at Vancouver."

It is probably on the program of all visitors to go to the park soon after they have placed their names on hotel registers; and it is likewise on the program of many to pay it at least a farewell visit before departing. Sight-seeing automobiles and tram-cars make the trip conven-

ient for those who are in a hurry to reach the gates; but it is pleasanter to approach it on foot, and, when there is leisure enough, to follow its entire water line and to follow its shady pathways wherever they have been made to lead by a wise guide. On the northern side is a rock that juts out from the surrounding ledge and at high tide seems to be surrounded by water. It is not particularly distinctive in the landscape of the West Coast; but it has been made locally famous, at least, by amateur and professional photographers who have "snapped" it from all angles. Thus it has happened that no portfolio of "Views of Vancouver" is complete without a page devoted to "Siwash Rock," the shop windows where photographs are displayed feature it, and it has become a popular background for tourists' photographs, so that its fame has reached far and it has become one of the "sights" for which all visitors inquire when they are on their way to the Big Trees or the bathing pavilion at English Bay, if they go by the circuitous drive around the Park. A small evergreen tree — or several of them in a clump — springs from the rock, and it was this fact, perhaps, that gave it its "legend," for Siwash Rock, like the person of great prominence who discovers that he has a "family tree," has its legend, which probably was born after the city fathers of Vancouver decided to make a park of the surrounding territory.

According to the legend, there was a young chief who visited a northern tribe to claim one of its maidens for a bride. They were married, and in time their tepee was to be blest with a child. There was an ancient custom that before the birth of the child both parents should bathe, so that no animal could scent them. The wife, leaving her husband in the water, went to the land and



SIWASH ROCK, STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

the husband must wait until he heard the cry of the infant before he could follow her. As the young chief and his wife were very good and respecters of the ancient customs, they were undergoing this order of purification. The wife had reached land and the expectant young chief was swimming in the water, listening for the signal that would delight him. At this moment a large war canoe came near him. In it were four giants, emissaries of the Deity. They shouted to him to go to shore, because it was well known that if a mortal touched the canoe, its occupants would become human. The young chief refused and explained the reason. The giants took counsel and decided that as he was a wicked man he must be turned into stone, the fate of all wicked men, because stones do not give life or protection to living beings, whereas the spirits of good men go into trees, so that they may continue their ministrations of good to the living. Suddenly they heard the cry of a child and the young chief started for the land, but before he reached it he was turned to stone — Siwash Rock. It was a decree of the gods and could not be altered; but he had been so good in life that a tree, the symbol of goodness, sprouted from the rock, that all who passed that way might know that he suffered the supreme penalty for defying the emissaries of the Deity, but until that time had been a model of all the virtues. In the vicinity there are only two other rocks that resemble Siwash and these are his young wife and their child, for the innocents also suffered for the sin of the husband and father.

One may pleasantly spend three or four days in Vancouver and not venture beyond the city limits. In an earlier day it was the custom of most travelers to make it merely a transfer point from train to steamer or from

steamer to train; but this has been altered, and many tourists bound for the Orient now arrange their itineraries to spend several days amid the attractive scenes of this port, although they are anticipating greater novelties in foreign ports. There is nothing with age about the city, with the exception of its ancient trees; but there is a hustle, a spic and span-ness, the newness of fresh paint about everything, that is agreeable to the stranger who is about to plunge into landscapes that threaten scenic indigestion.

A pamphlet is handed to incoming passengers on steamers and trains, entitled "Captain Vancouver Welcomes You To The Pacific Coast." The title is an inspiration, for it is literally true. The captain lies in his tomb, but the city that bears his name not only "welcomes" strangers, but extends a cordial invitation for a long, friendly, old-fashioned visit.

CHAPER IX

“THE ROYAL CITY”

THE “old worthies” as the Honourable Adventurers of the Hudson’s Bay Company were popularly known in England, held tenaciously to their royal charter and jealously attempted to monopolize every mile of the vast domain of Canada as soon as their own men or other explorers extended the field toward the West. As their profits increased, in the same proportion the attacks upon them became more numerous, both at home and abroad. As time went it became apparent that many of the attacks, aiming to mold public opinion, had been fostered by interests which threatened to become frank and bold rivals in the business of fur collecting over a territory that the older company seemed to deem its own by almost “divine right.”

The London Quarterly Review, 1816, says: We cannot join in the praise ascribed to the Hudson’s Bay Company whose only merits (if they have any) are, at any rate of the negative kind. Their total disregard of every object for which they obtained and have now held a royal charter for nearly one hundred and fifty years entitles them to anything but praise. The great leading feature on which their petition for an exclusive charter was grounded, the discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has not only been totally neglected, but, unless they have been grossly calumniated, thwarted to every means in their power.”

Reports reached the company that the French were steadily pushing westward from the Great Lakes, endeavouring to intercept the fleets of Indian canoes laden with furs for the traders on Hudson's Bay. The "bourgeois du Nord-Ouest," as they were known in Montreal, seemed to be the most serious of these rival concerns and but for various strategic moves on the part of the older company the Northwest Company would have gained complete control of fur trading in the Far West. The founder of this company was Simon M'Tavish, who was born in the Scottish highlands in 1750. He engaged in the fur trade from Montreal immediately after the cession of Canada to England and formed the combination with several other men who had been independent fur-traders in the Northwest.

M'Tavish, a dominating person known among his associates as "Le Marquis," made many enemies, and some of these formed themselves into another rival concern known in the fur trade as the "X-Y Company." One of the leading spirits of this concern was young Alexander Mackenzie, who was to become the explorer of the great river that bears his name. At the death of M'Tavish, however, the rivalry ceased and a union took place between the two companies, to combat the strength of the Hudson's Bay company. Young Mackenzie's first journey of consequence was to Detroit. He had soon pressed westward to the Athabasca district and north to Great Slave Lake and Peace River. Then he decided to reach the shores of the Arctic ocean, but along the route of a river which the Indians assured him was as large as the Saskatchewan. His *Journals* show that he traveled two hundred and seventy-two miles in less than one week. On June 30, 1789, he was on the Mackenzie River. On

July 14 he almost reached the sea, which was in sight, but on July 16 “turned back,” as his diary records, and no reason for doing so has ever been found. He was back to the fort from which he started in one hundred and two days, having covered a distance of 3,000 miles. Several later voyages followed, and in time Mackenzie reached Pacific tidewater at Bella Coola. He followed the coast for two days and when he arrived at Vancouver’s Cascade Canal took vermilion and melted grease and wrote on a rock: *Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land 22 July, 1793.* It was a memorable date in Canadian history, as he was the first white man to cross the northern continent from ocean to ocean. By degrees the great territory was being explored by the intrepid fur merchants, either the representatives of the Hudson’s Bay Company or its great rival, the Northwest Company, the rivalry always goading them to greater effort.

In 1805 a young man named Simon Fraser was selected by the Northwest Company to assume charge of its field beyond the Rocky Mountains, when it was decided to invade that territory opposing the “oppressor, monopoly, intriguing aristocrats” or the “smug old lady,” as the Hudson’s Bay Company was referred to at the time. After establishing several forts in territory now known as British Columbia, Fraser organized an exploration party and discovered the mighty river that bears his name, which he believed to be the Columbia, but which he followed toward its mouth and thus pointed the way for epoch-making events of the future. The river rises in the Rocky Mountains and runs almost due west for two hundred miles, then southerly through the Cariboo, Lillooet and Yale districts, until near Chilliwack it turns abruptly to the west and finds a broad outlet to the Pacific

through the Gulf of Georgia. Its total length is about seven hundred fifty miles, and it is one of the important rivers of the continent.

Simon Fraser's river played an important part in the making of British Columbia and its two principal cities, Victoria and Vancouver. It was the discovery of gold along the Fraser's channel that suddenly turned Fort Victoria of the fur-traders into a populous city, and it was the same channel that marked the westward course of the railroad through the mountains, linking the province with the rest of Canada and giving birth to Vancouver at the western terminus. The rush of the gold-hunters made a mainland capital advisable for the maintenance of peace and order, so the present site of New Westminster was chosen, land about twelve miles from the mouth of the river, which at this point more nearly resembles a wide bay than a river, giving the place a fresh water harbour navigable for vessels drawing twenty feet.

Immediately there arose dispute in regard to the name to be given the new city. There was a desire to "honour" Queen Victoria, but as the capital of Vancouver Island had already appropriated that, the first choice fell on Queenborough, but this seemed to be too nearly a paraphrase of Victoria, which assumed to be the only "Queen borough" and in reply to the taunts of the old city the name "Queenborough" was adopted, which was a distinction without much difference. The dispute grew hot, as it is likely to do over such matters, and the whole subject was referred directly to the Queen of England, as the name of the province had been. Her Majesty suggested that "the Royal City" be called New Westminster, a name that pleased all parties to the controversy, and after the settlement there was a lively speculation in



real estate, as it was believed that this city was destined to become the provincial metropolis. Lots were sold at auction at fancy prices, the understanding being that the proceeds from the sale would be devoted to civic improvements, such as the opening of streets and the clearing of timber. But the Government had other uses for the money and it was diverted to other channels.

Still, the people of New Westminster were optimistic. Here was the only fresh water harbour of consequence in western Canada, it was the capital of the Mainland province, what more could a city ask for at its beginning? But events that could not be anticipated transpired. After the union of the two colonies, the capital became Victoria. When the Canadian Pacific railroad was pushed to tide-water it did not come to New Westminster, but after following the Fraser River for many miles, it branched away to Burrard Inlet and Vancouver arose. It was a crushing disappointment and “ the Royal City ” has never recovered. The swirling river rushes past its doors and it continues to have all the “ natural advantages,” but like a faded woman come on sorrowful days who boasts of her noble lineage. New Westminster continues to refer to itself as “ the Royal City ” in all printed announcements and advertisements; but it is like one of those royal residences scattered over Europe from which royalty long ago departed, leaving the echoing walls to be stared at by curious visitors. It seems to be disappointed with itself like the human derelict who had his opportunity but who did not improve it until too late. Visitors find the ride over from Vancouver attractive. There are fine motor roads, tram cars or the ride may be taken entirely by water; but strangers do not remain long. Perhaps they inquire for the ruins of the

structure erected by Simon Fraser, one of the oldest on the Mainland coast, perhaps they glance at the river, the "million-dollar bridge," the lumber mills, one of which is said to be "the largest in the world," the salmon canneries, the provincial asylum, or the penitentiary, but they do not remain long. New Westminster is only one of the features of a day's excursion into the territory from Vancouver, one of the stations of the British Columbia Electric railway in the network of three hundred miles of track, it is only one "settled district" along the motor route. I sought out the studio of a photographer whose signboard announced that he made "Commercial Photography a Specialty." The day was cloudy and not suited to camera work on the outside and, like Jeremiah, I did not expect "to pass this way again." I asked him if he had any views of the city, which claims a population of twenty thousand, although fully half the population seemed to be "out of town" during my visit. "No, I haven't any," he replied, "for the simple reason that nobody seems to want them, so I never wasted the time taking any. Once a man came here and took some; but he carried his films or plates back to Vancouver with him and we never received any copies — and perhaps it is just as well, because we never had any demand for them. Nobody seems to stop here long enough to buy photographs."

And yet the location of New Westminster is strikingly similar to that of New Orleans on the Mississippi river or Shanghai above the mouth of the Yangtze-Kiang. Both of the latter compelled the commerce of the world to come up the river to them, instead of permitting it to drift to sites further down, and, in consequence, they have become populous cities, the largest of the region. There

is much else to prompt the comparison between the Fraser and the Yangtze: both rise far inland and are navigable for many miles above their mouths. Their rapid flow brings fertility to the valleys that border them, lands particularly adapted to agriculture. A pleasant excursion from New Westminster is to board one of the stern wheelers that each day plows its way up the heavy current to Chilliwack and back, giving a view of these lands with their large gardens and meadows in which cattle are numerous. It is further down the river, however, that the comparison becomes more striking. The suburban trolley skirts the river along villages on fertile silt lands, where bungalows are springing up, some of them still set among uncleared stumpage. Eburne is one of these that seems to be passing the village stage. It feels the blessing of the Fraser, as ancient Egypt lived by the annual overflow of the Nile. But there are no fellahen along the Fraser's lower banks. As I passed, the owners of the land seemed to be sitting in their trim gardens, while the real work of raising vegetables seemed to be almost entirely in the hands of Chinese. I saw many of the latter in large patches of radishes, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, cabbage and potatoes who were wearing the costume of the Chinese peasantry, which seemed to be strangely appropriate, because I had just observed the similarity of the black silt lands to that rich region below Shanghai. The similarity continues as the big bridge is crossed and the tram reaches Lulu Island, so like the fertile island of Tsung-ming-tau near the mouth of the Yangtze-Kiang, where ocean liners anchor and transfer their passengers to lighters and launches for Shanghai and inland cities. Crossing the Canadian Yangtze, the car soon comes to Steveston, which is almost

an Oriental City — but one with a difference. The inhabitants, with a few notable exceptions most of whom are lodged in the hotels, are Japanese fishermen, who live much as Japanese do at home, although they are much more prosperous than they could expect to be if they had remained in Nippon and followed the same occupation. Here are Oriental fishermen who during the run of salmon in the Fraser average as high as \$500 a month, which is more than they would receive for a year's work of the same sort at home. Most of the stores of Steveston are not only "Japanese" in the much abused American description of bazaars that expose china and bamboo for sale, but deal principally in Oriental foodstuffs and apparel. It is in reality Japan in America, as I have never seen an Oriental community represented elsewhere, because those sections of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver and New York popularly known as "Chinatown" are merely American streets in which many Orientals live and conduct their business in an almost "American" fashion, even tempering their lives to accord with social laws, ordinances, rules and prejudices of western peoples.

In Steveston there seem to be no such restraints. It is almost their city and they have brought most of their customs with them, instead of adapting "American ways" to their requirements. The proprietor of the principal European-style hotel of the place, which is called the *Sockeye* after the salmon that gives Steveston its being, told me that a several years' residence among the Japanese had brought him to the belief that despite the prejudice against them along the Pacific coast they are an industrious, frugal and desirable people in a country that is always wailing for more labourers. He said that

one of them who caused any annoyance or trouble or misbehaved himself in any way was an exception to the rule; and that such a person was usually warned by his countrymen that he must mend his ways or leave the city. “Their record in Steveston would be a difficult one for Occidentals to improve upon,” he concluded, “which from me, I believe, will convince you that I believe in giving credit where credit is due.”

Lulu Island at Steveston is enclosed by high dikes that keep back the water when the tide rises and which provides against flood when the Fraser threatens to overflow its banks, following the melting of the winter snows in the mountains among which it flows. There are several large ditches or canals around the city and the majority of the Japanese live along the banks, where often their houses are approached by narrow bridges that need only the arches of Oriental bridges to make them thoroughly “Japanese.” Along these spans over the waterways, the native instinct for beauty and love for the picturesque has prompted the planting of shrubs and flowering plants. Sometimes they are in painted tin cans, in soy kegs or in China urns; the idea is the same, the beautification of the dooryard, which is as noticeable among Nippon’s very poor, where the dooryard may not be more than two square yards in area, as among the rich and noble who can build extensive parks and landscape gardens. “See there,” said the above-quoted hotel proprietor, pointing to a little bridge the rails of which held many flowering plants, “the Japs may have their faults — as other people do — but I believe a man can’t be so very bad who works diligently every day, takes good care of his family — and loves flowers.”

The Japanese appear to be strangely at home in this

far-off city of a foreign country and one sees the same smile on their faces that the visitor notes when he sees them about their work in their native land. The children throng the streets or stand in little groups on the bridges, wearing the brilliant colours of childhood in Japan. When they are old enough, and if their parents can afford it, they are sent to Japan to be educated, and although Steveston's prosperity has not extended over a sufficient number of years to ascertain for a certainty, it is likely that most of them will improve upon their father's position in life. Their elders left a country that has three hundred and seventeen population to the square mile and came to one that averages less than two in the same area, where the labourer has a better opportunity. While the colony is composed of fishermen, there are so many of them that several other trades and crafts are being represented more and more, the blacksmiths, makers of nets, floats and sinkers — even trained engineers to run the launches, for many of the boats in these waters retain a suggestion of the Chinese junk in their lines, and are owned and operated by the Japanese, who find a ready market for their fish. In the evening they sit in front of their homes along the canal banks and listen to the music of strange little native guitars or the samisen. One can hear them from the hotel veranda and imagine that he has crossed to the land of the wisteria and lotus.

Most visitors will not remain the night at Steveston, however, as two or three hours will suffice to observe its "atmosphere" and to visit the principal points of interest, which relate in some way to the catching, preservation and marketing of fish, and the city is included in the circular excursion that may be made from Vancouver in one day. It is worth remaining over, however, to



Photograph by Edgar Fleming.

BARGES LOADED WITH SALMON AT STEVESTON.

sit around the various meeting places of the “old residents,” to hear them relate their stories of the fancied or real experiences of the past when the great salmon drove started up the river, impelled by the powerful instinct of reproduction. To listen to these “old timers,” one must believe that the “run” is not so large as it used to be. They tell of the pirate sea fish that pursue the salmon for the purpose of eating its spawn, of the Indians they saw clubbing or spearing them in the Narrows of the river, of the bears that could “teach any salmon-fisher a few lessons”—and one leaves them wondering that there remain any salmon to be caught, and understands the “scarcity” that must have caused the increase in prices for the canned article in recent years.

But one recovers from the effects of these stories when he visits a cannery in July or August when the “run” is at its height. The barges and launches come to the piers with all available space piled full of the beautiful fish that form one of the great assets of the province. Salmon marketed from British Columbia waters in 1915 amounted to \$8,018,626, the next most valuable fish, the halibut, bringing only \$1,561,626. By far the greater amount of this catch comes from the Fraser district and a large per cent. of it is marketed fresh or canned at Steveston.

The salmon's strange life story has offered a special field of study for the scientists for many years, and while many unusual claims were made it was not until very recently that much that was accepted as gossip — or worse — was accepted literally and vouched for by leading authorities. It seems reasonably certain that after a salmon is hatched in the headwaters of the stream it makes its way to salt water within the year. Just where it

goes in the broad Pacific has not been definitely determined — perhaps to the Japanese coast — and the route of its return is not definitely known; but there is sufficient proof to satisfy investigating zoologists that it returns to the stream in which it first received life. It is even claimed that the majority of the salmon return to spawn in the exact locality of the stream in which they were hatched. As they enter the rivers after their long voyage in the big ocean they rush onward at a terrific pace, leaping over obstructions and performing wonderful feats of endurance. In small streams they are sometimes so numerous that they are plainly visible from shore in a great mass struggling forward and seem to cover the surface of the water. The “big run” occurs every fourth year with absolute certainty, and there are canneries in Steveston which operate on a large scale and suspend operations during the lighter years. During this run there are sometimes as many as two thousand boats pursuing the much prized fish at the mouth of the Fraser, and it is not unusual for them to bring in one hundred to five hundred fish each at night — fish varying from ten to seventy-five pounds in weight.

And there is no reason to doubt that this run has taken place every year from an exceedingly early period, as the Indians were well acquainted with its habits and entertained almost a religious respect for the fish that did so much to sustain life during the long seasons when other food was scarce. He preserved salmon by sun-drying and smoking, much as he does to-day, and preferred it to all other food.

Charles Hill-Tout, author of a book on British Columbia Indians, says: “Whenever they, (the salmon) began to run, no Indian was allowed to fish or kill until

the first salmon of the season had been reverently brought to the chief of the tribe, who would gather his tribesmen and bid his wife cook the fish in a new basket specially made for the purpose. Then he would distribute a small bit to every man of his tribe who was ceremonially clean, for none who were ceremonially unclean could be allowed to touch a bit of that first fish. After that, any member of the tribe was free to kill salmon, but it was understood that they were to return the head and entrails to the water.”

This practice of returning the portions of the fish to the water was with the belief that if they did this the fish would return to life, thus the waters of the river would not become depleted — as it may be noted the waters of British Columbia rivers may be unless adequate laws are framed for the protection of the salmon, which has already shown signs of diminishing in certain “ fished-out ” localities. Hill-Tout continues: “ The Indians believe that the spirit part of the fish and animals is more real than the corporeal part. They believe that the destruction of others parts of his carcass besides his flesh which may be used for food purposes, would make the bear, for example, very angry, and that he would take his revenge on the Indians for the indignity placed upon his remains. They believe if the animals allow themselves to be killed for food, then it is the duty of those who kill them to treat with reverence what they do not use.”

The Indian legend of how the salmon came to British Columbia waters, is related by the same author as follows: “ It seems that long ago there were no salmon in the rivers, and Khals, the culture hero of the Indians of this coast district, determined to go out to the salmon islands in the Pacific and induce the salmon people to visit the

rivers and streams and allow themselves to be caught by the Indians as fish. He set sail with his brothers and some priests of the coast tribe and after many days rowing arrived at the home of the salmon people somewhere in the Pacific. They were people just like the Indians and the visitors were made welcome. Just when the midday meal was being prepared one of the visitors noticed that two of the young people of the salmon tribe, a youth and a maiden, went down into the water and disappeared. Shortly afterwards two salmon were caught and when they were being distributed to the visitors the chief of the salmon tribe asked them to be very careful to keep all the bones together. After the meal one or two of the young men came round and collected the bones left over and these were taken and thrown into the sea. Shortly after this the young man and maiden who had entered the water were seen to reappear."

"This happened each day and excited the curiosity of one of the visitors, who determined to put his suspicions to the test. Believing this entering of the water and catching of salmon to be intimately connected, he, at the next meal, hid a piece of salmon bone under his blanket. Presently, when the young people came up out of the water, it was seen that the youth was holding his blanket up to his jaw. The chief went forward and the youth told him that all of the bones could not have been returned to the water because his jaw bone was missing. The chief asked the visitors if they had returned all of the bones. A search was made and the missing bone was found thrown a little way beyond the circle, where the visitor had thrown it. The chief threw it into the water, the young man returned into the water and came out whole. By this means the visitors knew that the salmon

that they had been eating were the salmon people. So Khals asked the chief if he would visit their coast and permit his people to catch them as salmon. This the chief agreed to upon certain conditions, the principal being that they would always throw the offal and bones back into the water.”

Every one has seen the bright labelled canned salmon on the shelves of every grocery store in the world, because there are few articles of food so relished by practically all people of all zones. It is prepared in a manner that will preserve it under equatorial skies and in the cold. It is “ready to serve” when taken from the cans and one rarely comes across any that is not in prime condition, whether it be old or new. Such a product must have been prepared with infinite care! At least that would be the natural belief. But of all the rapid-fire operations I have ever seen in a factory this preparation of salmon for the market seems most speedy. The present rate of skill and time-saving, however, has come about after years of experimentation and experience. Efficiency experts have been busy and where a part of the process could be accomplished in one movement of a worker’s arms he was trained not to take two. Where a machine could be devised to do the work of several men some one invented it and the machine was installed and put into operation. The busy season is short, but when the fish come they come by millions and they must be disposed of at once.

As the boats arrive at the pier and deposit their precious cargo at the cannery the floor is covered, and from that moment quick disposition is made of them. One by one they are fed into the jaws of a machine that chops off their heads, slits open their stomachs and “cleans”

them. They fall into vats, attended by Japanese women, where there is running water and they receive a final inspection as to their fitness for the can. One by one they are fed into an iron "chink" that in one operation cuts the whole fish to can-length sizes. They are packed into cans filling a circular iron tray, a spring is touched, something falls, and when it rises back to place every can has been topped and sealed. They are placed on endless chains and begin their journey through vats of hot water which discharges them near large retorts, where they are heated to soften the bones. A label is pasted on the can and the cans are packed in cases for shipment, the operation finished.

A considerable trade has grown up in frozen fish, which are shipped to the markets of the world in refrigerator cars and steamers, so that London, Melbourne and New York may receive "fresh fish" from the British Columbia fisheries. Several plants specialize in this product, which seems to be growing in favour. Visitors are welcome here as at the canning factories and usually a "guide" is provided at the office on application for admission beyond tightly closed doors where the temperature is kept at a point that endangers the health of men who work more than two hours at a stretch without coming into the open air. I did not see salmon frozen or freezing, but I saw shelves and racks piled high with halibut and cod, much of which is brought down from more northern waters for cleaning and freezing. Also there were several mammoth sturgeon from the Fraser, one tipping the scales at one thousand pounds and with a "body" almost as large as a horse, although its head and snout had been severed. Sturgeon here have weighed as high as seventeen hundred pounds. Such a fish is a

prize to the captor; but they have not been plentiful of late, owing to lax laws and piratical fishing.

Another department of the “cooler” has unique interest for although it is of great importance to the fisheries the public is unaware of its existence. It shows how small fish, six to nine inches long and mostly herring, are preserved for bait. In the month of January these fish run in schools of incredible numbers near the mouth of the Fraser, and they are never so plentiful in the waters where the halibut and cod are caught. So the Japanese fisheries of Steveston, who catch salmon in the summer, throw their nets for “bait” in the winter and bring them to the refrigeration plants by scow-loads. Some seasons they are so plentiful that only five dollars a ton is paid for them; but the price sometimes runs as “high” as ten dollars a ton. The plants sometimes receive as many as fifty tons at one time. They are thrown into square vats, into which water is poured, filling the intervening crevices and then they are frozen into rectangular cubes about two feet long, one foot high and one foot thick. The cubes are stacked up in huge storerooms, where they are preserved for an indefinite time—until a steamer comes in with a load of fish and takes on bait for the return cargo. A block is permitted to stand in the sun, or hot water is poured over it when bait is required and the small fish again find the sea “as fresh as when they were caught”—only this time to serve as a lure to a hungry halibut that may shortly find its way to the tables of England and Australia.

CHAPTER X

VANCOUVER'S SIDE-TRIPS

THE stranger in Vancouver could begin a well laid out program of excursions from that city, little jaunts afield and by water that require from one-half day to twelve days, and rarely if ever traverse the same territory, although he followed the program conscientiously for several weeks and allowed himself none of the stop-overs at the places visited that will beckon and lure. Nature was not so prodigal of her gifts to many cities of the world; and where she was there was no Canadian Pacific Railway to make the journey toward them comfortable and luxurious with the minimum of expense and fatigue. And then, as already noted, Vancouver is on the great world's highway from London to Hongkong, another unusual advantage. Most around-the-world travelers are pleased to remain for some time in such a city, and the people, recognizing that they have something to offer and enough traffic to pay for the development of tours in every direction have devised means of making these trips mutually satisfactory to those who pay and to themselves. At almost every hour of every day there is some steamer entering the deep waters of Burrard Inlet for a cruise to one of the enchanting fjords, coves, bays or islands of this typically Norwegian shore line. Some of them move slowly along the rugged coast and return the same day. Others have ample accommodations for the night and passengers remain aboard for thirty-six hours. Some go

further and take forty-eight hours, three, four, five days and more for the round trip. One who begins to follow the marine program before having made many excursions by land might fancy that Vancouver's chief recreation and charm was in its ever-moving water pageant.

A good beginning is the little trip to Capilano Canyon, which may be made by motor car and ferry, or by a combination of ferry and tramcar. I have made it in both ways and I have walked the entire distance — put down as about twelve miles round trip from Vancouver — and I have no hesitancy in recommending this more strenuous manner, at least for the tourist who intends making a day's trip of it. The North Vancouver ferry, which runs at frequent intervals during the hour, will carry one across the Bay, and if you do not care to venture into trails that are merely the footprints of "white Indians" who despise macadam roads, the tramcar tracks may be followed up over the hills in a northwesterly direction until a road is reached that skirts along the bank of the awful precipice, where the rushing waters are hurrying in the last hours of their plunge toward the sea. There are trails from the road down into the canyon itself where the steep descent is made along a stairway of roots and trampled earth, or one may follow the road to the tea-house which is set in a rock garden of almost indescribable beauty where a wise landscape gardener has preserved the natural charm of the place but has caused flowering shrubs and vines to cover the terraces and fill the rock crevasses with brilliant colours that have a background of pine, fir, spruce and hemlock, festooned over prongs of jutting rock. At the side of the veranda of this tea-house built of cedar planks piled flat to resemble solid beams or square-cut logs, is the celebrated Capilano

Bridge, one of the most photographed "sights" in the environs of Vancouver. It provides more thrills than a Ferris wheel or switch-back of the amusement parks, and yet the element of danger is practically *nil*, as one realizes afterwards but fails to appreciate at the time.

The gorge of the glacial stream seems to be narrow until one ventures onto the bucking, trembling footpath, when it suddenly seems to be of interminable length. Rocks that seem to have been cut by a knife reach down to the water two hundred feet. Cables four hundred and fifty feet long have been imbedded in rocks and stumps on each side of the ravine and a slender bridge of narrow boards is suspended from the cables. From the tea-house the aerial pathway leads to a group of rustic tables on the opposite bank where picnickers spread their lunches and mingle the joys of the environment with human delight in watching new arrivals start out bravely on the bridge and then, when it begins to buck and sway, either become panic-stricken and shout for help or grasp the side cables and creep timidly to the end. One person might cross the bridge and the vibration might respond to the footstep, but there are no limitations as to the number who may venture upon it at one time. One starts out and reaches the center, new visitors arrive and in their new enthusiasm rush onto the end and immediately the whole structure is careening and billowing as if it resented the action of the thoughtless.

The guide books say that the bridge was constructed by an inventive Frenchman who wandered through the canyon on a hunting expedition and as it was within easy distance of Vancouver saw the "possibilities" of the place as an amusement park if "thrills" were provided for visitors. This is incorrect, however, and when I



heard the true story of its building and saw a strange bunk-house of hand-hewn cedar planks that have aged to Rembrandt browns, I thought I was on the scent of just such a human story as such a place should have. There is "gossip" that a white man once wandered into this canyon, that he fell in love with an Indian girl who returned his affection; she was thrown out of her tribe and he felt that he could not return to his people, taking with him his wilderness "soul-mate." So they went to the top of this canyon and the man built the home from which they could look down on the turbulent waters and the ravine which both of them loved. I thought of an American "Madam Butterfly," or "Madam Chrysantheme"—did the white man remain faithful to the Indian maid and did they end their lives here together? Just by chance was there a tragic ending to their existence here together? There was the yawning chasm in the wilderness and I could fancy a dozen "climaxes" to such an adventure. Or did he tire of it all and go back to his kind? Did she return to her tribe, repenting of her "sin," or, like Cio-Cio-San, did she end it all when she knew that she had been deserted? Capilano Canyon is a place to prompt such fancies. One dreams them and fancies that they may have been realities, or should have been.

"I have heard whisperings—very vague whisperings—of the story that a white man and an Indian girl once lived in the old shack," replied the lady of the tea-house, when I asked her concerning it. "None but me seemed to be interested and my inquiries met with a raising of the eyebrows and the suggestion that such a yarn was scandalous and had best be forgotten, unless I wanted the place to lose its good name. This somewhat 'proper' way of

looking at it did not deter my investigations, however, but my researches did not lead to anything very satisfying, for instead of this romantic story I found the truth, which was that the bunk-house was built for the accommodation of labourers when a water-works system was being installed from these headwaters for the valley below. No, everything in Capilano Canyon history has been perfectly 'regular' so far as we know and there is no reason why unchaperoned young ladies should not pause on this veranda for tea and their parents need not fear that 'scandal' ever touched the place — even when the territory was inhabited by Indians with only an occasional visit from a white trapper or adventurer. As for the bridge itself, it was built by a Scotchman, a Chinese and an Indian — a rather unusual human combination for such a work, but not at all romantic. This garden? Yes, I have done it all myself, with an occasional lift from a Japanese servant when I wanted to move a big rock to another position. Many years ago I lived in Macao, in the south of China. There was a wealthy mandarin there who used to allow us to walk in the beautiful garden that surrounded his palace. In those days, knowing nothing of the future, I promised myself that if I ever had the opportunity I would attempt to duplicate in my own garden some of the effects of those enchanting landscapes. And in time, I came here where there were the rocks and the trees beside this beautiful canyon. I set to work to fulfil that promise to myself of long ago. These are the stories of the bridge, the bunk-house and the garden; nothing romantic in them you see! May I pour you another cup of tea and won't you help yourself to another scone?"

One may continue this day's jaunt to include other

views of the same canyon and other canyons, where there are good endurance tests for the amateur climber, or where, as at Canyon View Hotel, one may sit quietly and enjoy the beauties of nature in rugged and wild dress.

Another trip that may be made in one day is along what is known as the North Arm, in reality a continuation nineteen miles in length of Vancouver's harbour. At the head of the Inlet is the Wigwam Inn, a modern hotel with spacious verandas in a pleasing location for a brief holiday. The " Falls of the Soray of Pearls "— Vancouver folk are becoming almost Oriental in their nomenclature of natural beauty — are within the grounds of the Inn and Cathedral Canyon is in the near neighbourhood. A day may be spent enjoyably at Horseshoe Bay, a pretty beach that invites anglers, bathers and boatmen. It lies about twelve miles from Vancouver and is reached by the ferry to North Vancouver and the Pacific Great Eastern Railway to Whytecliff station. This excursion affords a view of Burrard Inlet, the Narrows, English Bay and the shore line of Stanley Park. The trip to Bowen Island, an estate of about eight hundred acres, may be made in one day, or this trip may be included in the one-day cruise to Howe Sound, which is a pleasant reminder of the Norwegian coast, because it offers close views of glacier-tipped mountains as well as a stop at Seaside Park and a call at the Britannia Copper Mines. It would be difficult to recall a day's trip from an Atlantic coast city that offers so much in landscape beauty and so likely to make an appeal to visitors.

Perhaps the most popular two-day sea trip from Vancouver is that by what is known as the Jervis Inlet and Butte Inlet routes. Leaving at nine o'clock in the morn-

ing, one returns to the city at five the next afternoon, having cruised among many islands and stopped at fully a dozen little ports, all barely known by name to the visitor from beyond British Columbia's borders. The steamers visit Sechelt, which lies close to Porpoise Bay, Pender Harbour, which affords a close view of Mount Diadem which towers six thousand feet above the sea in lonesome grandeur. In the harbour is a small island covered with Indian huts, a tiny reservation that is near to good herring fishing in season. Nearby is Painted Point, so called from Indian writing daubed on the rocks and supposed to have been placed there generations ago. Lund has been called "the British Columbia Cornwall," as it seems to be set in a shady bower amid greenish coloured rocks. The Yeucaltau Rapids are interesting in themselves and for the fact that Captain Vancouver camped in the region during his explorations of the coast, which gives the name of "Old Village of Vancouver" to a point on the coast, a name by which it is known on the official charts. The romance associated with Buccaneer Bay has usually credited it with the pirates, but while there is a "story" in connection with its picturesque name it is modern and does not date to the days of the sea-rovers. It appears that there was a celebrated horse on the English turf called "Buccaneer," a contemporary of "Thormanby," which won the Derby in 1860. Captain Richards of H. M. Surveying Vessel *Plumper* named the Thormanby Islands — perhaps he had won money on the race — and one of the prettiest of the bays he named after "Buccaneer" with several other places like Epsom Point, Oaks Point, and Tottenham Ledge in memory of the famous race-course. Powell River is the site of a large pulp and paper mill, operated by water

power from the falls nearby and at Powell Lake and Goat Lake there is good fishing.

There are steamers that take three days instead of two to cover this route, allowing more time ashore at various points of landing. There are two, three and four-day cruises to Johnstone Straits and Kingcome Inlet. A six-day excursion by three different routes includes the Skeena River, Campbell River, Bella Bella, China Hat, Anyox, Alice Arm, Alert Bay and Prince Rupert. A tour around the Queen Charlotte Islands and return in twelve days is gaining popularity with tourists each season. Any of the longer trips, of course, include most of the scenery of the shorter ones, thus the cruise to Prince Rupert or to the Queen Charlotte Islands from Vancouver is perhaps advisable, rather than several of the briefer excursions, if one has the time; but the traveler may rest assured if he take only one of the day trips that he has seen what is typical of the entire coastline, and what he would see in more extensive or more abbreviated form when following the longer routes: islands covered with evergreen trees, jutting rocks, deep blue bays, and snow-capped mountains. It is the same, although it seems to be ever changing to the leisurely traveler, from Vancouver to Alaska.

Leaving Vancouver on the cruise to Prince Rupert, the water seems to be land-locked and the deep channel is sheltered almost its entire distance, being also studded with islands, some of which are of considerable size — as for example, Vancouver Island, whose mountains are visible during the first hundred miles in the Straits of Georgia. The Straits end as Seymour Narrows are reached, where the rushing waters pass through a channel that seems almost at the steamer's sides, although the

official figures show it to be almost a quarter of a mile wide. The tide streams into this passage in a rushing torrent, however, and it seems that the boat were ascending or descending a rapidly flowing river. The scenery is constantly changing as one passes the islands of Johnstone Straits and Discovery Passage and one observes the deep indentures in the coast line, which permit the warm Chinook winds from the Japan current to sweep inland and temper the climatic conditions of the interior. In this region passengers frequently see schools of whales, sometimes a dozen or as many as twenty of them, floundering and spouting in what seems to be their chosen playground.

The first point of particular interest after passing Johnstone Straits is Alert Bay, which is noted for its fish canneries, and what is believed to be the largest and finest collection of totem poles in the province, with the possible exception of the group at Nootka Sound. The one street of the village is fenced with these quaint wood carvings, some of them thirty or forty feet tall. The route continues through winding channels, between scores of islands, until Queen Charlotte Sound is reached, and steaming across this opening with nothing to the West but the Pacific Ocean brings the boat into sheltered ways again behind Calvert Island, when a natural canal to Bella Bella is followed. Bella Bella marks the entrance to one of the channels of the Dean Channel, which penetrates the main coast for a hundred or more miles. It was here that Sir Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific ocean, after his overland journey across Canada in 1793, the first to perform the feat; and twelve years prior to the accomplishment of the overland journey across the United States from the mouth of the Missouri River by Lewis

and Clarke. North from this point the scenery is even finer than in the channels east of Vancouver Island, although the mountains are not so high. Finlayson Channel and Greenville Channel give an almost unbroken canal-like passage to within a short distance of Prince Rupert, and Finlayson Channel offers the most attractive scenery on the route between Vancouver and the new city of the north coast, being very narrow and the hills abrupt.

One who prefers to make the trip to Prince Rupert and still desires the cruise to the Queen Charlotte Islands will find a comfortable and speedy passage from this port to the mountainous archipelago, of which Graham Island and the port of Massett will be of particular interest, where he will find the opportunity to observe the remnants of the once powerful Haida nation of Indians who have attracted so much attention from writers and scientific ethnologists. The Haida people have comparatively fair skins, and light hair is common among them, while their principal occupations are fishing, the carving of wooden or slate images and the manufacture of jewelry that preserves ancient barbaric designs. Of unusual interest are their stone carvings made on blocks of shale which they procure in the mountains and which is capable of taking a high polish; but the younger representatives of the race do not look with favour upon the perpetuation of this artistic cult of their fore-fathers, while they have produced nothing that compares to it, although some of them are beginning to show skill as boat-builders, and frequently, as among the Indians on Vancouver Island, they have built craft that was purchased by white men. The Indian agents report that they have often seen young men destroy these ancient carvings with intentional strokes of the hammer or ax, a ruthless destruc-

tion that cannot be in the wake of civilization, because the younger generation is shiftless and almost totally lacking in those characteristics that attracted the world's attention to their fathers. One hears the sound of the piano in the homes of Massett and Skidegate instead of the native instruments; and while the Haida nation is as fond of dancing as ever, it is the waltz and the quadrille that interest them more than the war dance, and the gramophone frequently provides the accompaniment instead of the tomtom and the drum.

In 1840 the number of Haidas was about seven thousand and they occupied about thirty villages. They have decreased in numbers so rapidly that only about seven hundred of them remain and more than half of this number are at Massett, where they still prove themselves expert fishermen, often proving their superiority to white men in this ancient occupation.

Thomas Deasy, who was Dominion Indian Agent in the islands for many years, says that the Haidas were a nation of warriors and that in their raids on other tribes they sometimes ventured as far as the mouth of the Fraser River in their war canoes, which were carved from huge cedar logs. Every man's ambition in those early days was to have a retinue of slaves of his own capturing, and the greatest desire of parents was to rear warrior sons. Summer and winter it was the custom for them to throw small boys into the cold water, where they would be compelled to swim for their lives, and sometimes when they had reached the shore in safety they were beaten with thongs made from the roots of spruce trees until they returned to the water and gave further proof that they were not cowards nor weaklings. From infancy the fact was impressed upon them that they were to

become warriors and unless they were to prove themselves stronger and braver than other Indians it was better for them to perish in infancy, so that they would not become a tax upon the resources of the parents or the tribe. They had many other strange customs, some of which have survived to the present, although they are not practised with the oldtime vigour. Thus the nephew of a deceased brave inherits everything that his uncle possessed, even to his name and title of chieftain. They prepare for death by having tombstones made and by laying aside enough money to provide ample funeral expenses. Their marriage ceremonials are still notable, being a mixture of heathen and Christian rites. Dressed in their finest raiment, the bride and groom enter the church to the accompaniment of band music; after the ceremony they retire to the town hall with all their friends and acquaintances, and feasting and dancing continue frequently until the following day, the expenses of the orgy being borne by the groom and his relatives. It is said that while Haida marriages may be made in heaven, the relatives of the contracting parties still have a good deal to say in the preliminary arrangements.

This district and the region beyond it are fields for the excursionist that are likely to attract greater numbers of travelers each year; in fact, this is true already, some of the steamers having booked for the July and August trips to full capacity long before the date of sailing. It is the opportunity to travel over unfrequented routes with all the comforts to which one becomes accustomed on well-beaten pathways. Provision has been made at most of the places mentioned for the entertainment of all who desire to remain in port until the next steamer, be it a day, week or a month distant, not luxuriantly appointed hotels

like those to be found along the railroad lines in the larger cities, nor at those Meccas of scenic marvels like Lake Louise, but neat cottage hotels that seem to be more in keeping with the atmosphere and surroundings than large and expensive hotels would be. Here is the place for a leisurely taken summer outing far away from scenes with which one is familiar, far away from the people whom one expects to meet on the familiar highways of Canada. Queen Charlotte Sound itself is a marvel of beauty that would pay the voyager for his trip across country, if his eyes beheld nothing to delight him before he reached it. It is a fitting climax to journey's end, "a splendid sweep of purple water," writes Ella Higginson in *Alaska the Great Country*, which has to do principally with the land that lies beyond the Sound. But her pen pauses at this approach to the land of gold and she continues: "The warm breath of the Kuro Siwo, penetrating all these inland seas and passages, is converted by the great white peaks of the horizon into pearl-like mist that drifts in clouds and fragments upon the blue waters. Nowhere are these mists more frequent, nor more elusive, than in Queen Charlotte Sound. At sunrise they take on the delicate tones of the primrose or the pinkish star-flower; at sunset all the royal rose and purple blendings; all the warm flushes of amber, orange and gold. Through a maze of pale yellow, whose fine, cool needles sting one's face and set one's hair with seed pearls, one passes into a little open water-world where a blue sky sparkles above a bluer sea, and the air is like clear, washed gold. But a mile ahead a solid wall of amethyst closes in this brilliant sea; shattering it into particles that set the hair with amethysts instead of pearls. . . . It is this daily mist-shower that bequeaths

to British Columbia and Alaska their marvelous and luxuriant growth of vegetation, their spiced sweetness of atmosphere, their fairness and freshness." These words might impress the reader as a somewhat strained effort to convey mental impressions by means of similes, which usually fail in their mission, or at least the mission intended for them; but at least they give a fair example of the intoxicating delights one experiences in this cruise, as of the utter impossibility of recording those delights upon the printed page.

CHAPTER XI

“THE AMERICAN LIVERPOOL”

TEN years ago the engineers and surveyors had made their reports. “Here,” they said, pointing to Kaien Island, which lies five hundred and fifty miles north of Vancouver in practically the same latitude as London. It was an island about twenty-eight square miles in extent, an island of tremendous rocks with a prominent mountain peak standing erect in a central basin of peaks. “Here,” they repeated, as they saw by their figures that the land-locked approach by water was fourteen miles long and that the “waterfront” was thirty miles in extent. A further argument was that Kaien Island was five hundred miles nearer to Japan and China than the Pacific ports further south. “If there was a railroad,” said one, the traveler could be in Winnipeg if he landed here as soon as he would be disembarking from an Asiatic steamer at the docks of Vancouver. The waters here teem with fish of all sizes from shrimps to whales. The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama via Kaien Island is eight hundred miles shorter than via New York and San Francisco. This is the place!”

It was supposed to be a very cold region, and, when it was less cold, it was rainy. Perhaps there was some hesitation, but the scientists who specialize on climate said the same word “here,” when they were asked for an opinion. They said that the cultivation of the soil would alter the climatic conditions and pointed to the fact that

the climate of Quebec and Ontario was changed in the same way. In Manitoba the earliest settlers lost their crops by summer frosts, something that has not happened in recent years. “Cultivated soil stores up heat and radiates it to keep off frost,” they said, “vote in favor of Kaien Island.”

By an act of Parliament in 1903 the Grand Trunk Pacific railway came into being, under an agreement with the Canadian Government for the building and operation of a railroad. It was to penetrate a virgin territory of vast natural resources, timber, mineral wealth and tens of thousands of acres of arable land suitable to the plow and for grazing purposes. The route was agreed upon, a vast hinterland that awaited the farmer, lumberman and miner; all seemed definitely settled excepting the very important matter of the Pacific terminus. Naturally, there was a lively speculation as to the site agreed upon and several places were erroneously reported to have been selected. The report of the engineers and other experts was carefully concealed from the public which was stirred to a flurry of excitement by the possibility of arriving in advance upon the scene of a future port city that might repeat the history of San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. The great all-Canadian continental line ran far to the north of other railroads and in many lands it might have been a comparatively easy matter to anticipate the Pacific terminus; but this was impossible on the coast of Canada, where nature has carved the shore with a series of splendid inlets, any of which is a port city in prospect. In October, 1906, however, the late Charles Melville Hays, at that time president of the railroad system, visited Kaien Island and not only agreed with the surveyors and engineers who had preceded him,

but confirmed their findings. "Here," he said in a dramatic moment that must always be considered one of great importance in the history of Western Canada, for his words gave birth to a city of undoubted future greatness and upon the huge rock where he stood the city began to grow almost immediately as if an enchanted wand had been raised over the spot.

Most of the cities of the world have had a slow growth. The rule has had exceptions several times in Canada, where such centers of population as Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver survived the dangerous process that is popularly known as "mushroom growth" and literally became cities almost between the setting and rising of the sun; but even Calgary and Winnipeg seemed the evolution and growth of trading posts long ago selected by the Indians as representatives of the fur companies. There were sawmills near the present site of Vancouver and around them were small villages; the place seemed marked by fate to become a metropolis. The conditions were different at Prince Rupert, which was located in a region that seemed to have been overlooked by builders of railroads and future cities. And availing themselves of the exceptional opportunities offered, the promoters of Prince Rupert immediately laid the foundation of a city of ten thousand inhabitants and placed the contract in the hands of an American firm for execution. Whatever it may become in future, and its inhabitants are certain that it will become to Canada what Liverpool is to England, Prince Rupert was Boston made. It was one of the most remarkable commissions ever undertaken and must have appealed to the imagination of the men who received it. Not Algiers, Amalfi nor Hongkong set on terraced hills have a more imposing situation than this rocky eminence



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

PRINCE RUPERT AND HARBOUR.

of Kaien Island. “ Plan the city that will accommodate ten thousand inhabitants, a modern city in every respect and a beautiful city,” were the instructions to those who undertook the task of landscape architecture. The result was that most of the streets, parks, and squares have a rare scenic outlook. There are ninety acres of parks and playgrounds and the area of the city proper included something like two thousand acres. A water gravity system was installed, the supply coming from a lake five miles distant. Twenty miles of plank roads were built, and as it was planned and plotted before any buildings were erected nothing was overlooked that might add to the attractiveness and symmetry. Lots were first sold in May, 1909, and in six months four thousand six hundred of them had passed to private ownership. The first sale amounting to over a million dollars. It has been said that these first inhabitants were a peculiar sort of men, almost unique perhaps in their grim determination to make Prince Rupert a great city. They overcame obstacles some of which may have been anticipated and others which arose to balk their progress. But they had only one thought. They pulled together and helped one another in the great object. Speculation in the real estate there was of course, and many men made large sums of money within a few days, as matters were adjusting themselves and land values mounted in response to reports of large business prospects in the neighbourhood. But most of the purchasers had decided to make Prince Rupert their home; it was to be their city and they felt a personal interest in its welfare. It is said that one speculator, an Englishman, purchased so many lots that it was believed he was doing it for some “boone” purpose, which was not looked upon with favour by his asso-

ciates; but it developed that he bought heavily because he had great faith in the investment and inside of twelve hours after the purchase had sold enough property to show profit of fourteen per cent. on the investment.

F. A. Talbot, who was on the scene in the first days and wrote *The New Garden of Canada* about what he saw, says: "In the early days they were exciting times. The hub of activity was the point on the waterfront where vessels called and unloaded. The quay space was being leveled. The shacks were of timber with shingled roofs. Suddenly there would be heard the strident blast of a siren. Instantly one and all hustled away from the water's edge to a respectful distance, leaving all buildings vacant. Workmen would be seen tumbling across the ragged ground as a second blast rang out. A few seconds of intense silence. Then a violent shivering under foot, and a tremendous bellow, accompanied by plumes of smoke, dust and débris rising gracefully into the air. All eyes were turned skywards, and dodging rocks as they descended was an exhilarating pastime. There would be heard the sharp crack, crack, crack as of sniping rifles, as a few pounds of disintegrated rock swooped down into the streets and riddled the shacks. When the citizens returned they found the roofs of their establishments perforated like a pepper-box. Out in the yard were shacks of shingles, and soon one and all were aloft their buildings putting the damage aright. Riddled houses and shops were the penalties exacted for being in a hurry to settle down in the new hub of commerce before the fabric had been fashioned. Strange to say, never a man was killed. One or two received contusions from falling missiles, and that was all."

Many things soon transpired that kept up the orgy of civic enthusiasm. A drydock was constructed at a cost of \$2,000,000 that will float any ship on the Pacific ocean. A cold storage plant having a capacity of seven thousand tons was built in anticipation of the development of the fish industry, while the railway had constructed one hundred specially designed refrigerator cars for the same purpose. It became known that the spruce, hemlock and cedar in the forests within a radius of one hundred miles had enough timber to supply twenty-five mills for twenty years. A whaling station was built, banks, newspapers, hotels and wholesale as well as retail stores were established. The provincial government made Prince Rupert the headquarters for the northern part of the province, and buildings were erected for officials, a court house, jail, customs house, postoffice, wireless station and churches. Enthusiasm knew no bounds. The most beautiful part of the eastern portion of the island was selected for the residential section and it was connected with the business section by a broad highway, which forms a link in the great circular drive of twenty miles around Kaien's circumference. It is likely that in future the great fishing trade of the North will center around Prince Rupert as it is in the heart of the cod and salmon industry and within a few miles of the harbour are the great halibut banks. The first train was run from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert and arrived at the latter terminal April 9, 1914. It reached a romantic young city that is in many respects the most modern in the world. It has single tax, owns its own electric light and power plant, telephone and water systems. And the greatest surprise of all was the climate, for while the world had the opinion that any place so far north must

be very cold it was found that the thermometer rarely went far below zero in winter. The rainfall averages one hundred and five inches in the year, but the snowfall only two inches.

The enthusiasm, civic pride, or whatever a loyal feeling toward a city may be called in lieu of no English word which means what patriotism means toward native land, has not decreased in the passing of the few years since the first days of excitement. Every resident of Prince Rupert is certain that it will not only become a great commercial metropolis, but that the tide of travel will change and that tourists who visit the province of British Columbia will not consider their tour complete unless they have seen Prince Rupert, its environs and the territory between the coast and Edmonton, opened by the new railroad and only a few years ago considered "Furthest North" and which now seems to roll back that barrier a thousand miles toward the top of the map. Prince Rupert is worth seeing, when one thinks how it has sprung from a rock as by miracle, and its scenic environs will repay a visit; but I venture the opinion that as a tourist's city it will remain for many years what Vancouver was in its earlier days, only a roadhouse on the long highway. People are likely to remain only a day or two between train and steamer, until better acquainted with the rugged beauty of the vicinity and until carefully planned excursions are in operation over the principal routes. Visitors are certain to arrive as sufferers from scenic indigestion, as they will have passed either through the marvelous pathway between the mountains, or on a steamer that has cruised among islands, across bays and through fjords that are equal in beauty to any to be encountered on the European continent. They are likely

to be overfed on scenic beauty; they will have exhausted their vocabulary of expletives and adjectives, and in a relapse from superlatives they will again arrive at the positive degree. Compared to other great port cities, Prince Rupert is disappointing; when one recalls what it was ten years ago, however, and what it is to-day, as well as what it may be ten years hence, it has no equal on the face of the globe.

Among attractive excursions from the city are those by steamer to the Portland Canal, Observatory Inlet, Port Simpson near the Alaskan boundary, Anyox, Atlin, which is reached via Alaskan ports, Skagway, Alaska, only two days away, and, as before noted, any of the long or short cruises to the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The traveler who makes an all-Canada tour, instead of going or returning through the United States will not regret it if he tangents from Winnipeg and completes the triangle that includes the coast between Vancouver and Prince Rupert and either outward bound or returning takes the northern route. The latter is certain to grow in popularity, for although the great railroad was projected for the purpose of bringing communication to the vast agricultural lands of the Far North, although it passes through only three or four towns that are entitled to rank as cities, like Prince George (a station of the Hudson's Bay company over a century ago), Hazelton and lesser settlements, the road leads to Jasper Park, certain to become a Mecca for tourists to Mount Robson (“giant among giants, immeasurably supreme”), through the Yellowhead Pass, along the Skeena River and along a scenic route that compares favourably to what may be encountered on lines further south, while frequently there are pictures in the region that challenge

comparison, a matter which must remain one of personal opinion and judgment. Best of all tours through the Canadian Rockies and the most comprehensive, would be that beginning at Prince Rupert east to Jasper Park, through the trail to Lake Louise and back to the coast at Vancouver. At the present time it is a somewhat strenuous journey; but surveys have been made and preliminary arrangements looking to the construction of a motor route connecting the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Pacific railways through the mountain passes. If this is done, there is no doubt that the most beautiful scenery on the North American continent will be made easily accessible and tourists will not be slow in responding to the opportunity offered.

Westbound passengers over the Grand Trunk Pacific leave the prairies and enter the Rocky Mountains through the celebrated Yellowhead Pass (a translation of *Tete Jaune*) which it was named by the Indians and half-breed hunters after a trapper in the service of Jasper Hawes at the Hudson's Bay post in Jasper Park, who was distinguished among men for his great shock of "yellow" hair. He is said to have been an Iroquois of huge stature and perhaps his hair was red, but the Indians called him "Yellow Head" and as he always selected the ravine in the mountains between the post and the Fraser River for his rapid journeys the trail became known as the "Pass of Tete Jaune," which has been perpetuated by travelers since his time and by the railroad. No more attractive introduction to impending scenic marvels could be wished for; the entrance being guarded by Boule Roche Mountain and Roche a Pedrix, which also serve as the entrance to Jasper Park.

This great national reserve of over four thousand



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

JASPER PARK ENTRANCE AND GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

square miles has been set aside by the Dominion Government and will be kept from spoliation at the hands of lumbermen or hunters and for the perpetual enjoyment of visitors. The townsite of Jasper is situated on a plateau at the base of Pyramid Mountain at the confluence of the Myette and Athabasca rivers. Jasper Mountain overlooks the town, which is the headquarters of the Dominion Government Officials, who have supervision of the Park. Hunting within the Park enclosure is not permitted, but fishing is good for those who desire it; but for some time to come, the principal joy of the region will consist simply in seeing it. Mountain-climbers, professional and amateur, will find ample opportunity for the exercise of their favourite pastime and those who delight in following the trail will find the vast Park a paradise. Carriage-roads have been built from Jasper to Pyramid Lake at the foot of Pyramid Mountain, a distance of a little over four miles, and also around Edith and Beau Vert Lakes through six miles of fragrant woods to Jasper Mountain and the Maligne Canyon, at which point a second trail leads for some twenty-three miles up the Maligne River, past Medicine Lake to Jack Lake, where there is excellent fishing for rainbow and Dolly Varden trout. From Medicine Lake a pleasant return trip may be made across the Divide to the East by way of the South Esk, which stream is descended to the Brazeau River, where elk and moose are to be met with, and Brazeau Lake, thence to the Sunwapiti River to the Athabasca and so on to Jasper from Athabasca Falls, which descend a spectacular chasm surmounted by a bridge, where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his party were photographed, the picture having become familiar to readers. The ground in this region has been so improved as to render it par-

ticularly attractive for camp sites and a lodge has been built for the game and fire wardens.

A trail has also been built by way of Maligne Gorge, along the valley between Maligne Mountain and the Colin Range, past Medicine Lake to Maligne Lake. This is perhaps the most beautiful sheet of water in the Rockies, if one is to accept the verdict of many travelers. The tourist may return from the Lake by way of Shovel Pass, a magnificent route of thirty-five miles, which takes him up to an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet and affords one of the finest views in the whole mountain system. Ice fields and many snow-capped mountains, most of them unnamed, may be seen from an elevation a few feet above the Pass. On the descent, Mount Edith Cavell in all its magnificence is in full view, with grim Hardisty in the distance.

There is a bridle trail from the station up Jasper Mountain where a magnificent view of the Athabasca may be obtained, up to the Whirlpool River, past Mount Edith Cavell and on towards the Athabasca Pass and the Committee's Punch Bowl.

Not two miles from the station is Beau Vert (formerly Horseshoe) Lake, where there are waters of continually changing green and blue which afford every facility for boating, bathing and fishing. Among other trails from Jasper is one southward to Mount Edith Cavell, formerly known as Mount Geikie, which is suitable for motor cars and gives access to a large glacier that hangs between three peaks.

These are only a few of the excursions, however, that already are available to the visitor who is not frightened but thrilled by the prospect of what may be called rather luxurious "roughing it." Hotels have not yet been built



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL.

to “entertain” guests as they would expect to be entertained on the boulevard of a large city; but ample provisions are readily made by campers’ outfitters and guides, who make it possible for one to obtain plenty of good, wholesome food throughout the pilgrimage and at night to lie down within well-sheltered tents, through which the breezes laden with aromatic pine needles blow fresh from the great drifts of glistening snow. R. Kenneth maintains a camp on the shore of Lake Beau Vert in a supremely beautiful location and with full equipment of canoes, saddle-horses, driving conveyances, photographer, guides and a “tent city” life that is certain to fascinate all who give it a trial.

Of supreme interest for some time to come is likely to be Mount Edith Cavell, not alone because it is one of the most majestic peaks in a large group, but on account of sentimental attachments toward the heroine whose name it bears. It is over eleven thousand feet high and can be seen plainly from Jasper Station, although it lies twelve miles distant. Its northern face is eternally covered with snow and glaciers, and lying between it and an unnamed peak is a tremendous glacier rock that closely resembles the form of a woman with hands extended toward the side of the mountain, which it is proposed to christen Mount Sorrow. The snows melt on Mount Edith Cavell and fall in a cascade to Cavell River, one of the highest waterfalls in the entire system. The river forms southwest of the mountain and flows northward through a mountain-flanked valley to the Athabasca. On the mountain is a beautiful lake of jade-green water.

Byron Harmon, professionally a photographer, as thousands of tourists realize every year when they shuffle

through the thousands of views that he has taken of the Canadian Rockies, which are exhibited in studios and shops from Hongkong to London, is by nature an Alpinist and wilderness-haunter, and he declares that in all the territory between Calgary and the Pacific coast, most of which he has covered many times, preferably on foot, but also by pony, canoe and train, there is none so marvelous as that lying between Jasper and Lake Louise, a distance by trail of something like one hundred and seventy-five miles. "Lake Louise is in one Dominion Park" he said to me as I was looking over some of his remarkable collection of photographs, "and Jasper Park is in another. One of these days the government will construct at least a motor road connecting the two. In fact, I understand that a preliminary survey has already been made. I am certain that when this territory, which now takes about eighteen days to cover properly by pony, is made a little more convenient to the general public which now seems to be afraid of the mountains, lakes and valleys that are not visited by railways, the world will concede that on this route and in this region is scenery that cannot be matched on this side of the world. Those of us who have made the trip, once, twice, or several times, may have become enthusiasts to a certain degree; but the truth is that we are obliged to smile when we read descriptions in which the superlative degree is used relating to other places on this continent. As yet, we form a comparatively small group, although the tourists are beginning to follow the trail and the number is increasing every season. And when we read an article about this and that view being 'the most superb in North America,' we know that it does not refer to the country lying between Mount Robson, Jasper Park and Lake Louise, it



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

MOUNT ROBSON.

was written by some one who has never covered this territory.

“I imagine that the usual traveler in western Canada believes that nothing could be more beautiful than Lake Louise; I would refer him to Maligne Lake. Probably he will praise the Illecillewaet Glacier at Glacier above all others; I would refer him to that on Mount Robson. He will extol the great field of ice that lies on the mountain top over Sir Donald’s shoulder; but I will call his attention to the ice field estimated at two hundred square miles in area around Mount Columbia. Many people believe that the Yoho Valley is the most beautiful on the continent; but if they do, they have not seen the valley of Bear Creek, which runs to the north fork of the Saskatchewan. Mount Sir Donald is beautiful and high, so is Mount Stephen, and so are any number of peaks; but none of them is so high and none so superb as Mount Robson, the loftiest pinnacle in the Canadian Rockies. So on and on, point by point, I will meet them and contest every claim.

“There is not the hardship in making this trip that some people imagine. A guide will be necessary for the average traveler, and he should go well equipped with camping apparatus, preferably the outfits arranged by some one of experience, because he is unlikely to find any means of replenishing his stock ‘between stations.’ So far as there being human habitations is concerned, one may pass the entire distance without seeing a person save his companions. Some of the territory lies along the route of the old Hudson’s Bay company fur traders and an occasional trapper may cross the trail to-day; but one does not see them. Provisions and necessary camping apparatus are carried on pack horses — those that are

able to swim the Saskatchewan, there being no other means of crossing it. Probably one who is not a seasoned hiker should ride. Personally, I prefer to cover the trail on foot, and instead of going or trying to go straight between the two termini, as the Czar is said to have commanded when he drew a line with a ruler between St. Petersburg and Moscow and said: 'Construct a railroad here,' it is preferable to make many detours where, as for example, around Mount Columbia, the second highest peak in Canada, one becomes almost an explorer, because the district is almost wholly unknown.

"Crossing beyond Jasper Park, a stream leads to Maligne Lake. Beyond this, old Indian trails lead to Wilcox Pass. Then along a fork of the Saskatchewan, with a view of several of the highest peaks in the Rockies, Beau Pass and Beau Lake, Hector Lake and finally to Lake Louise.

"Here is everything to delight the traveler, something to suit every taste. Game, with the exception of mountain goat and sheep, I would not call 'plentiful'; but an occasional bear is met with and several other animals. The climate is often not what would be called 'mild,' for I have seen the snow pile up in huge drifts that made it necessary for us to dig trails for the horses in September. No, it is not a 'tame cat' excursion; but it is a superb experience, one to be cherished in memory throughout a lifetime. There is only one fault to find with it; when you have reached Lake Louise on the downward trip you are so fascinated with all that you have seen, everything else seems so much less by comparison, that you want to turn back and go over the same route again and most of us are so busy that we cannot



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

EMPEROR FALLS.

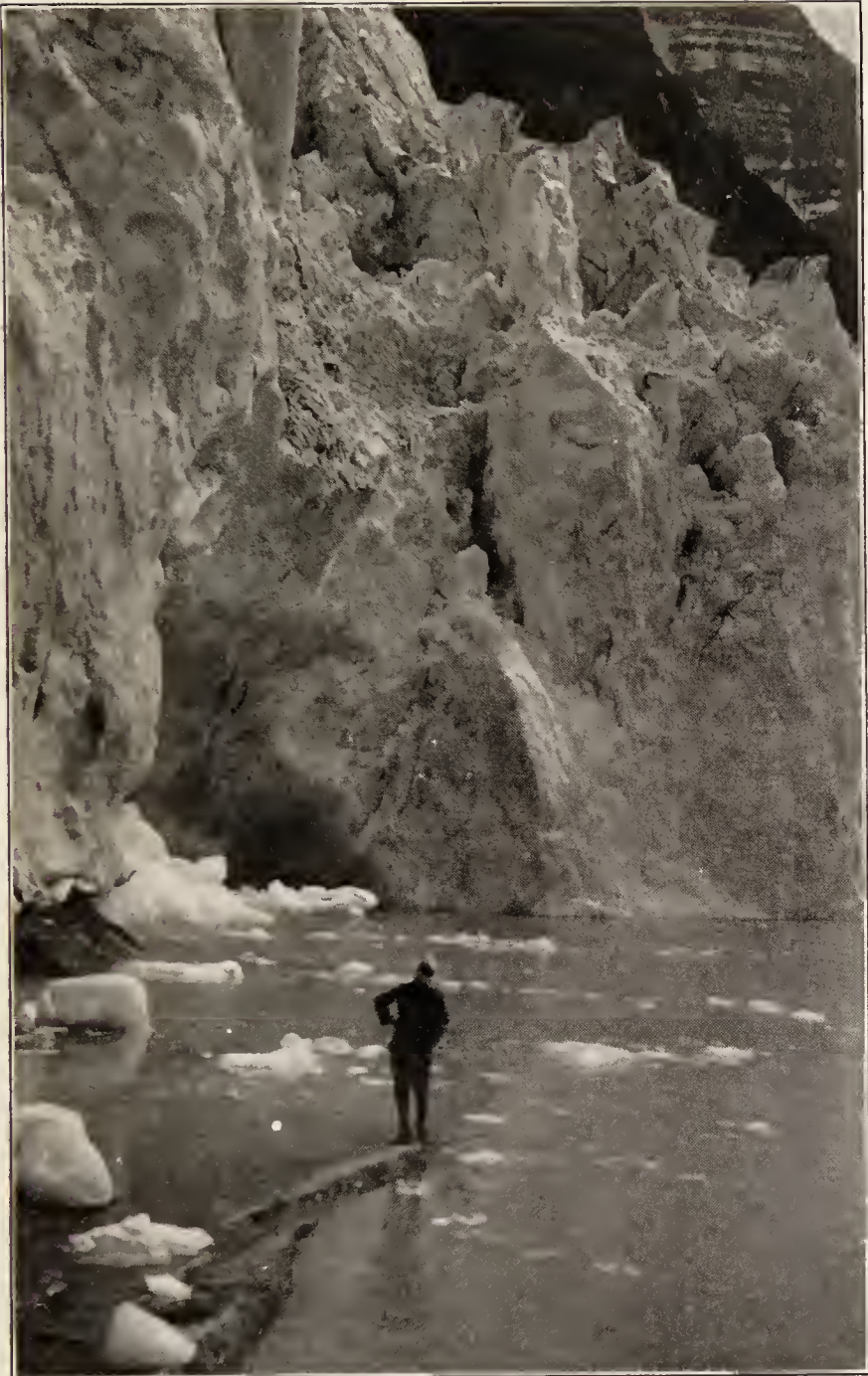
spend the time to follow natural inclinations and desires and must wait until another summer.”

The western boundary between Jasper Park and Mount Robson Park is also the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia, and as it is passed the traveler immediately finds himself in another government national reserve almost as large as Jasper Park and combined with it, covering an area as large as Switzerland, to which it is so closely related by natural marvels. Mount Robson is 13,068 feet high, which gives it supremacy among the Rockies; but it has other points which make it notable among the world's mountains. It is frequently the case that high mountains are approached by lower hills and mountains that lead up to them by degrees. Robson towers above all surrounding peaks, however, and stands out boldly in majestic isolation over two thousand feet above all its neighbours, most notable of which nearby is Mount Resplendent. It is beautiful when its head is hidden in mist, as is so frequently the case, beautiful in the full sunlight and beautiful in the light of the moon — always visible in some form from the car window to those who do not stop to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with it by following the trail that leads around its northern base to the Grand Fork River, the shore of Lake Helena, through the Valley of a Thousand Falls, with the celebrated “Emperor Falls” in view, to Berg Lake and Robson Pass. Mount Robson has a large glacier from which small and huge icebergs break off and drift to and fro upon the waters of the lake. The giant peak does not pass from sight of the train windows for a distance of twelve miles.

Major C. H. Mitchell has gladly provided this tribute and testimonial on the request of the railroad: “I look

back with the keenest pleasure upon my fortnight spent in the Mount Robson region and consider it to be the most unique and interesting of my many holidays in the Canadian Rockies — interesting because of the novelty of being entirely new and almost unexplored country and unique because this region stands out in my opinion, far beyond all others of those I have visited, by reason of its grandeur and its magnificent heights and distances. It is hard to conceive of a grander mountain prospect than greets one when alighting from the train at Mount Robson station, and nowhere else in my travels in the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps or in the Rockies have I seen the rare view of a great mountain peak rising in a sheer isolated mass ten thousand feet from the valley floor. The route which we followed through the wonderful Valley of a Thousand Falls was in itself apart from towering Robson, a trip for which I think many will travel days to enjoy. Not until one gets up to Robson Pass, however, does the real greatness of this great mountain region unfold itself, and when one contemplates the bulk of the Robson mass, the glistening slopes of Resplendent and the towering pyramid of Whitehorn, he will truly stand spellbound among their grandeurs. The Robson glacier is unique amongst the famous glaciers of the world, not only because of its size, length and breadth, but because of its uniformly even and easy slope.”

From Mount Robson the route onward toward Prince Rupert follows the waters of the Fraser, the line running high above the stream. This great river, which has its headwaters in the Yellowhead, flows through a broad valley and waters great fertile tracts before it enters into the Pacific eight hundred miles away. At Prince George the Fraser turns sharply to the South, but the line of the



Courtesy of Byron Harmon.

MOUNT ROBSON GLACIER.

railway continues west through another valley, the Nechako, characterized by its wealth of plateau and valley lands suitable for agricultural purposes, and along its course are many gems of sylvan scenery. Vanderhoof, the capital of the Nechako Valley, is the gateway of the lake regions of British Columbia's northland. Not far from Hazelton the Bulkley meets the Skeena River, and the railway follows the Skeena down to the Pacific ocean. Near the junction of the rivers is the Rocher Deboile, known as the Mountain of Minerals. Quaint Indian villages with totem poles are situated along the banks of the Skeena and both sides of the river are fringed with mountains. One of these peaks was chosen in the spring of 1916 to bear the name Mount Sir Robert in honour of Canada's prime minister, Sir Robert Borden. This peak can be seen from the grade near Doreen Station, and on its flank a large glacier has been named Borden Glacier.

CHAPTER XII

THE CITY OF GOLDEN MEMORIES

VICTORIA never was gay. In its days of wild gold excitement, when twenty thousand men were encamped around the city, either bound for the gold of the Fraser River, or just returned with sacks of the precious yellow stuff that usually turns men's heads and causes them to do as they would not have done under any other circumstances, they seemed to feel the sedate reticence that the visitor detects there to-day. The "lawless" element was subdued, and if they did not celebrate their good fortune before they reached the capital of Vancouver Island they waited until a ship took them to San Francisco. And the riff-raff that congregated under such circumstances was never spectacular. It was wholly different from the California city that had recently passed through a similar stampede. There were no Spanish beauties in gorgeous gowns, gentlemen bedecked in pirate costumes and loaded with jewelry, no "Yale graduate selling peanuts, ex-governor playing the fiddle in a barroom, physician washing dishes in a hotel, minister waiting on table in a restaurant and lawyer paring potatoes in the same place"—to quote a California historian. Even in those days Victoria boasted that in all this California human pot-pourri the Englishmen kept themselves aloof from the others and engaged in a small part of the hilarity that reigned. It is written that the leading London magazines were to found in Englishmen's camps during the

days when "men who forgot their breeding or had none" were exchanging thousands of dollars each night in gambling and other vices. Victoria never tolerated anything of the sort and the gold-hunters never seemed to show an inclination to have it otherwise.

But British Columbia had its "Paris," its city of gaiety, where "all the world" stopped long enough to squander some of the gold taken from Fraser River sands. In the provincial museum at Victoria are prints and drawings representing the life in Yale at that period. The streets are thickly crowded with hoop-skirted dames and their beaux, some of whom are cutting up didoes like dancing a sailor's hornpipe on the public highway; a thing that would have been frowned upon in Victoria or other places that brought their traditional "good form" with them from England. It seems to be in the nature of things that men who are in exceedingly good fortune shall have a place in which to "celebrate." As Yale marked the head of navigation on the Fraser and as men stopped off there either outfitting and preparing for the gold fields or returning therefrom, it became a natural rendezvous for the celebrants. There were wine, women and song, and because of this atmosphere of a large city and owing to the location of the town those who remained at Yale had visions of the day when it would become an important center of civilization. But, apparently, not enough remained. I looked diligently, but I could find only one who did so, although he said that there had been two of them, "the other one died a few years back." After a time the rush for gold subsided, and instead of stopping at Yale the miners hastened along to other points. The railroad came — and the death-knell had been sounded. Nobody cared that it was "the head of

navigation on the Fraser," because nobody came by boat. They took the train at Vancouver and it barely hesitated at Yale long enough for a passenger to alight at the station platform. The station remains, a general store, that is also the postoffice, hotel and there is a church. Also, no doubt, there are several dwellings back from the river somewhere in the trees, for on the Sunday I spent there a memorial service was held in the church for the last pastor and at least twelve distinct individuals came from somewhere and attended the service. But Yale is dead. At one time the gayest town north of San Francisco, it now has a few citizens, an Indian school, a group of Indian shacks — and memories of its golden days.

Starting on the Trans-Canada train from Vancouver, it is a pleasant ride of about three hours to Yale. The railroad runs along the arm of Burrard Inlet, which is in reality upper Vancouver harbour. Mountains to the north, south and east make a pretty picture, and as one glances ahead he wonders, as he is so often to wonder on this route of curves through the valleys, where the train will find its way through what seem to be impenetrable barriers. There is snow above the timberline on these heights. One glances back to the "Lion's Gate," which guards the pathway to the other side of the world, and knows that the great city of Vancouver has been left behind; but the transition to the "wilderness" has come suddenly. There is none of the filth and litter that one has come to expect at the entrance to American port cities. A few sawmills — the beginning of most of the villages in British Columbia — reach down to the water's edge; but they are soon passed and then all is forest again, or forest marked by a few groups of bungalows on ambitious townsites that have not yet fulfilled expectations.

Westminster Junction reached in about half an hour recalls the tragedy of the "Royal City." If the Canadian Pacific railway had made New Westminster its Pacific terminus, or even if a point further down the river had been selected, then Westminster Junction would have marked the pathway of the main line, and Vancouver would have remained the name of an island.

The rails reach the river banks and as for so many miles into the interior follow its twistings and turnings. At Agassiz, across the river from Chilliwack, one plunges into a rich dairy country among the foothills. Fine herds of cattle are visible, knee-deep in dark green grass that stamps this as a "butter" region, like Holland or Denmark. Pass through this country in the early spring or summer and the swollen waters of the Fraser in the inlets make the landscape suggestive of the European low Countries — excepting for the fact that within view of the river on both sides are towering hills with a frequent mountain peak beyond. Agassiz is a point of departure for anglers and for excursionists bound for the hot springs nearby.

As the train pulled into Yale I alighted and asked the station agent if there was a hotel. He answered in the affirmative, and as I collected my luggage he added: "Maybe it's closed, and, then, again, maybe it isn't, I can't tell you." At any rate, the train started and left the station, so I went to the hotel veranda. The manageress was enjoying a noon-day siesta, as she had no guests. I aroused her and asked if the hotel was open. She did not move, but scrutinized me carefully and replied: "That depends." In my desperation at the thought of sleeping in the grass and eating crackers purchased at the general store until the next train arrived,

which was long after midnight, I assured her that I had stayed at some of the best hotels in the world and some of the worst; there was no good reason why —.

“ I’ll take you in,” she interrupted, as if overcome with a desire to do a good act. “ You are not an official of any kind, are you?” Satisfied as to these doubts, she ushered me to a neat room overlooking the river and furnished in a manner that might be described as *Grand Rapids-Mid-Victorian*. And soon came the secret of so much mystery. “ If you had been an official this hotel would have been ‘ closed ’— do you understand?” I did not, but she continued: “ That’s my silent protest. Yale is dead, and the last blow came when the government destroyed the old suspension bridge at Spuzzum. My silent protest is that when any of the officials come to Yale there is no place for him to stay over night or get his meals. Now, do you understand?” I assured her that I understood perfectly and that I considered such love for a town and a bridge truly touching. And continuing the conversation, I inquired if she knew any one who had come to Yale in its golden days and still remained there. “ Yes, Ned Stout,” she replied, and directly following the very good dinner which she had prepared, half-suspecting that some one might enter Yale by the noon train in an “ unofficial ” capacity, I started out to find the man whose name I had come across many times in reading of the history of gold in British Columbia.

A few Indian shacks line Front street, which is now roamed over by the cows and horses of the place, which find heavy grass between the stones that were cleared back from what was once one of the streets upon which the world’s attention was focused. Near it there is a

neat, tiny cottage surrounded by a small garden. Two lilac trees stand beside the gateway, and as I approached it I saw an old man pulling one of the purple clusters to his nostrils. Perhaps observing me coming towards him, he let the bough rise into place and puffed at his pipe. Again he pulled the lilac bloom over and again puffed his pipe, alternating the fragrance of the nicotine and the blossoms. He was the oldest white man perhaps in all British Columbia; at least the oldest citizen of Yale. You can see his cottage and garden as the train stops beside it, because it borders the station grounds. It was Edward Stout, commonly known as "Dutch Ned," or "Ned" in the chronicles of the golden era of the Fraser River. He is the "last leaf on the bough," and he rather enjoys the distinction. After we sat down beneath the lilac bushes and he had refilled his pipe he reached to an inside coat pocket drew out his miner's license for the current year and proudly exhibited it as his "credentials," giving "authority" to his words. But it was unnecessary. In the histories that refer to the mining operations in the Cariboo country a half century ago and in the colourful tales of the early navigators of the rushing waters of the gold-bearing river, I had frequently come across his name. He came before Yale's beginning, built his shack on the bank, saw a city grow around it, and he has survived long enough to see only the ghost of that city remaining. Every one else who came with him has died; those who came later have moved on to other centers of population.

Mr. Stout is ninety-four years of age, and he knows from the record in the family Bible that he was born in Bavaria; but his earliest recollection is of when he was in the United States. Even as a boy he was an adven-

turer and he was employed as a cracker-maker by the Mormons on their great trek westward. A drover passed them with his herd and said he was bound for California, so Stout joined him and arrived at the beginning of the gold rush. Taking his supplies with him a few years later he hired a schooner and went to Bellingham, Washington, where he built a flat-bottom boat, worked it along the coast into the mouth of the Fraser and finally reached the locality that later was to become Yale, May 20, 1858.

“Look at this,” he said, holding a letter from the Premier of British Columbia which he had just received with the license. It was a complimentary reference to his sixty consecutive years as a “prospector and miner.” “Look at this and then we’ll talk about the old days. Sure, I can remember! I can remember everything that you’ll want to know. What kind of tobacco is that you’re smoking? I like the odour and I don’t mind trying a pipeful of it myself.” So we sat under the lilac bushes, “Dutch Ned” and I, and we sat for several hours, as he related to me the story of gold in the regions further up the Fraser; a story in which I was able from references to fill in exact dates that had passed his memory. I heard history from one who participated in it.

It seems likely that gold was first discovered in British Columbia by J. W. McKay, a Hudson’s Bay company man in 1850, but it was in small particles and nothing seems to have come from the discovery. A year later gold was found at Gold Harbour in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There was some excitement and it has been claimed that one seam produced over \$25,000. In 1852 another “company” trader procured gold from the Indians; this time near Kamloops. Probably there were

many such "discoveries" of which no record has reached the present. The Hudson's Bay company did not look with favour upon them, doubtless reasoning that if there was gold in the hills they would get it after they had made certain of the fur. Their chief business in Canada was to procure fur from the Indians; and after their men had become established in distant posts the company did not look with favour upon the lure of gold, which has so often caused men to forget their first duty. Between 1855 and 1857, however, a Hudson's Bay man sent to Victoria for iron spoons with which to dig for nuggets. Before 1858 — usually given as the date of the discovery of gold on the British Columbia mainland in the Fraser region — it was a known fact that the precious dust was in the river sands. But Governor Douglas, who always had a thought for the "company," sought to discourage men from leaving their posts by issuing a proclamation that all gold belonged to the crown and forbidding all persons to "dig or disturb the soil in search of gold until authorized in that behalf by Her Majesty's Colonial Government." This authorization was granted on the payment of ten shillings a month, and even then the right to exercise the privilege was subject to so many conditions that the proclamation was withdrawn.

In 1858 the news of gold finds reached California, where it stirred men to action as it might not have done elsewhere. The memory of '49 was still with them and about thirty prospectors left immediately for Victoria and began to ascend the Fraser River. Mr. Stout, having superintended the building of Bellingham for his own use, reached the mouth of the Fraser May 2, 1858, and the present site of Yale eighteen days later. Near Yale was discovered Hill's Bar, concerning which the report

that reached San Francisco brought four hundred and fifty men for the new El Dorado.

“ Hill’s Bar wasn’t much different from the others,” related “ Dutch Ned.” “ It seemed to us that there was gold everywhere that the river waters touched the sand, not enough of it to make men rich in a day, but enough to cause every one to get what he could by skimming the surface and then moving on, hoping to find something better further up. I have taken out \$100 of gold in a single day here; but that was not very much when you consider the cost of getting into the territory and the cost of staying there, if you didn’t happen to bring along everything you needed. I always smile about the high cost of living. Why, I have seen flour \$100 a sack in those days, and everything else about as high. You see, if you took out \$100 a day in gold, it didn’t go very far. I had taken all these precautions, however, because I had passed through similar experiences in California. I had three tons of beans, bacon, sugar, and other things, some of which I traded to the Indians for salmon, which they caught in large quantities from nets made of cedar bark twine. But the difficult part of this trading was that the Indians had no liking for white man’s grub and didn’t consider it worth their delicious salmon. Excepting sugar; they liked that. And after a while we didn’t care whether we made fair trades with the Indians or not, because we soon discovered that they were treacherous and we could place no reliance in them, even when they appeared to be friendly. See here!” The old man pulled his coat and shirt-sleeves to his elbow and his trousers above the calves of his legs, exposing several indigo blue scars. “ That’s what I got from Indian ‘ friends.’ They’d appear friendly enough when I met



A GOLD PROSPECTOR.

them in the open in the daytime; but they'd skulk around thickets, or they'd prowl around at night and when there was a good chance they'd shoot a poisoned arrow. All of the boys were not so fortunate as I was, as you see I only got them in the legs and arms; but even this treatment from men who pretended to be friends didn't serve to cement the friendship. Why, I had seemingly friendly visits and trading bouts with some of them, where I was obliged to stand with my back to a big tree, as others were taken unawares by an arrow from the background in just such times. So, as I say, we were not too 'ethical' in our trading with them. They lived in shacks made of split cedar logs placed upright against the river bank. Once several of us had wandered a considerable distance from our supplies and we were very hungry. We approached one of these shacks and begged for something to eat from the plentiful stores of dried berries and cured salmon. They declined to give us anything, so we promptly set fire to the shack, burned or smoked them out and took what we wanted. I never knew exactly what made them feel about us as they did, for assuredly it was not because we were after gold. I think they did not want white men in the region because the river was so plentifully stocked with fish, which provided an easy living. I suppose they thought we were going to take their fish away from them. And then on the other hand, they may have simply resented the coming of the white man into their country, so they tried to kill us; and as we didn't come to the Fraser for that, we — well we were not particular what happened to them."

This insinuation that the Red Man was "put where he could not shoot any more poisoned arrows" on any sort of provocation, seemed a part of the wail of "white

men's cruelty to the Indians," concerning which the sentimentalists in later years have had so much to say. But somehow, as Edward Stout related this hand-to-hand combat with savages who attempted to kill before they were killed, the "useless murders" seemed quite a different thing. And I recalled that it had been the same everywhere else: Bret Harte sitting in his old newspaper office, pistols in hand, to defend himself against the mob that had come for vengeance because he had written an article pleading for fair play for Indians, or the newspapers of the United States printing as they did in a boasting manner the number of Indians killed and the number held prisoner in the camps, following the gold stampede. I thought of that California miner who shouted to an Indian boy to hold his horse, and because the youngster did not understand English and started away frightened, the miner shot off the boy's head. It seems always to have been the same story in the first march of "civilization" into savage regions.

The ranks of the gold hunters increased from hundreds to thousands, some coming overland with great difficulty, others from the East by way of Panama, but the majority from California. The first men on the ground steadily fought their way upstream, always hoping for something better. In June, 1858, Stout and the rest of his party, after leaving two men at Yale to watch the boats, proceeded to Spuzzum. "You will recall," he related, "that Simon Fraser and his men were there exactly fifty years before, the spring of 1808. Fraser said: 'This is impassable' and we said the same thing, when we saw the rushing and foaming waters. But there was a way. Every bar of the river held gold and that was enough to spur us on. The Indians had made a trail before us; but

a trail that was rather difficult at first for human beings who were unused to playing that they were flies. But we all enjoyed it and never suffered the hardships that I had suffered on the plains going to California. Our plan was usually to stay close to the river, for several reasons. First, we thought that was where the gold was to be found; and second, we knew that other men, Indians most of them, had passed over the trail ahead of us. There were steep precipices that led to shelves of rock jutting out over the river. These were reached by means of ladders which the Indians had made of logs and roots. When we reached the ledges, they were often so narrow that we could not walk straight ahead on account of the packs we carried, so we put our faces to the wall, held on the best we could and let the packs hang out over the river. Of course a mis-step would have meant certain death; but we took good care not to make mis-steps, and the difficulties of the trail were not what bothered our progress; it was the Indians. Of the first twenty of us who forged ahead only five escaped the Indians with our lives. We retreated down the river as far as China bar and continued our work. We didn't want the savages to hack our friends' bodies to pieces as we knew they would do if they could, so we threw the bodies in the river and they swept along until they were discovered by the California prospectors who were following us as fast as they could. They suspected what was happening and mustering all their forces they came ahead to give us aid. The Indians had a good supply of tomahawks and a few old Hudson's Bay Company muskets which supplements their poisoned arrows, and they gave us a good fight but we finally won the day and pressed on."

Shedding light on these days, although the incident

was not recalled by Stout, is the story of how a certain Captain Taylor arrived on the river one day, bringing a cargo of whisky, instead of rockers and provisions. He gave the Indians a small bottle of "fire water" for five dollars' worth of gold dust. The miners observed that danger would soon arise if this procedure continued, for drunken savages were difficult to keep in subjection, so they went to the boat and offered to buy Captain Taylor's entire stock at his own price. He declined to sell, so they held a meeting and taking the law in their own hands, walked down to the river front with their guns at full cock, and while a few of the number kept guard over the Captain, the others broke in the heads of the casks and emptied the whiskey in the river, giving the captain one hour to get out of sight, which he did without delay.

The total yield of gold from the Fraser country in 1858 is usually put down at \$705,000, although the exact figure is unknown. By 1859 the miners had reached the Chilcotlin, and Peter Dunlevy was told by Indians of gold in what was called the Cariboo country, because when the men were hastening into it they saw huge herds of cariboo. The prospectors worked down the Quesnel River, finding many rich bars, and by 1860 there were six hundred of them in the district. In the summer of 1860 Lightning Creek was discovered, and from that Creek went Wilhelm Dietz, known as Dutch Bill, who crossed the Divide and found what he called Wilhelm's Creek, an important event in British Columbia gold mining.

"Dutch Bill came back to camp and told us what he had found and showed us proof of what he said when he exhibited as fine gold as you ever saw. Immediately,



THE OUTSIDE OF A GOLD MINE.

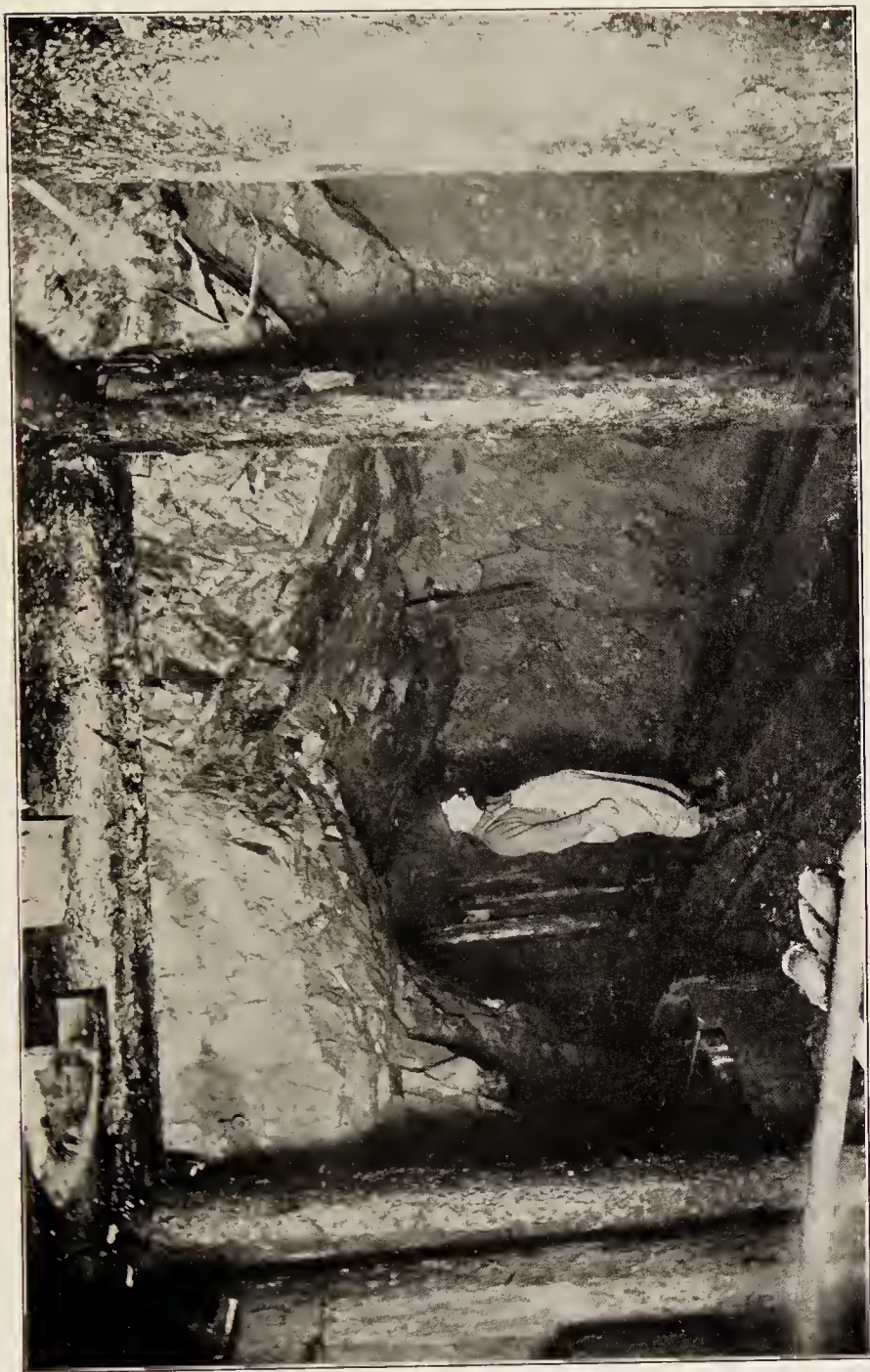
there was another stampede. Every one forgot all about everything else and started for Wilhelm's Creek. But we found nothing — at first, and a madder lot of men you never saw. They said that Bill had fooled them and lured them away to his creek for some reason. Yes, I believe you're right; there was some talk of hanging poor Bill. In those days men had to be mighty particular about what they did; but it got no further than calling the place Humbug Creek, the name that it bore until the first name was Anglicized to William's Creek. Well, those who remained found that 'Dutch Bill' wasn't a liar or a humbug after all. Sometimes as high as \$5,000 to \$20,000 was taken from a single claim in one day. No, I didn't strike one of them. Either the chap in front of me or the chap behind me always struck it richer than I did. But I am not complaining. Think of poor Bill Dietz! He never made much from his great discovery, and I believe he died in Victoria not a rich man. But the report of the discovery went around the world. The *Victoria Daily Press* said: 'Never in the history of gold mining have there been such fabulous sums amassed in so incredibly short a space of time.' It is believed that fully \$2,000,000 of gold was sent to Victoria before the season ended.

"In 1862 the trail to the Cariboo country was a difficult one and it was crowded with excited men on their way to the land of promise. Bacon was two dollars a pound, flour was one hundred and fifty dollars a sack, and while the wages of miners were from sixteen to twenty dollars a day, it was barely enough to provide more than necessities. But the Williams Creek district continued to astound the world and men risked everything to reach it. It was a single discovery that was never equaled and

naturally intoxicated the fortunate miners, so that when they returned to Victoria in the autumn they reported that there were millions of dollars' worth of gold yet unclaimed, which spurred larger numbers to greater activity in the spring. Two towns, Barkerville and Richfield, one mile apart, sprang up suddenly. There was an orgy of gold. From first to last it is claimed that Williams Creek yielded \$45,000,000, probably the richest find in the history of gold.

“Pack trains of new-comers arrived every hour and by 1862 there was a population of five thousand men in the Cariboo District. Not one married woman came until 1867, and even missionaries who attempted work in the field gave it up for a time as impossible. Men were gold-mad and could think of nothing else. It has been said that one-third of those who went to Cariboo in 1861 made great fortunes, another third made small fortunes and another were wholly unsuccessful and became objects of charity, who were assisted by their fellow miners in reaching Victoria.

“Most every one stopped at Yale on the way up or down the river,” said Stout. “I tell you in those days this was a lively town. Money slid through the fingers of the miners as it does not to-day, even among those millionaires that we read about in New York City. When I first came back here to settle down for good, Denny Murphy, who had been with me up in Cariboo, and I were chums. We had stuck it out together through some pretty rough places and when we got back we used to go out in the evening and look things over. ‘Panama Lil’ was the name given by the boys to a woman who ran one of the gambling-saloons. She had her place all fixed up fancy with glass prisms hanging on the lamps



THE INSIDE OF A GOLD MINE.

and everything. It looked pretty gay and nice when a man had been off up the river all summer; and I guess the boys looked pretty good to her when they came back with good-sized sacks of gold, because more of them spent the evening at her place than at any of the others. Some way, the others didn't feel so comfortable.— Isn't it funny now to think of what seemed cozy and comfortable in those days?— Well, Denny and I were to blame for the downfall of Panama Lil. It isn't anything to boast about; but we were all used to square-dealing in those days, and it went pretty hard on any one who wouldn't play that way. One night after Denny and I had been in Lil's place we came out and looked funny at one another. Every one knew that Lil made lots of money; but that night she had made more than usual. And both of us had our suspicions. At the same time we had observed that she was playing crooked with loaded dice. But we wouldn't let the matter rest on suspicions, so the next night we went back. The game was being played as usual for fifty-dollar gold slugs. Denny and I both stepped in and watched what Lil was doing — she was up to her old game — so we stayed in and won \$250 apiece. Then when she saw what we were doing, she said we couldn't play any more. That was enough to satisfy us, however, so we took our five hundred dollars like two young fools and went out and spent it. How? Well, we went and bought supper for one thing and what a supper it was! We had everything that we wanted, and as the best there was in the market was being brought up to Yale at that time, because it was bought by miners with big bags of gold, we had a grand feast. Eggs were a dollar apiece and they tasted mighty good because we hadn't eaten any for a long time.

I always liked pie and I had all the pie I wanted that night, although they were little ones smaller than your hand and they cost \$2.50 apiece. There was fruit that had been shipped up the coast from Chili and Peru and they made you pay enough for it to reward the skippers who brought it. But Denny and I ate more than we had eaten for six months I guess, all told. It's funny what a man will do when he has been without good food for a long time and suddenly finds it in front of him. Well, and that wasn't all; for we told about it. We told the other boys and not one of them would go in Panama Lil's place again, so as she didn't think it looked 'healthy' for her, she closed up and got out of town as fast as she could. It wasn't very safe for any one caught cheating in those days, you know. Her place was right down there on Front Street.

The speaker directed his finger toward the river bank on which cattle were grazing. "It was right near Barnard's stables, you know, the Barnard who ran stages on the Cariboo Road. The boats used to tie up over there — and the stages used to come in here. I tell you those were lively days. People used to wait for the stages to arrive and after welcoming the newcomers with a cheer, gather around and listen to the stories about the newest gold finds. Men went up from here in the spring with barely a shirt on their backs, and then came back in the fall rich. It was all pretty exciting, because you never knew which ones would find the gold. As I said before, however, the men in front of me and the men behind me would get bags of it; but I never got a great deal, never came back rich after the summer's work. But I don't complain. I've got enough to provide all the tobacco I want to smoke; and look what happened to Dutch Bill,

he found the gold and the others brought it back down the river."

"Dutch Ned" and I walked along Front Street, which to-day is little different from any of the grassy hillsides on the banks of the Fraser River. Once or twice, however, we scuffed the grass aside and saw a pile of stones which had been a part of the foundation of this or that structure in the 'Sixties, but which has entirely disappeared, all but the stones. Where there was once a gambling saloon with prism lamps and where gold nuggets changed hands, a bent and gray-haired Indian was hobbling about feeding a pig that seemed to share his shack with him. A little further along we were still walking in the grass, but the ground seemed hard and I observed the ruts of wheels in crushed stone. "This was the beginning of the Cariboo Road" said Stout, "but, like Yale, they haven't any use for it any more." And Edward Stout, aged ninety-four, walked briskly back to his cottage gate, puffing his pipe and apparently rather pleased that he had met some one who liked to "talk history," as he expressed it.

"Have you lived in this cottage since you came to Yale?" I asked.

"Land sakes, no! I've only been here about forty years. Used to live down the road a bit nearer the river."

"Dutch Ned" has watched the river flow past his door for nearly sixty years. He saw Yale born, grow to be a lusty adult and die. He saw the steamboats and the stages arrive and depart forever. He watched the railroad come and remain; and the men and various carriers of British Columbia have passed him with over \$70,000,000 worth of placer gold. As he approaches

the century mark he has not many of the dollars in his own possession, but, as he says, he has enough for smoking tobacco and he has many pleasant memories.

Yale will ever be recalled as the western terminus of the trail that led from the head of navigation to the gold fields. Amazing remnants of the roadway's basket-like construction around rocky cliffs and over the Fraser's torrent still remain and are seen at several points along the river from a railway observation platform or a car window. Sometimes the route is close to the water's edge so that during the early summer floods the water comes close to the foundations that from a distance appear to be the size of match-sticks, although close examination shows them to be logs of rather formidable dimensions. From the deep valley the trail makes quick turns over rocky chasms and starts up the mountain-side. On precipitous cliffs a shelf was cut from the solid rock, or the shelf rested upon upturned logs. The trail circles mountains, so that it runs high above the tallest tree-tops and then plunges abruptly into canyons and falls away again to only a few feet above water level. As one views it to-day, compared to modern engineering works of similar nature, it is easy to understand that it might have been a boon to pedestrians who were covering the difficult path towards El Dorado. Even a pack-horse might have made its way, hugging the rocky walls, but to recall that six- or eight-team wagons and caravans made up of treasure-cars once passed this way — sometimes at a gallop if contemporary records may be believed — gives the old Cariboo Road added interest, and one strains his eyes as the train speeds along endeavouring to trace every yard of the spectacular pathway. In many places it has merged itself with the railway roadbed; elsewhere it has

become grass-grown and covered from sight by tangled shrubs and vines, but there are points at which it is still in prime condition and seems strong enough to support heavy loads to-day, for while the logs have rotted, huge boulders have moved to the outside of the shelf so overhanging ledges that have broken away since the wreck that was caused by the building of the railroad, have fallen into the path and during the years they have lain there have pressed their faces deep into the soil and made a lasting foundation. One who leaves the train at Yale and traces the old pathway discernible from deep ruts in the cobblestone pavement now overgrown with tall grass has little difficulty in marking the exact route covered by the stages that were eagerly looked for by the Yale crowds, who knew that each fresh arrival would bring new stories of quick fortune, and exhibit the bags of gold as proof of his words.

Long before white men found this golden trail the Indians were following it as the only pathway through a district that replenished their larder with salmon, which seems to have been their principal article of food in summer and in winter. The way was first pointed to white men by Simon Fraser, who gave his name to the river and who records in his journal of 1808: "As for the road by land, we could scarcely make our way even with only our guns. I have been for a long period among the Rocky Mountains but have never seen anything like this country. It is so wild that I cannot find words to describe the situation at times. We have to pass where no human being should venture; in these places there is a regular footpath impressed or rather indented, upon the very rocks by frequent travel. We had to pass many difficult rocks, defiles, precipices through which there was

a kind of beaten path practiced by natives and made passable by means of scaffolds, bridges, ladders so peculiarly constructed that it required no small degree of necessity, dexterity and courage in strangers to undertake.

“ For instance, we had to ascend precipices by means of ladders composed of two long poles placed upright with sticks tied crossways with twigs; upon the ends of these others were placed and so on to any height; add to this that the ladders were often so slack that the smallest breeze put them in motion, swinging them against the rocks, while the steps leading from scaffold to scaffold were often so narrow and irregular that they could scarcely be traced by the feet without the greatest care and circumspection; but the most perilous part was where another rock projected over the one we were clearing. The Indians certainly deserve our grateful remembrance for their able assistance through this alarming situation. The descents were, if possible, still more difficult; in these places we were under the necessity of trusting our things to the Indians; even our guns were handed from one to the other. Yet they thought nothing of it; they went up and down these wild places with the same agility as sailors do on board a ship.”

As this first chronicler observes, the trail was that of the Indians and it is likely that it would have remained little more than a well-made trail for many years if the men who followed the river's course from the ocean had not found golden sands, which was proof enough to spur them to great dangers and hardships, that there were vast quantities of the treasure upstream. Their hopes were more than realized, and it was the duty and privilege of the young province at the head of which was Sir James

Douglas, known as the "King of Roads," to make the road as easy for them as possible. This seems to have been a distinguishing mark of all great peoples; they built roads. It was a part of the great imperial policy of Rome; by its roads its conquests in Europe, Asia and Africa may be traced to-day. It was the policy of ancient Egypt and China, just as it has been of mighty nations in modern times. Confucius advised judging a nation by its music; but its roads are likewise suggestive of its condition and of its future. Douglas was looking far ahead to the present day and to the great future; and although severely criticized for expenditures in the matter of road-building, it is known that he contemplated more ambitious enterprises than his span of life permitted him to realize. He was the moving force back of the construction of the great Cariboo Road, but he received valuable assistance from the Royal Engineers who were summoned to the new colony, and from several other men, some of whom are still living. One of them, Walter Moberly of Victoria, played an important rôle and he relates many amusing stories of the construction days, when many of the labourers in the "gang" were Chinese. Once when he was on his way from Cook's Ferry to Lytton, he stopped to inspect a large camp of celestials, where an insistent plea soon went up for him to provide them a pig for the proper celebration of a festival which was soon to arrive on the calendar. Realizing that their request was almost impossible to grant, owing to the scarcity of all domestic animals so far inland, he attempted to convince them by argument that their request or demand was absurd. They were in the wilderness and should be reasonable enough to demand wilderness fare — even when they were celebrating.

But he was particularly anxious not to incur their displeasure, which might result in a delay to the great work upon which they were engaged, so he finally told them that he would see what he could do. He knew of a settler who had two pigs and he made it known that he wanted the animals; but pork suddenly became more valuable than ever before and the owner demanded two hundred dollars apiece for his darlings, which he had brought from the coast with much difficulty. Moberly went back to the Chinese and reported; but the excessive price made no difference to them. They were about to celebrate a festival, and how could they do it properly without roast pig? Unable to answer the question, and realizing that many times four hundred dollars might be at stake, the pigs were purchased, roasted, and the Chinese were satisfied.

When the road was completed it was necessary for some one to organize transportation and the man arose in F. J. Barnard, who had arrived at Yale as an emigrant with only five dollars in his purse. In 1862 he had a "pony express" between Yale and the Cariboo country, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles. He charged two dollars each for delivering letters and one dollar apiece for newspapers. In time, "Barnard's Express" came to be an institution in the colony and he became a wealthy man in consequence. In the newspapers of New Westminster or Victoria of the period one finds such items as "Barnard's stage arrived at Yale on Sabbath bringing a Cariboo express with \$130,000 in treasure." As his business increased, he improved the service and finally heavy stage-coaches drawn by four or six horses dashed along the roadway that seems in many places to hang in the air like the rails of a "switch-

back" at an amusement park. It was an expensive luxury, however, as the single fare from Yale to Richfield was \$130 exclusive of meals and accommodations at the roadhouses along the route. Meals consisting of bacon, beans, slapjacks and tea cost \$2.50 each. But it was necessary to make what now seem to have been excessive charges. Hay was \$35 a ton at Yale, and \$250 a ton at Barkerville; and horses required it if they were to be kept in fit condition for the perilous journey along the great highway. It was possible to purchase horses in Oregon for about \$200 each at this time; but the purchase price had doubled by the time the animals reached Yale. By 1872, however, Barnard had over two hundred horses in the service. Passenger coaches were brought from California and safes were placed in specially constructed wagons for the purpose of carrying the gold with what was at that time considered the greatest precaution, and a regular service of two passenger stages each way weekly was installed. They were started when the steamer from Victoria reached Yale and run on dependable schedule time.

It seems marvelous that there were so few accidents, but the newspapers of the province chronicle several hairbreadth escapes that must have been fully as trying to the nerves of the occupants of the coaches as a modern railway wreck would be if passengers finally reached safe ground after having experienced a head-on collision on a suspension bridge over the Niagara rapids. Much depended upon the drivers, of course, and as the best men were hunting for gold, once they reached the district where it was known to be within easy reach, it was not always possible to procure the services of men who were fitted by temperament or habits for the difficult feat of

driving horses over the highway. The editors of the day seem to have been expecting "big news" from the Cariboo Road every day or every hour and, while it proved to be a great newsgiver, there were few serious accidents and no plunges of passengers, driver, horses, stages and treasure into the Fraser torrent, which must have been momentarily expected.

In the *British Columbian* in August, 1865, however, appeared the following account of an incident on the Road that would be worthy of the pen of a novelist:

"Just after leaving the Ninety-Mile House the driver, who was intoxicated, commenced whipping his horses furiously and kept them at full gallop for about two miles, when one of the wheels struck a stone, causing the tongue to break in two; the jagged end coming in contact with the horses' flanks rendered them completely ungovernable and they dashed on at full speed, the wagon swaying from side to side and bounding over the stony Road in a most alarming manner. At length they neared a part of the Road running along a high bank and the passengers fearing that they might be hurled down the precipice with one exception (an invalid) sprang out of the wagon, several being injured by the fall. A well-known Cyprienne who was the first to leap out had her leg severely sprained. Had not the driver been too drunk, the wagon might have been stopped by the use of the brakes; as it was, it fortunately passed the dangerous spot in safety and brought up at the next ascent. The same party had a narrow escape coming over the very dangerous portion of the Road known as Chinaman's Bluff, about twenty miles above Yale. The Road at that point is a narrow track blasted out from the cliff, the turbulent stream of the Fraser rolling several hundred

feet below. The stage was passing this point one night, it being very dark, when suddenly one of the four horses began to rear and plunge so frightfully that the passengers momentarily expected to be hurled into the abyss below. The driver, however, who on this occasion was a careful and steady man, managed to unhitch the fractious animal and the remainder of the way to Yale was safely accomplished with three horses."

CHAPTER XIII

ORCHARDS AND LAKES

ONLY a few years ago as time goes, Thomas Ellis, like so many others known as the "Cattle King," owned a big ranch at the extreme southern end of Lake Okanagan. They reckoned property by miles rather than by acres in those days, and Ellis' property ran away off beyond the lake almost to the International Boundary. It was like many other vast "estates" in early British Columbia; it covered so much territory that the owner barely knew by personal observation exactly where it stopped or where it began, excepting as in this instance it bordered on a lake. A boat of some description came down the lake at irregular intervals, brought supplies and provisions for the big ranch and took away a cargo of cattle that had fattened on the picturesque range that stretched through and included mountains, valleys and rivers. "Tom" Ellis, as he is affectionately called today by the natives of the city that has grown up near his old ranch house, had the opportunity to observe the Indians at close range, because they were his neighbours, dwelling along the shores of the lake, where a paternal government has permitted them to remain. Red Men have frequently felled trees to suit their purpose; but these Indians seem to have been planters of trees, thus being almost unique among savage tribes. They were fruit trees and the fruit was of such an exceptional nature that Ellis followed their example. He also planted fruit trees, which is believed to be directly responsible for

what seems likely to become one of the principal industries of the rich province of British Columbia, for there are men who believe that after the fish have been taken from the sea, after the timber has been leveled to the ground, and after the hills have given their full mineral treasure to man, the province will turn to agriculture and that the most remunerative branch of it will be fruit culture. "Tom" Ellis planted fruit trees and they bore fruit that excited nation-wide comment. The "old-timer" likes to relate that one of those cherry trees bore one thousand pounds of fruit every year until it died. And such fruit! World's fairs have distinguished Okanagan fruit with medals and prizes for its size, colour and flavour. And yet it is a British Columbia industry almost as new as automobile and phonograph manufacture are elsewhere.

It was inevitable, a land company was formed and took over the Ellis ranch. The possibilities of fruit culture was the inspiration. An irrigation system costing nearly \$200,000 was installed, and at the end of the lake the foundations were laid for the present city of Penticton, where Indian tribes were wont to meet to plan for war or to smoke the pipe of peace, literally "the place where all ways meet," *Pen-tic-ton*, and the Indian nomenclature was retained. The usual western "boom" followed and has continued. Prospective settlers came to the new city and to dozens of lesser communities that began to spring up along the lake shore. What had been "wilderness" or "desert" to the layman and merely a big cattle ranch to those who were better acquainted with the circumstances, suddenly became a Mecca for colonists and home-seekers, the majority of whom had considerable money in their purses and who were captivated by the location and the prospects of a future home set among

orchards and gardens. The boat that had been ample for demands of travel on the lake at irregular intervals began a daily schedule. More boats and larger ones were built and the sailings were made to connect with trains that met the trans-continental trains on the main line east and west. The territory was not developing into one great city of skyscrapers and banks, but into many small cities and towns of homes as pleasantly located as could be imagined anywhere. The railroad built a big hotel at Penticton for the accommodation of tourists and smaller hotels sprung up along the beautiful lake shore of "shelved" or terraced orchards. "Tom" Ellis' cherry trees may be thanked for it all; and conditions have now reached a pass where the tourist will enjoy himself immensely by including this "tour of the lakes" in his itinerary, but where it has become one of the "high spot" features of the trip through the Canadian Rockies and should not be overlooked by one who desires to include much that was hitherto neglected, but has much to prompt a traveler's enthusiastic praise. The trip which appears to be rather complicated when outlined on a railway map, develops with ease when undertaken. Railway and steamboat connections have been perfected after considerable experiment to accommodate a constantly increasing traffic, and the easterner with previously formed ideas of what traveling in the Far West must be like after leaving the main line of the railroads will necessarily correct his errors with much speed.

Going eastward from Yale the train hugs the precipitous banks of the Fraser River and shoots through a tunnel near what is known locally as "Lady Franklin Rock," which balances itself in the swift water and parts the stream. The train soon reaches Spuzzum where



Courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

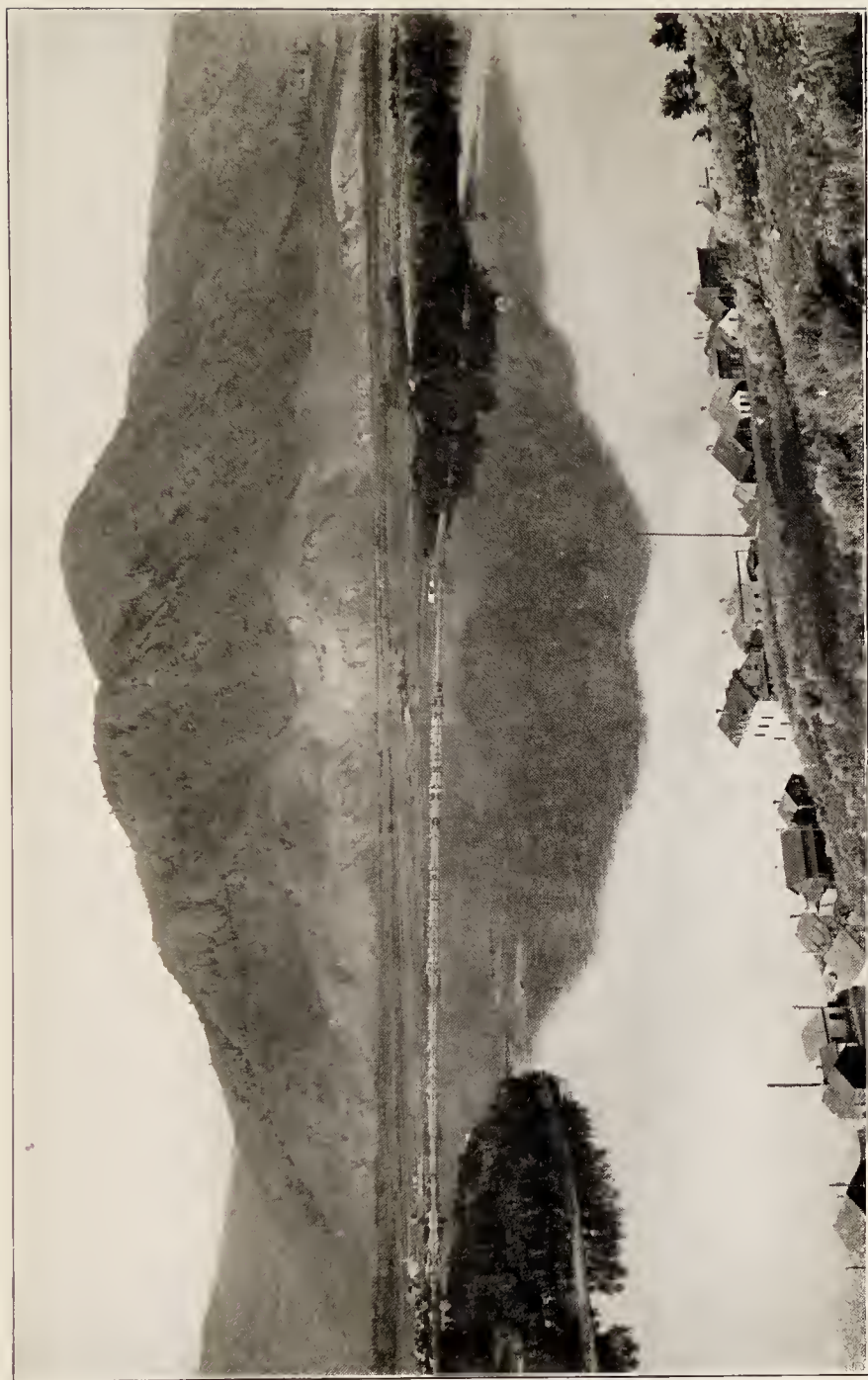
INDIANS SPEARING SALMON.

Simon Fraser camped in June, 1808, believing the river to be the Columbia. Up to Spuzzum everything seems a foretaste of what is to follow. The scene becomes more rugged, the rocks are higher, the channel of the river narrower and the waters foam in their rush toward the sea. The region is still the home of salmon-spearing Indians, whose ancestors resented the coming of the white invader, but who now look up at the car windows with a listless expression as they stand on improvised platforms built over the rapids or place the day's catch on racks to dry in the sun. It is preferable to take this ride in the spring when the melting snow in the mountain has filled the canyons and splashes down the rock walls of the mountains to the river. At Hell's Gate the stream is squeezed between two projecting crags that shoot the water and debris into the air where they strike defiant rocks and are hurled back into the whirlpool below. The old Cariboo Road crossed the river at Spuzzum and shreds of the old suspension bridge are still visible as they shot out from the roadway among cliffs that rise two hundred feet from the water's edge. It is comfortable to sit in a Pullman car or on the observation platform and observe these tell-tale survivals of the perilous pathway, a sturdy, gone-forever past.

After plunging through a veritable riot of surprising landscape, the train emerges at North Bend, which has a somewhat spacious hotel and grounds near the station, known principally to hunters, but a comfortable and exhilarating spot for at least a brief stop-over amid the hills and just above the river which here becomes more placid, the calm that precedes the awful plunge at Hell's Gate. The rails soon leave the Fraser and take to the canyon of the Thompson River, which is on a more ma-

jestic scale than the valley just penetrated. Towering banks are on either side and the rails run along little shelves of rock, making it possible to look at the water below and to the peaks overhead. The train climbs to Lytton, which is but a shadow of its former importance in the days of gold. At Ashcroft it is possible to take a motor stage to Barkerville, through a region of "dry-belt" that is being reclaimed by "dry" farming and irrigation. When the Canadian Pacific railway was being constructed the officials thought, for no particular reason except operating necessity, that this was the place for a station, and as the ranch passed was called "Ashcroft" the name was appropriated, a signboard painted and a station built. In later years the town and the immediate region has assumed considerable importance. The ride to Barkerville by motor is along the trail of the early gold-hunters and through regions where sensational discoveries a half century ago attracted the world's attention to the coast province. Beyond Ashcroft is Kamloops Lake and the eastern side of the Coast Range of mountains. The cliffs are highly coloured and protrude through huge masses of myrtle green foliage, while in June the sides of the railway tracks are almost gardens of blossoming field lilies, often as large as the cultivated species in lands that seem more favoured by rainfall.

Kamloops is a town of considerable size and pretensions, which has grown around the old trading-post of the fur companies. Among cities of mushroom growth in the province it is aged, having been a "center of population" for over a century. Its name, derived from the Indian "meeting of the waters," refers to its location at the junction of the North and South Thompson rivers,



JUNCTION OF THOMPSON RIVERS NEAR KAMLOOPS.

on a picturesque land cove. In the old day it was the great half-way house of the northern brigade bringing produce to the Pacific coast, after the overland route was discarded as a waste of energy for the sea route by way of Hawaii and the Horn. There were lively days around the trading-post here, for in addition to thrilling episodes in which the factors and their men figured, the fort entertained most of the important personages who were making the great journey, and several of them figured in a series of episodes that some one has observed read like the tales of Scottish border warfare, but which are frequently tinged with the more exotic or Oriental flavour of the Corsican or Sardinian vendetta. One thinks of the latter, for example, when reading the story of Tranquille, after whom the nearby river and village were named; a story rescued from the past by Hubert Howe Bancroft, who so frequently performed a similar mission in this interesting Northwest. The story goes that Tranquille and Chief Factor Black had engaged in a verbal battle concerning a gun which another Indian had left at the post. Matters were satisfactorily settled, however, and the chief went home in his usual health, but immediately fell ill. His squaw quickly put the blame upon the "medicine" of the white man. The chief denied this and before expiring he asked his friends to bury him in the "white man's fashion." Black sent a coffin and the ceremony was performed as requested by the deceased; but the widow wailed piteously, not because of the death of her husband, but because "all our men are cowards now." Her young nephew struck her in the face and told her to be quiet, whereupon she publicly taunted him with being brave enough to strike an old woman, and not being man enough to avenge his

uncle's death. So the boy arose and went to the post where he was well received and given a pipe to smoke. As Black was passing him the young Indian raised a gun and fired. The trader dropped dead, and in the confusion that followed the murderer escaped and went toward the Cariboo. When the factor's successor arrived, however, he demanded the capture and execution of the boy. In time he was found, but as he was being brought back to the post in a boat he gave a sudden jerk, capsized it and would have made another escape but for the loyal Indians who observed him from the bank and shot him so that his lifeless body sank in the stream.

Another story relates to the celebrated botanist, James Douglas, who gave his name to the towering fir tree of the coast. Douglas had stopped at the Kamloops fort and with Chief Factor Black, another Scotchman, he formed a friendship which ripened as the days passed. While they were over their cups one night the conversation drifted to the Hudson's Bay company. "There is not an officer in the company with a soul above a beaver skin," declared Douglas. The Factor sprang to his feet and challenged his friend to fight a duel with him, but as it was late the event was postponed until the morning. When the sun came above the horizon Black rapped at the door of the guest's room and asked: "Meester Douglas, a' ye ready?" The botanist declined to fight and a night's sleep had cooled the brain of the man who had challenged him, so they renewed the friendship that had been suddenly shattered by a tactless remark.

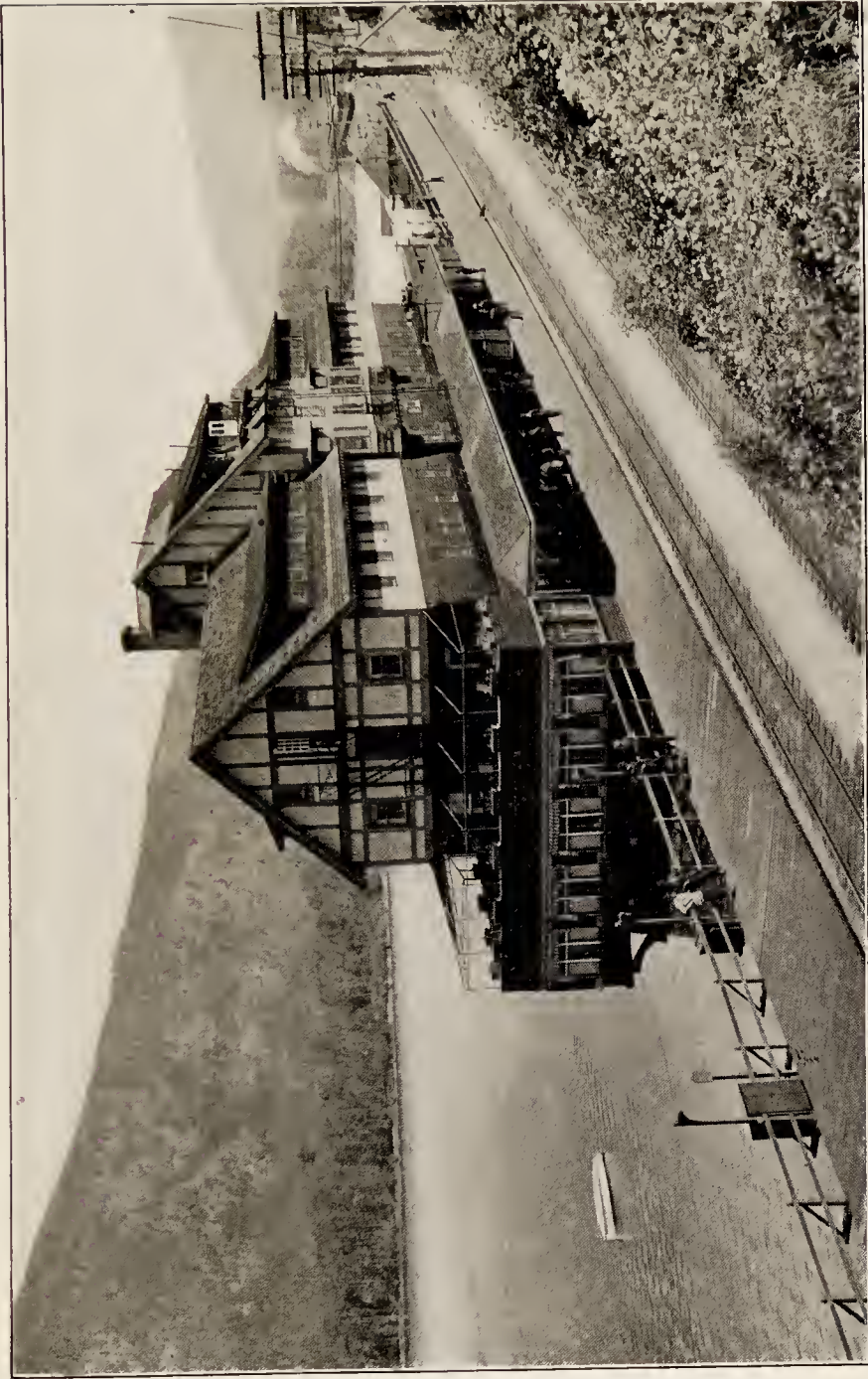
Kamloops has come upon prosperous and less romantic days. It has a population that has been placed as high as five thousand, and one who chances to pass through the town on an early evening train imagines that fully that

number of pedestrians are promenading the station platform during the pause of about a quarter-hour in the journey. One gains the impression that the arrival of the train is one of the notable social events of the day. A big electric sign near the station flashes the words *TRY KAMLOOPS* and the citizens seem to take pride in proving that they followed the advice. And it is an interesting spectacle to watch the promenading groups on the station platform, including Indians in an adaptation of what is considered "native" costume, squaws in flaming scarlet sweaters and with green or purple handkerchiefs knotted around their heads, cowboys in fantastic and theatrical outfits of the American magazine cover variety, Chinese of various ages, young men about town wearing "sport" shirts, and girls!—girls elaborately and gaudily costumed as if for a carnival or costume ball. I saw several of them remain in their motor cars until the train had stopped, whereupon they bounded to the platform and joined in the promenade. One of these wore a Tyrian purple gown trimmed with a profusion of gold fringes; another carried a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses. Low ballroom slippers of once delicate shades were the rule—strangely noticeable in an assembly where their sisters of darker skin wore moccasins! Life in Kamloops must be gay, if one may be permitted to judge from a glance.

It is possible to leave the train here and proceed down the line over fifty miles to Sicamous by launch, through the river, Shuswap Lake and along Salmon Arm, a pretty region through which the rails are usually close to the water's edge. The train that leaves Vancouver early in the morning reaches this point as darkness comes, and as it is one of the most popular trains for trans-Canada

travelers the territory is not so well known as that which is penetrated by the day trains. And this is unfortunate. One should not pass anywhere between Vancouver and Banff in the night hours, unless pressed for time; and one of the most inviting spots for the night stop-over — in fact a hotel built for the accommodation of leisurely going tourists — is Sicamous, a place that for beauty of situation reminds one of a sequestered inn by a lake in Switzerland or Italy. The rails run close to the edge of the lake, so the hotel is principally on piling over the water, with balconies and rooms that command a charming view. It has been said that “nobody lives at Sicamous,” because there was no more room after the railway built the hotel. But as I walked down the platform to the pier, from which steamers make the delightful trip around Shuswap Lake, named for the Indian tribe that inhabited its shores when the white men came and which still has a reservation of them in the neighbourhood, I was surprised to hear the voices of a dozen or fifteen children. They were scrambling up the rocks to the little schoolhouse that is perched upon an eminence that overlooks a scene much like that at Lakes George and Champlain. The teacher was on the steps awaiting them and ringing a bell. The little folks stood around in a group as the British flag was raised, saluted it, sang the national hymn and then filed in to the day’s lessons. So there are a few inhabitants here, although they are invisible from the railroad.

The rails carry one to the door of this hotel, which seems a Good Samaritan Inn for the people who like to enjoy the quiet magnificence of lake, mountain, river, pine forest and scenery unbroken by smoking chimney pots, frame dwelling and roofs. “Yes, we pride ourselves on



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

HOTEL AT SICAMOUS.

keeping vases of wild flowers everywhere in the hotel during the entire summer. We have the pageantry of the floral season," said the manager when I commented upon the profusion of wild columbine, moccasin flowers and other bloom from the forests scattered over various tables. Orchids, hundreds of them at a summer hotel in the mountains! Just across the lake there is excellent deer hunting and caribou are plentiful; but the angler is the sportsman who will be particularly gratified. A few strokes of the paddle from the hotel steps brings one into deep water and this water seems alive with trout waiting to be caught. I have seen men awaiting a railway connection for the South, take a canoe and spend no more than thirty minutes on the lake and yet come back with strings of fish that look like the "Good Day's Catch" advertisements of the magazines. Guests who arrive at night frequently rise an hour earlier than usual for the purpose of making sure of catching their own fish for breakfast and having good time to enjoy them before the departure of trains East, West or South.

I believe that if statistics were available they would show that the large majority of tourists keep to the main line, but it is certain that when the great lake district to the South becomes better known it will not be overlooked by the summer traveler. I have crossed the Rockies many times and in the course of other years I have found myself among several of the celebrated mountain systems of the world, but I can say without hesitation that there are scenes to the south of Sicamous that will not suffer by comparison to the most famous beauty spots in the itineraries of world travel. One requires only a few days' additional time to make the circular side-trip of which mention will follow, and these days will be

remembered among all days of journeys abroad or at home. The little circuit shoots south to Penticton, thence over the Kettle Valley route to Midway, to Nelson with several optional extensions to include Kootenay Lake and the Arrow Lakes, which are merely a broadening of the Columbia River, and one arrives back at the main line ready for the mighty plunge into the most majestic scenery of the Rockies, but having enjoyed an experience which he would barely exchange for any similar time in the tour.

The branch train from Sicamous, equipped with parlour car service equal to that of the main line, threads the shores of Mara Lake, around which are towering tree-covered hills. It also comes close to Shuswap River along which the "pioneers" seem lately to have arrived. They are cutting the trees and building roads, bridges and villages, which shows their unbounded faith in the district which was passed by those who hurried on in the mad rush to procure property on Okanagan Lake, when it was found to be a "land where orchards bloom"—and where the orchards make independent men of their owners in a few seasons. Horses and cattle are in this stumpland already, and further along there are a few towns and villages, notable among which is Vernon, that have already become prosperous as a result of fruit and vegetable raising. Where the stumps are still standing, I saw splendid fields of celery, onions and other vegetables that flourish in the rich dark loam that was covered with forest primeval until a few years ago. This is still considered to be "far interior" of British Columbia: it is a "wild" country, and after one has ascended the valley of the Fraser, after he knows that he has passed the Cascade Range and gone south of that great high-



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

KETTLE VALLEY RAILROAD, OVERLOOKING OKANAGAN LAKE.

way of rails over which it has been the pleasure of passengers to ride at top speed, it is something of a surprise when the train emerges from a deep forest and stops beside a lake as attractive to the eye as any of those sapphire waters of which he has obtained a glance from the car window. It is a surprise, because this is the "end of the line." But one is not left in this wilderness; for tied to the dock is the big three-decked steamer that is scheduled to meet the incoming train.

It is close to the noon hour and the experienced traveler inquired from a train man if it would not be a wise precaution to fortify himself with a couple of sandwiches at the railway station. This is the out-of-the-way portion of British Columbia; perhaps the steamer's owners do not think of the comfort and convenience of the passengers, as one has frequently found to be the case under similar conditions far to the east of British Columbia. The train man laughs: "I guess you are a stranger, all right." This admitted, he continues: "yes, you'll find all accommodations aboard ship." Here on a lake in the British Columbia hinterland is a fine ship, with a great lounging room, a fine observation deck enclosed within glass windows, and a luncheon similar to that which is served on the famous "*Empress*" greyhounds that cross to the Orient from Vancouver and Victoria! Quickly after the arrival of the train there is a signal, all of the passengers and cargo are on board, and the steamer starts on its zigzag cruise of the lake that brings it to the other end in time for dinner at Penticton. Here again one steps into the wilderness, but with all the luxury of travel that might be expected anywhere in the East. The country is "new"; even its principal cities and towns. In some of the smaller ham-

lets log cabins are visible, perhaps a few shacks of recent arrivals, because people came so rapidly that there were not enough carpenters to put up the more substantial dwellings for which their owners were prepared to pay cash; but the majority of these "westerners" live in good homes, however, dwellings that were built for the future as well as for the present. It is a well-known fact that the majority of settlers in this region brought fat purses when they came, and it is whispered that it is one of the favourite regions for those Britishers who may expect "remittances" from home as regularly as the calendar indicates a certain day each month. The people who come down to the rustic piers to meet the incoming steamer are not the usual "country louts" of eastern villages, but in the majority of cases are well to do, educated and well groomed people of the sort who make cities of progress.

It is a ride of about sixty-five miles across Okanagan Lake, as the crow flies; but the steamer does not follow any such route and cruises over eighty-five miles in making the trip, sometimes nearer a hundred miles, because she answers signals from the shore on "flag days," and the traveler is glad to find that almost all days are so designated. Some of these piers are little more than wooden pathways that lead down into the water from dense forest. Always looking beyond the bow of the steamer the hills roll to the water's edge, row after row or range upon range, while away beyond, on a clear day, one sees still higher peaks covered with snow that glistens in the sunshine and appears to be a waving fleecy cloud.

At Kelowna, a town with over three thousand population, there is a pavilion to watch the water sports near the pier, a park and streets that are busy with the trade



from something like fifty thousand acres of fruit land, much of which has already paid big tribute to cultivation. The landing-stage swarms with the smartly costumed throng which has assembled to bid "bon voyage" to those who are departing. In their farewells one notes a decided English accent and a friendliness that is almost that of fellow exiles, but they would resent any "sympathy" on that score. Most of them are here from choice; they prefer Kelowna to anywhere else. The feminine population wears bright coloured silk sweaters, Panama hats with bright bands — they seem almost to have become infected with the Indian's love for flashy colours — silken hose, fine American "boots" and gowns the latest cut, all purchased with last year's harvest of fruit that is coming to have a name that means as much as Red River oranges or California grapes. Kelowna peaches, pears, plums, cherries and strawberries! The advertisements are true; one who tastes them, cares for no other. And with all this money-making in most agreeable surroundings, the best traditions of England have been maintained, although somewhat adapted to the new surroundings. Here is no suggestion of the Briton of Victoria, but the out-door loving Englishman and the English woman of ambition and rather athletic tendency. They revel in the beautiful free life of the country and are convinced that it is the most attractive spot in the whole empire. It is a locality that is producing young ladies who would readily be recognized by their American sisters as "English," but they are the English girls who have tennis racket in hand rather than those willowy Burne-Jones types who seem to be imitating the figures on stained glass windows.

Peachland, Summerland, Naramata are much the same,

prosperous communities most of which owe their life to the orchards that cover the "shelves" of the lake bank. Most of them have comfortable hotels, "Belle Vue," "Bella Vista" and "Buena Vista," with an occasional tribute to English royalty in their names, that are equipped to entertain all visitors who pass this way and are so charmed with the surroundings that they "break" the lake trip by stopping over until the steamer next day or next week. There was one notable exception, however, a pier that was reached a few minutes after leaving Kelowna. It was more what the average easterner believes the "Far West" to be like; and yet so speedy is the growth of these towns that are reclaimed from forest lands that one imagines that conditions will have altered ere these lines are in print. The place is called West Bank. A young "cow boy," lasso and all the "trimmings" on his horse, came down to the edge of the pier at a full gallop and deposited a sack of mail in the hands of a ship's officer. On the bank there was a fine crop of sage brush through which a meandering trail was visible from the deck. It seemed almost the waste lands of Arizona; but here were the waters of the lake, and we had seen Kelowna such a short distance away! One place remained as it was and another had responded to the hand of man. A stolid Indian was sitting on the pier, seemingly the only other "inhabitant" of the place. He did not take any interest in the arrival of the steamer and looked off in the opposite direction. It is possible that over beyond the "shelf" there are orchards and "colonists"—the mail sack suggested that possibility—but it was weird, this stopping of a big steamer at a port where there were only two men, only a sack of mail for cargo!

As evening is approaching the steamer pulls up to the

wharf at Penticton, the "Hub of the Okanagan," "The Place Where All Ways Meet," the former site of Tom Ellis' ranch and the cherries that started immigration in this direction and not only caused a city to rise as if by magic but also prompted the building of other towns and villages that border the misty waters. Some one around the big hotel that was erected by the railway for the entertainment of as many guests as are likely to pass this way for many years handed me a slip of paper, when I asked for information about the city. One side of the slip was covered with a photographic reproduction of the city viewed from the lake and the other contained the stereotyped statement that this was a town that offered much to home-seekers. Testimonial letters from "early settlers," who had been on the ground four or five years told of the amount of money they had made on small investments, of the number of bushels of peaches and apricots grown on small acreage, and of the improved facilities for getting fruit to market. There was only one sentence that interested me; only one that is likely to interest other tourists. "Penticton has been much blessed by nature." None who gave it even a passing glance could doubt that. One who stayed on for many days or weeks would doubtless be zealous in his repetition of this truism. It would not be exaggerating to say that there are few spots on earth where nature has been more lavish of her gifts. It is no borrowing from a real estate agent's pamphlet to say that one has seldom seen a place in his life that seemed more perfectly adapted to becoming the habitation of man, for while there is beauty to enchant him at all hours of the day and in every direction his eyes may follow, there is also an assurance of ample reward for his toil.

Majestic mountains hem in the city and the lake in a basin that has a mild climate, rarely too hot or too cold; on these mountain peaks, excepting in midsummer, are great drifts of snow. The lake is said by the scientists to serve as a thermostat which tempers the cold winds that sweep over nearby districts in winter and the hot gusts that parch fields in July and August. I have not seen the life here in winter but I have seen it in summer when it appears to be blissful and serene. When I inquired of an "old-timer" as to the principal winter occupation, he replied: "We spend our time chopping props to hold up the fruit-laden trees during the following summer." Many people have come here from the prairies of Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. "Life is dull in a flat country," they say. The prairie-lover retorts: "We do not care to be 'hedged in' by hills when we want to look beyond our own dooryards." And they both compromise by conceding that "what's food for one is poison for another"; but the weight of opinion would be in favour of the hills. And the hills where things grow as they grow in the sub-tropics! That may be claimed by the residents of the lake country.

Penticton's Front Street is a long avenue that skirts the end of the lake. Across the pavement are the sands of the beach and underneath the group of shade-trees are rustic benches for the townsfolk as if it were a park — enough seats almost for the entire urban population. Here is a fine club-house set out over the water. The depths usually float canoes and rowboats, and excellent bathing beaches extend the length of the town. Large, substantial bungalows of modern design and fine gardens border the highway. Little wonder that Earl Grey, when Governor General of Canada, saw conditions here

and said: "Fruit growing has acquired the distinction of being a beautiful art as well as a most profitable industry."

Penticton has wide cement walks in its principal streets and in other "streets" where large plots of ground are still stumpage, even along marshy districts not yet reclaimed, where tall cat-tails abound and where turtles may be seen sunning themselves on logs — five minutes' walk from the business center of stone and brick buildings. But this is not the most remarkable feature of life in this "boom" metropolis of the lake country. One also sees electric lights in tents occupied by newcomers who have not had time to erect bungalows, but who are enjoying the "luxury" of living in Penticton. Not far from these tent dwelling are shops that would compare favourably with those in any city of similar population in the world. "Our people want only the latest fashions and the best of everything," said a merchant, who stood in front of his store inspecting a new window display of gowns that had just arrived from New York. "You are surprised? You expected to find our girls wearing 'Mother Hubbards' away off here, I suppose. No, they are more particular about their costumes I imagine than they were when they lived in the East or in London. We've girls here who lived in the largest city in the world before they came here and they used to get gowns made from Paris models. And they haven't changed their ideas; they want the latest styles in Penticton; and, what's more, they get them, as you have doubtless observed."

And this demand of the girls and women for "style" is equalled by the demand of the men. They demand and have acquired municipal ownership of waterworks, electric light and irrigation. They have Single Tax. I

doubt if there is any region elsewhere in which a railroad offers its patrons so much as in this Canadian Pacific railway territory of Okanagan Lake. Here a crossing of the lake and a full stop at a wharf is made by the scheduled steamer for the purpose of delivering a bag of chicken-feed, a crate of eggs or a coil of rope. It is service such as many larger communities do not obtain from transportation companies; and the secret of it all must be that the big corporation is thinking of the future rather than of the present, of that day which it is predicted is not far off, when every available acre of land on Okanagan's shores will be sending its wonderful fruit to distant parts of Canada and to other countries.

And yet Okanagan is but one of a chain of lakes and rivers over which similar steamers run and where portages are made by fast railway connections, some of which have been recently installed and provide as good entertainment for tourists as the necessary communication with the outside world for the lake-dwellers, who have come to expect mail, express and freight deliveries as punctual as the apartment house resident of Toronto, Chicago or Los Angeles. I have no doubt that the "Tour of the British Columbia Lakes" will become as popular with travelers a few years hence as the Tour of the Mountains via main line has been in the past. It is a tour that has no equal on the Atlantic seaboard, either in Canada or in the United States and it is one that deserves to take its place along with those wonder days in the European itinerary that includes the Swiss Lakes, the Italian Lakes, the Amalfi Drive, or those marvelous twistings and turnings along the French or Italian Riviera.

CHAPTER XIV

“THE TOUR OF THE LAKES”

“I’VE been on those American switch-back, shoot-the-chutes, loop-the-loop scenic-railway affairs that you have at pleasure resorts to provide a thrill,” said a hotel clerk at the *Incola*, when I checked out and remarked that I was leaving by the morning train that goes to Nelson over the comparatively new Kettle Valley route, “but I am willing to admit that I never found out what a real thrill was like until I went over the Kettle Valley. Think of what I say when you find yourself out on a shelf of rock on top of the mountain and look down on Arrow Lakes! That makes the wildest thriller of Coney Island seem as tame as a canoe ride on Lake Okanagan. Remember what I say when you begin to slide along the edge of that shelf to the valley below. If you have ever looked at scenery that equals this — from the window of a railway car — well, they should give you a medal. But you haven’t; there isn’t any.”

I did recall the clerk’s words, not only once, but several times during the day’s ride. Not only when we were creeping along shelves far above the water, when we were sliding down the “chute” that borders the Arrow Lakes, but also when we were zigzagging up mountainsides, where the rails seem to follow a trail first made by goats, and when we were skimming along the banks of rivers close to waterfalls and rapids, or plunging around curves in the valley in which tall pines were reaching their

crests towards the sun. I recalled them when the locomotive seemed to have found gateways to mountain-passes and was plunging ahead past great snow-capped sentinels which seem, as one looks ahead, to bar all further progress. This, however, is what appears to be the case as the train enters other mountain-passes, when it is constantly turning sharp curves and the locomotive shoots from sight as if it had plunged its face into a cliff. One knows there has been no such accident, because the wheels turn at their usual pace. One by one the cars reach what seems to be the obstruction and they glide over the great mountain threshold into the ravine. What seemed to bar admission was but huge piles of rock standing like guardians of an enchanted land.

The morning train leaves Penticton at an early hour; but the hands of the clock are pointing on well toward noon when Penticton finally disappears from sight. From the shores of the lake one may follow the trail of the railway up the mountain side, if he look carefully and trace a worm-like path — that goes through the pine tops and finally fades from sight over the northern crest; but it is impossible to imagine the splendour of the view of the entire lake unless one has hung upon those benches of rock and viewed it from the several shelves that were carved by the railroad-builders. In the morning light it appears to be a huge sapphire set in a rim of emerald. It glistens, and the passing clouds cast weird reflections in its depths. The orchards at its shores spread their foliage on huge prongs — in reality cliffs jutting from the bank — holding the jewel in place and giving it an appropriate setting. A canoe seems to be no larger than a pin-prick; the steamer which seemed surprisingly large when one was a passenger is now but a toy barge. One traces

the shore-line until it fades from sight in the north; to the south until the waters narrow to the beach that is the front door of Penticton, on and on through that crooked, narrow stream to Okanagan Falls, fourteen miles south of the city. Off there is the Similkameen District that lies near the International Boundary. It is as if the traveler were a passenger in an aeroplane; the train with its curvings back and forth seems to be drifting on the wind. Certainly if the steamer were larger it would be possible to look straight down the funnel. Such is the sensation of being carried at a rapid pace to such dizzying heights! But the passenger should settle back in his chair and decline to become panicky. Greater thrills are in store. This is but a practice exhibition for the feats that the train is to perform later in the day. One continues to be awed, but comes to be surprised at nothing. If the engineer should decide to loop the loop that, too, might be possible! Who dares to measure the accomplishments of railway-builders of the present or the future! Nothing seems to be a permanent obstacle in their pathway. A few years ago this Kettle Valley route would have been considered an improbability or an impossibility; to-day it is a reality, and already those who frequently patronize the line look upon it as being worthy of little remark in this country of so many superlative marvels. It will be many years, however, before it fails to thrill even the most seasoned tourist who is used to trestles, bridges, mountains and lakes.

The train takes a running start from the little railway station that reaches to the pier in the lake. Circling far out among the orchards of the suburbs, it turns abruptly and begins the ascent. During the first three or four miles it keeps close to the first “bench” of the shore, but

gradually rising among the pine forests which it penetrates, it turns a curve and begins another ascent toward the South. One feels that he must have gone half the length of the entire lake; but here at the end of over an hour he is back in the neighbourhood of the city, the difference being that the train is far above the church spires down there in the valley, far, far above the tops of the cottonwood trees that line the shore at Front Street. Again a curve. The engine pants furiously under the task that it is performing, but there is no perceptible diminution of speed; it was built for climbing, and although the train is heavy, the engineer knows its powers. Again the journey is repeated toward the North, but in addition to looking down upon and across the lake it is possible to look down to the rails on the lower "bench" that were covered an hour before. The operation continues several times, the locomotive takes curves and spurts ahead again on a new grade and the cars follow. One looks out and sees the neat and prosperous little towns that line the valley on both sides of the lake; but the train is constantly withdrawing from them in its journey toward the summit of the mountain. Midway in the ascent there are great slits in the mountainside, ravines and canyons, the floor of which is carpeted with waving pines. The train shoots out upon trestles far above the topmost branches and is soon again on the stone or gravel shelf. The sensation from a car window is that of looking at motion pictures taken by a photographer in an aeroplane. Toward the summit the timberline is neared and the vegetation becomes sparse. The big blocks have been blasted from the pathway of the rails and they have gone tumbling down the mountainside, until they met an obstruction and piled up in



TRESTLE OF LOGS ON KETTLE VALLEY ROUTE.

rugged heaps, sometimes in fantastic manner supported by one projecting prong as if awaiting the slightest vibration that would send them tumbling down the incline, where gaining momentum they would crush everything in their path to the lake's bottom. In many ways it is the "wildest" region penetrated by a railroad in British Columbia. The only "houses" are the deserted log cabins that were occupied as construction camps. I wanted to send a telegram, but the conductor said: "We won't arrive at a telegraph office before three o'clock this afternoon." We were on some long hike into the wilderness, or traveling by ponies; at least this would have seemed to be the case, had not the good rate of speed continued.

Up near the summit we are on neighbourly terms with the surrounding peaks that are covered with snow summer and winter. They are higher and far distant, but many of them seem to be little more than a stone's throw across the valleys. Up here the air is chilly, even in a July noon; but we know that it is summer by the patches of flowers that bloom along the railroad tracks and because a few hours before we have seen fruit on the trees in the valley.

Finally, the streams caused by melting snow are running in the opposite direction. We have crossed a "divide" without being aware of it. The streams combine their courses and become the rapidly flowing Kettle River, along the banks of which the train now runs. Again we are in the valley, and in most ways it is like other valleys of the province, fertile meadows in which cattle graze, considerable plowed land and many farmhouses; but there is a difference, because it is a valley far up in the mountains. We recall the climb of the

morning and a glance around shows that the green fields are irrigated. We have arrived near Midway. There is a breezy, somewhat "western," group of people on the station platform.

"That big fellow is one of the best guides in British Columbia," said a railway man, indicating a huge, raw-boned male who was strutting along beside the train. Sombrero, chaps, rattling spurs and a bright scarf around his neck gave him distinction among the others. "When you want game — big game — he's the boy who can lead you to it."

"Ever come across deer beside the railway tracks; that is, do you ever see them from the car window?" I asked.

"Do we? Yes, and bear too! You know what they tell you about seeing zebra from the African railroads? Well, we can match any of those stories on this line with deer. Why, we've run straight into herds of them! Several times they were crossing the track and the engineer tooted his whistle for them to get out of the way. The train usually makes them panicky and if the herd is crossing the rails those behind will all attempt to follow the leaders. Just the other day many of them had crossed considerable distance ahead of the engine. The engineer tooted the whistle, because several were on the track. They gave a leap and reached safe ground in the underbrush — all but one. In his hurry to join the herd, and in fright, he tried to leap the fence and became impaled on a post. He was still there when the train passed, but the next day we looked and he was gone. The best way to see them is to come through here on a freight just at nightfall when they are going to water. Then you see them best of all if you can get permission to ride on the engine. The headlight confuses them and



they stand and look at it from the trackside. Bear, of course, are not so plentiful; but several times this season we have seen bears scampering off to the bush when the train intruded upon them. Like a number of people, they haven't yet heard that the Kettle Valley railroad has been built. When tourists begin to find it out, I expect the deer and bear will know it too, and they'll keep back from the tracks.”

Grand Forks is a town where the irrigated orchards are as well kept as the orange orchards of California. Consequently, and by reason of other favourable conditions, there is a demand in the markets for apples from this place. The river rushes along beside the rails, water seems to be plentiful; but the banks are dry. Logs begin to clog its passage and cover the surface of the water. They are on their way to the mill at Cascade, where the railroad crosses a deep slit in the rock and the water plunges over a high dam built of logs.

The rails begin to rise again on a shelf of rock and over the tops of the trees far down in the valley spreads Lake Christina, placid, glistening and bluish-green, like the other lakes of this forest land. The train proceeds along the pine- and spruce-clad banks, as earlier in the day it had skirted Okanagan Lake. “These are mineral-laden hills,” continues the trainman who admits that however the passengers along the route may feel about it he has the enthusiasm of a tenderfoot every time he makes the run, “only the surface has been scratched (an expression that one is to hear so often in this region). The prospectors have been too busy elsewhere.”

A “helper” engine is coupled on ahead of the “regular” and there is a steep climb, more difficult than any of the grades previously encountered. Up and up until

the summit of another mountain is reached and when one is anticipating the usual curve before the descent the train runs out on a ledge of rock, as if floating in mid-air; from the car window is visible the amazing panorama of the Arrow Lakes.

When Robert Hichens was in Egypt he visited the remains of ancient civilization scattered along the Nile and was reminded of the "personality" of cities, even as they are viewed in ruins. He was right; cities like New York and Chicago are different in essentials. Osaka is unlike Toyko, just as London differs from Paris or Berlin. Toronto is no more like Victoria than San Francisco is like Bombay, so far as "personality" or individuality is concerned. But if this be true of cities, it is truer of rivers. Cities might resemble one another when viewed from a Zeppelin; rivers never! The Yangtze, Amazon, Mississippi, Nile and Hudson, each is as individual as a human being. And even more noticeable perhaps is the fact that the same difference or distinction may be observed when the rivers lie close together, when they water the same slopes and flow through the same state or province. Their common source may be the same pool of melted snow, but one flows south, the other north, east or west; it is the same with two persons starting from the same pivot and pursuing different tangents which will result in the development of contrasting characteristics. The Fraser, Skeena, Columbia, Mackenzie, Peace, all rivers of this far Northwest, are as distinctive as if they belonged to different continents. One thing they all have in common, however; they are all boisterous at times, proving a similarity of disposition. There are placid stages in their rush toward the ocean where their waters are as calm as millponds. It is in this mood that

one who journeys in this direction first views the Columbia. Here it loses its identity and passes by the name of *Arrow Lakes*.

One recalls how the Jordan's banks broaden, its waters become still and the world knows it as the Sea of Galilee, although it proves its identity as it bursts forth at the further end of the lake and becomes the Jordan again until it reaches the Dead Sea. The Columbia flows through the Arrow Lakes, just as in theory the St. Lawrence might be said to rise in Lake Superior if Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario were channels easily spanned by the naked eye.

The Columbia River rises far to the north, and in its descent of over two thousand feet before its waters reach the Pacific the fourteen-hundred mile river merits its reputation for beauty. It bounds over rocks and plays turbulent pranks with the banks that hem it in. Enthusiastic travelers have made the descent of this river in boats, following in the wake of the canoes of the fur-traders of long ago, and reveling in scenic marvels that have caused them to doubt if there is anything more beautiful on the continent. But even these modern voyagers and writers doubt if the stream is ever more alluring than in the broadened channel known as Arrow Lakes. The fur-traders looked forward to reaching these placid waters principally perhaps because they were glad to escape from the rushing waters further upstream and to reach the transparent depths of this serpentine waterway where canoeing was easy; but they, like the modern tourists, must have been delighted with what they saw. Indeed they were, and many a journal note and diary paragraph of the long ago pays eloquent tribute to the beauties of this region.

The individuality of the Columbia may not be most marked at this point, there are other rivers that flow into British Columbia lakes and then on beyond and it seems more natural to think of the Columbia as a foaming and rushing dash among stones between which salmon are attempting to force their way to a spawning ground; but after one has encountered the same stream elsewhere and witnessed it in livelier antics, he is glad that he first saw it at Arrow Lakes. Let the Mackenzie flow through cold deserts to the Arctic, the Fraser and Skeena dart between precipices and bound their waters back and forth as if in a game of battlecock and shuttlecock, the Columbia is best remembered for its almost threatening grandeur, as if too wonderful to endure, its ultramarine depths that like a coil of wire wriggle themselves through the distant landscape as one looks down from the heights and obtains his first glance from a railway carriage. If the view were but a passing glance, it would be ample compensation for the inconvenience in arranging the itinerary, but instead of a flash and disappearance it is a matter of hours. The same wonderful picture is at one's left hand until the train has made a cautious descent along the shelf-slope that seems so beset with perils. The brakes are applied and one seems to be tobogganing to the valley. Where a huge rock protrudes from the cliff with no vertical support the tracks curve around a blasted shelf and for a moment there is the impression of passing through a deep rock gorge, but soon the rails run toward the rim of the precipice again. One looks from the car window and fails to see them, however, and all seems far, far below — the deep blue of the water and the tops of pine trees, which pierce their roots into crevasses in the wall of rock.



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

VIEW OF NELSON, FROM KOOTENAY RIVER.

At the foot of the slide is West Robson, point of departure for the lake ride, which is taken when returning to the North and the main line, Castlegar, a junction where a branch line runs along the Columbia for thirty miles to Rossland, a town of mines of fabulous wealth, and Trail, where there is a large smelter. Beyond Castlegar the line runs along the banks of the tempestuous Kootenay River and beside Bonnington Falls, one of the most picturesque cataracts in the entire Columbia system, where the waters are harnessed to provide light and power for various municipal and commercial enterprises. Near here the Kootenay joins the Columbia in its rush toward the ocean.

The oft-quoted trainman passed me again. This time: “I guess folks don’t have to go to Europe to see scenery, eh? I’ve had them on this train as has been all over the world and they say there ain’t nothing in the Alps (pronounced Allups) to beat this.”

I nodded approval of this sentiment and closed one of the days that I shall remember long among many days of travel, by arriving at the city of Nelson, which prides itself upon being “the most important city in the interior of the province.”

Nelson is charmingly situated on a commanding eminence overlooking the broadening Kootenay. If the river has not already become the lake of the same name at this point it seems to be about two miles to the opposite bank which is also flanked by high mountains. One climbs a hill from the wharf or station to the hotel, further up the hill if he go to the business section, still further if he venture into the suburbs, and finally, if he continue to climb, he is ascending that wonderful mountain where is located the *Silver King* mine from

which over \$10,000,000 of treasure has been taken and to which Nelson owes its existence. Manifold reasons why a city should be situated at this point now exist and are plainly apparent, it is at the convergence of lake systems and it is claimed that over twenty-five million dollars' worth of ore has been taken from the district which would have caused some center of population to arise in the district; but the early days of the *Silver King* decided the location of this center. Nelson seems to be but a growth of yesterday, yet in general physical characteristics it has much that would make favourable comparison to many older municipalities. Also, it has much that long ago should have made it a favourite rendezvous of British Columbia tourists. "Perhaps we've been too busy looking after other things to think of visitors," explained one man of Nelson; "we know that the scenery will be here after we have taken out the ore."

But the people of Nelson delight in quoting: "God made Switzerland and then He made British Columbia," they like to compare the location of their city to Lucerne, to think of the Alps as being inferior to the Selkirks, which are the dominant feature of the Kootenay landscape. "We have the climate of Italy and the verdure of the Emerald Isle" is another favourite claim. These manifold attractions, they believe, will ultimately bring the tourist hordes in this direction, because Nelson has command of seven water and rail routes of entrance and departure, already it has land and marine liveries, outfitting stores and hotels; it is the natural point of departure for excursions to many mountains, lakes and rivers. For the present, however, nobody seems to have much time to spend upon the development of this tourists' Happy Hunting Ground. Guides may be obtained in

Nelson and all equipment for the grand tour afield; those who desire to avail themselves of opportunities offered may do so, those who require further encouragement must wait. At the present time there is very little in Nelson itself to attract or hold the tourist's attention. The entire city thought seems to be upon mining and mining prospects. It is reflected in the newspapers, as editors usually find out what their readers want and then give it to them. Thus, whole pages of a Nelson newspaper are given over to comment upon ore, metal and mining matters that would be bewildering to the average community, on the prairie for instance, where the principal topic is wheat, or to maritime peoples where similar space is devoted to boating and fishing. Columns and columns are printed that relate to rather technical reports of ore deposits and geological formations. Presumably, people want to know anything and everything in regard to the principal source of wealth of the district. Here, as in other mining districts, agriculture will follow when the mines have contributed their treasure and when the forests have been leveled.

The great lure of hunters in the Kootenay district is the mountain goat, and while he seems to be almost as isolated and rare as the musk-ox and must be sought for in regions where he is known to live, this country, including all the peaks northward beyond the main line of the railroad, is one of his favourite abiding places. Every man of Nelson who makes any pretensions to being a hunter has at least one trophy of a successful shot. Few who come here and are properly equipped and guided into the mountain fastnesses on this errand will be disappointed. The splendid snow-white animal which seems to be so rare, is in reality plentiful if one takes the

time, patience and energy to follow him to his natural home among the snowdrifts and steep crags of the mountain summits. Flocks of these coveted creatures, including a dozen or more, are frequently encountered not far from Nelson; but always after strenuous climbing and scrambling along difficult trails or on mountains that have no trails.

The book classic of Nelson is Hornaday's *Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies*. Fishing is excellent in the entire neighbourhood, beginning at the piers in front of the city and extending in all directions over many lakes and streams, and naturally claims many devotees; but the principal thought of the amateur sportsman is the bagging of mountain goat. Hornaday's very chatty and informing volume, which relates primarily to the subject, the experiences of a naturalist and animal lover on the trail of this animal, finds its place on library tables, office desks and in lounging-rooms of Nelson residences, where the latest novels may be unheard of and where these experiences in goatland form a never-failing topic of conversation. In reality, the mountain goat is a remarkable animal and provides as good hunting as may be found on this continent. "In its physical aspects," says Hornaday in this epic volume, "the mountain goat is both striking and peculiar. In September it is brilliantly white, and its coat is as immaculate as a new fur coat fresh from the hands of the furrier. From nose to tail it is newly combed and without spot or stain. It seems as white as newly fallen snow, but in direct comparison with snow there is a faint cream-like tint. It is the only wild hoofed animal in the world (s. f. a. k.) which is pure white all the year around; for in spring and summer the white mountain sheep stains his coat very

badly. The pelage of a mountain goat is the finest and softest and also the warmest to be found on any North American hoofed animal except the musk-ox. In September the rain coat is not fully developed, and the fine pelage which covers the sides is almost as soft as down. As winter approaches, the fine hair of the undercoat seems to stop growing, but the coarser and straighter hair of the raincoat keeps on until it has attained such luxuriant length that the animal takes on a shaggy appearance. Late in November this reaches its full length. Even in September the beard and knee breeches are of good length, and these, with the queerly rounded crests, on the shoulders and on the hind-quarters, contain the only hair of the whole coat that is coarse and harsh. The goat is very stockily built — for stability and strength rather than for agility and speed. The long spinal processes of his dorsal vertebrae give him a hump somewhat like that of a bison; and, like a bison, he carries his head low, and has short, thick legs, terminating in big hoofs. His body is big and full and his sides stick out with plenty. He can carry his head above the line of his neck and shoulders, but he seldom does so save when frightened or when looking up. His horns are jet black, round, very smooth for the terminal half and sharp as skewers. When the goat fights, he gets close up to his assailant's fore-quarters, and with a powerful thrust diagonally upward punctures his enemy's abdomen. In attacking, the movements of the goat are exceedingly jerky and spasmodic, advancing and whirling away again with the quick jumps of the modern prizefighter. The horns are not long, usually ranging in length from nine to eleven inches by five and three-fourths inches in basal circumference. The longest pair on record is owned by Mr. Clive

Phillips-Wolley of Victoria, B. C., and its length is eleven and one-half inches."

James McGregor, a photographer of Nelson, last year shot what his guide, George Sarver, has always called "Big Billy" and which comes close to being a "record" goat by actual measurements, although several larger ones have been "reported" at various times. "It is impossible to tell what his live weight was," said McGregor as he pointed to the big skin spread out on the floor of his studio. "We didn't have scales up there where we got him and it was too much to try to pack his carcass down the mountain. His horns are ten and a half inches long, over an inch shorter than Hornaday says is the record; but I am certain that he weighed over three hundred pounds. It was pretty stiff climbing to get up to where we found him. We were up to our necks in snow several times during the day and it was June; but that's hunting! 'Big Billy' was worth it. He was just under eight feet long from nose to tip of tail and, as you see, there is a coat eight inches long at the back. I didn't think he was a goat at all, when I first saw him, although I have come upon a good many of them in my time; but Sarver asked: 'Did you ever see horns like those on any other animal?' So I crept to a ledge and landed him."

Beautiful blankets and rugs were formerly made from the wool of these goats by the Indian women, and perhaps they are still woven, but the fine specimens in the collection of the Provincial Museum at Victoria were not apparently of recent manufacture. The process is thus described by the *Guide* to the Anthropological Collection:

"The dried skins of native white-haired dogs, or of the mountain goat being ready, a quantity of burnt diatomaceous earth is crumbled over the woolly hair and beaten



“BIG BILLY,” THE “RECORD” MOUNTAIN GOAT.

in with sword-shaped sticks of maple, so as to absorb the grease and allow the threads of wool to bind well during spinning. The wool is then removed with knives, or pulled out after moistening the skins and ‘sweating’ them to loosen the roots. It is now made up into loose threads, by rolling either on the actual thigh or an artificial one, covered with sheeting. Two baskets are filled with the thread, and from each is taken an end to be twisted together by means of large spinning wheels, which seem to have invariably been made of the large leaved maple, many of them well carved with designs of the protecting spirit of the owner. To get sufficient tension the combined threads before being attached to the spinning apparatus, are passed over a beam or through a perforated stone or carved bird, fastened to the end of the loom.”

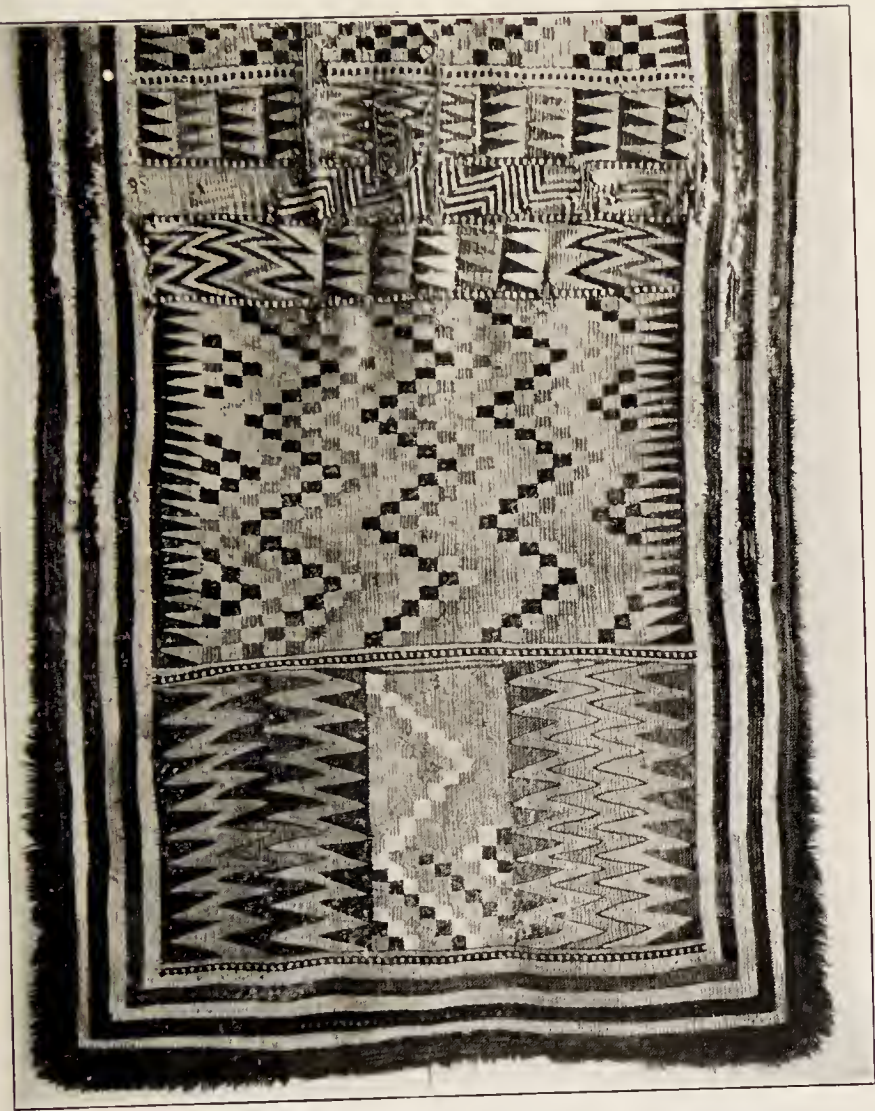
There are many other kinds of game in the Kootenay country, mountain sheep, bears (black and grizzly), marten, wolverine, land otter and porcupine being among those most prized by sportsmen.

Nelson people appreciate and take advantage of their favourable opportunities for water sports. There are many motor boats, canoes and pleasure craft of various description, which seem to dot the water from early morning until far into the evening. Racing shells are usually in practice at sunset and frequent regattas add competitive interest. Distance craft go as far as Bonner’s Ferry, Idaho, a distance of one hundred and sixty-eight miles, but as the water area of Nelson’s neighbourhood is over two hundred square miles even this is not counted a great distance.

It is the rule for steamers to start down Kootenay Lake at an early hour in the morning, so it is the custom for passengers to go aboard the night before, also making

it convenient for those who arrive by the night train and do not plan to spend more than one night at Nelson. One should beware not to oversleep, however, and when the wheels of the steamer begin to turn shortly after sunrise, he will miss much on a route that provides a delightful panorama for each moment of the long trip to Kootenay Landing if he be not above deck. As on Okanagan Lake, the steamer crosses from one side of the lake to the other throughout the half-day's voyage. Fruit-raising is becoming one of the principal industries and capital orchards are rapidly taking the places of the pine forests along the benches of the sloping banks, giving rise to many small towns and villages, each of which is visited by the steamer on "Flag Day," which as on Okanagan appears to be every day. The pioneer fruit-grower of the Kootenay is said to have been a Scotchman who observed that mining would "peter out" in time, so he decided to experiment with an orchard. A rancher of the district had grown fruit in an earlier day but his success had been forgotten by those who had followed the "boom." It was only about twenty-five years ago that this experiment was made, but to-day Kootenay fruit is shipped in large quantities to Australia and England. The district has not been developed as Okanagan has been, but it undoubtedly has a future. Before "development" has taken place, however, the district may be fully as interesting to the tourist as it is likely to be afterwards, when cities take the places of timberland and those thinly settled hamlets where only an occasional bungalow is seen among the trees.

As the steamer leaves Nelson it plunges immediately into the widening lake which has the lofty and eternally snow-covered Selkirks for its background. It soon



INDIAN BLANKET WOVEN FROM MOUNTAIN GOAT WOOL.

crosses to Balfour where the Canadian Pacific railway has constructed a mammoth hotel “with the water at the front door and the mountains at the rear.” At several other stopping-places there are smaller hotels which cater to local vacationists, rather than the “foreign” tourists, but any one of which is an ideal location, offering many varieties of sport for the holiday-maker.

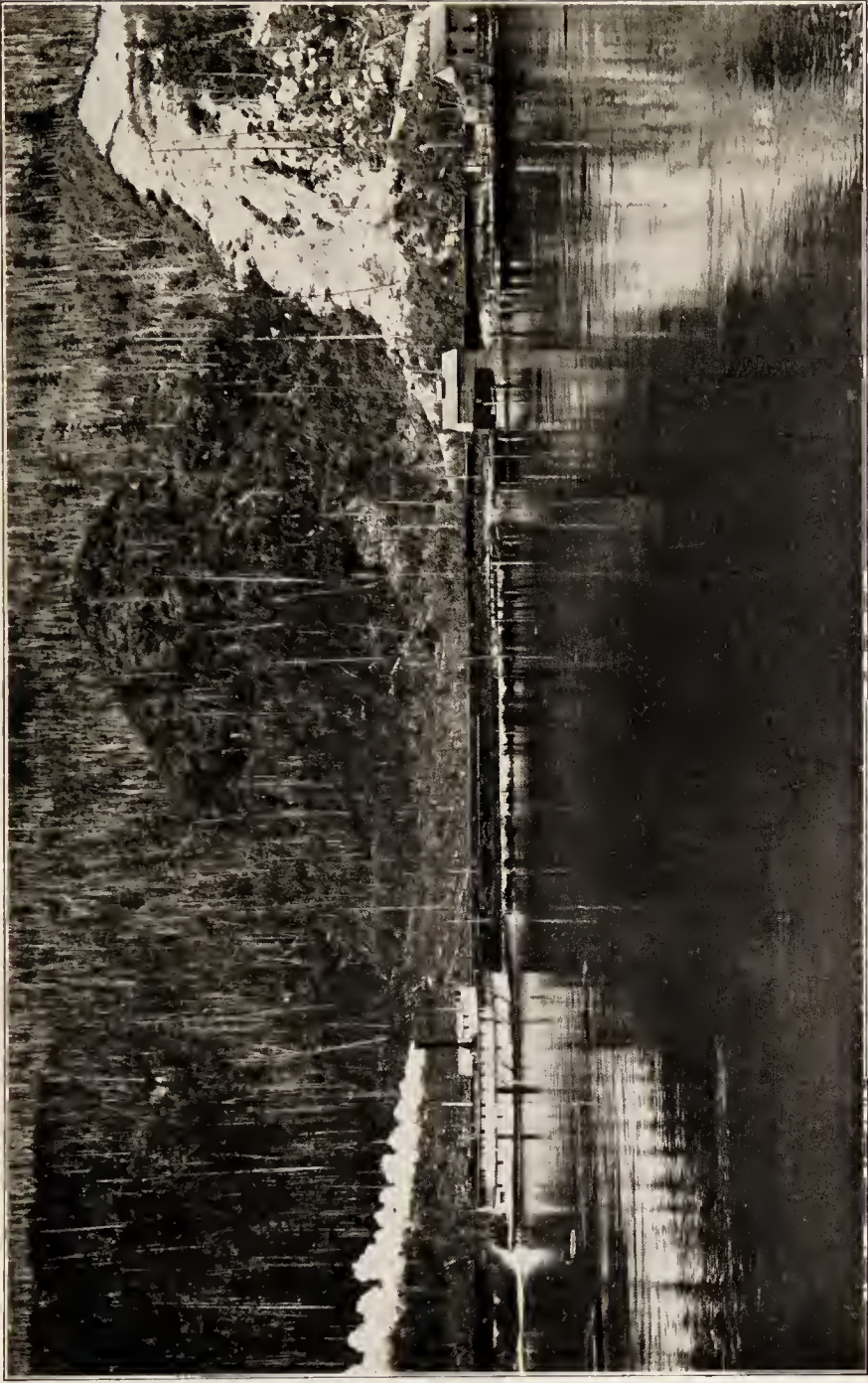
The steamer’s passenger list is made up of about equal numbers of excursionists, miners and prospectors, because the latter realize that there remains much treasure in these hills only “waiting to be found.” They leave us at the crude little landing-stages and hike away up the canyons and valleys or up the steep mountains into the wilderness — assuredly the most optimistic of men, spurred on by great ambition and by the recollection that “what has happened in Nelson may happen again in the vicinity.” As we sat on deck and the steamer wheeled back into deeper water, after dropping off these fortune-hunters, many of whom were expecting to be gone many weeks and who were bent under heavy packs of provisions and prospecting implements, we waved them the “good luck” which they seemed to deserve. It was like cruising along the coasts of Africa and dropping off ship-mates who were starting for the interior to become missionaries, ivory-hunters or searchers for rubber. But there was this difference: instead of the malarial swamps of the tropics, these men of Kootenay were going into the crisp, pine-perfumed and life-giving air of the mountains. One almost envied them the experience, with no thought of their future fortune.

I heard much interesting conversation on the deck of this steamer. For example, one veteran said that he never had seen a railroad. He went overland to Nelson

in the early days, and he had been in the bush near where he embarked since the railroads entered the city by the *Silver King*. He declared there were many others like him in these mountains. "They've been looking for gold all this time," he said. "Discouraged? Never! Perhaps you feel a little down in the mouth some days, but you go along and perhaps find 'colour.' That's enough encouragement to keep you going another year; and after you have been back there for a couple of years you don't care to come out until you have found what you are looking for."

There were three men in a group, one old and the others young. The old man had always claimed and still maintained that he was with a group of prospectors many years ago when they located a fine ledge of copper about twenty miles inland from a point on the lake which he thought he could remember. None of the original party had money enough to "work" the find and they failed to interest others. The rest of the party were dead, so the young men were taking the old man to try to locate or re-locate the ledge. The steamer was stopped when the old man pointed to a canyon, they had brought along a row-boat, so they entered it and were started toward the shore as our stern-wheeler took us away from them toward the next "regular stop."

The end of the lake at Kootenay Landing does not appear to be the end, for the port consists of a huge trestle of logs that extends into deep water and the swamp lands abound in channels and estuaries that are usually full from melted snows in the neighbouring mountains. From this point all sorts of tours are available to the traveler. He may have planned to make connections over the Crow's Nest into Alberta or the United States,



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

KOOTENAY LAKE.

or, returning to Balfour, he may continue the lake tour to Kaslo and Lardo, visit the beautiful country around Windermere Lake and pass among the Selkirks and Rockies, beside the Columbia and Kootenay rivers, to Golden on the main line. Another point of interest to many is Fernie, where there are huge coal mines and majestic mountains, which as at Nelson and all intermediate stations, beckon to the hunter of big game. Or, unwilling to miss even so much of the main line scenery and the celebrated resorts among the Selkirks as would be necessitated by the return via Golden, one may slightly retrace the route to Nelson and West Robson and there take the steamer that will bring him into direct connections for Revelstoke, which will include the never-to-be forgotten cruise on the Arrow Lakes, of which he obtained a view when sliding along the ledge outlook of the Kettle Valley route.

While in this Kootenay country one should not fail to give at least a passing thought to David Thompson, the discoverer of the Columbia River, who often traveled over these waters more than a century ago, established Fort Kootenay, one of the first trading posts in the district, and who has been called “The greatest geographer of his day in British Columbia.” He made several far-reaching and daring journeys into the unknown and left forty-five volumes of manuscript which did much to acquaint the world with the remarkable country, which was practically unknown until he passed this way. The traveler, however, has little thought of history as he passes through the Selkirks and the lakes at their bases, and remembrance of those fur-hunters who paced what was a treacherous wilderness may escape his mind. More interesting seems to be the fact that these beauties of na-

ture have been known for over a hundred years and yet the region remains *terra incognita* to the majority of tourists who visit this corner of the world.

The Arrow Lakes cruise is the climax of this entire side-trip from the main line. It begins at four o'clock in the morning, just as the summer sun is lighting the eastern peaks, but one may go aboard the night before as at Nelson and rise as early as he pleases. In a measure, the general view may be a repetition of what has been seen among the Selkirks on Kootenay Lake; but it is wilder, more rugged and perhaps more enchanting by reason of the narrower channel and a closer intimacy with what lies or seems to lie just beyond the water's edge. During several years I have followed many waterways for extended or brief periods and after long journeys on the Yangtze, Mississippi, Nile, shorter ones on the Rhine, Hudson and other waterways that have long prompted the admiration of travelers, it seems as I look back over rather extensive wanderings that I have formed a rather close acquaintance with rivers. With vivid memories of all of them, however, I have not the least hesitancy in declaring that I encountered more to delight the eye in ten hours on this body of water than in several days on any of the others. The Arrow Lakes trip is superb and supreme among all one-day cruises that the continent has to offer; and this is written with a full knowledge of the fact that the statement will be challenged by people who vote in favour of some other excursion in the West, the Middle West or on the Atlantic seaboard. Thus it becomes a matter of opinion; but one who favours another locality will doubtless give it second place. And even this, proves it to be one of the beauty spots on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XV

“WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?”

WHEN I was in Creston, just below the Kootenay Lakes, a man told me that a “hayseed” blew into town one day, visited a real estate dealer and said that he would like to take a look over the Kootenay Valley land. The dealer paid very little attention to him, because, as he afterwards related, he could not see any “ready money” in the man’s appearance.

“About what kind of property—how much would you invest here, if you liked what you saw?” he asked at length.

“Oh, if I liked the property, anything from \$10,000 up to \$100,000.”

“You’re Peter Veregin!” gasped the dealer, and the plainly dressed man, who had a scrubby beard over his face and wore a big slouch hat, nodded.

When I was in Vancouver, a man high in officialdom said to me: “I consider Peter Veregin and his crowd the most remarkable human exhibit that we have in British Columbia. What they have accomplished is astounding to an impartial and unprejudiced observer.”

At Nelson a business man told me that he believed Peter Veregin and his “Dooks”—as they are popularly known in the region—were about a half-century ahead of the rest of the world, and perhaps more than that, in view of the European war.

On a train in the southern part of the province a chance acquaintance in a smoking compartment told me that he knew the Doukhobors well because he had many business transactions with them and I asked him what he thought of them. "When people work, are healthy, have no desire to become rich — and sing, you may rest assured that they are sound morally and of the right sort," he explained.

I recalled that Leo Tolstoi wrote: "Notwithstanding the insignificance, illiterateness and obscurity of the Doukhobors, we cannot but see the vast importance of that which is taking place among them. Christ's disciples were just such insignificant, unrefined, unknown people, and other than such the followers of Christ cannot be. Among the Doukhobors, or rather 'Christians of the Universal Brotherhood' as they now call themselves, nothing new is taking place, but merely the germinating of that seed which was sown by Christ eighteen hundred years ago; the resurrection of Christ himself. . . . It may be, though I doubt it, that the movement of the Christian Universal Brotherhood will also be stamped out, especially if society itself does not understand the importance of what is taking place and does not render brotherly aid; but that which this movement represents, that which has been expressed in it, will certainly not die, cannot die, and sooner or later will burst forth into the light, will destroy all that is now crushing it, and will overcome the world."

I read somewhere that the Doukhobors "are no more fanatical than Russian peasants who remained in their own country." Of some of these the Raskolniks for example, Merejkowski writes: "Seven thousand years after the creation of the world, said they, the second

coming of Christ will take place; and should it not happen, we will burn the gospels themselves; as for the other books, it is not worth believing them. And they left their houses, lands, goods and cattle and every night went out into the fields and woods, put on clean shirts and shrouds, laid themselves in coffins hollowed out of tree trunks, and saying Mass, waited expecting at every moment the trumpet call of the Judgment. Such was their idea of ‘Meeting Christ.’”

A man at Nelson told me of an alleged case in which a Doukhor boy was accidentally struck in the face by an ax. His father speedily took him to a physician who removed an eye and dressed the wound. The physician presented his bill, but the community would not pay it, because they said the man had sought the services of the physician without permission; he had been expelled for this action and would not be received again until he repented.

I heard rumours that the Dominion of Canada had recently made an official examination into the affairs of the community and all who mentioned the subject were insinuating that affairs had reached a pass where an official inquiry was a good thing. Not one of them related the fact, which I afterwards learned, that the official report was to effect that not one single case of immorality had been discovered and that the greater part of the report was given to rather extravagant praise of what the investigator had seen.

I glanced into a volume about Canada written by an Englishman who mentioned the Doukhobors as “deeply religious, but with a blind, mystic, superstitious religion, which is impervious to reason. They live in daily expectation of the Messiah.” Continuing, he said that

when Lord Minto was governor general of Canada he made a horseback tour from Edmonton by way of Battleford to Saskatoon. "The Doukhobors hearing of the coming of a great man, were with difficulty restrained from greeting Lord Minto as divine."

I recalled that before coming to Canada my impression of the Doukhobors had been gained chiefly from sensation-loving newspapers in the United States that gave much space to the Russian peasants some years ago when it was reported that they had stripped off their clothing and started out on the prairie "to meet the Messiah." My idea was doubtless the general opinion of American readers who swallowed at a gulp exactly what certain officials wanted them to swallow, so that there would be no publicity given to the reverse side of the picture — exactly why the Doukhobors started on that pilgrimage, a page of history that is no credit to Canada.

Everywhere I heard something about the Doukhobors when I was in British Columbia; and what I heard was very confusing and shed very little light upon the truth. They were ignorant Russian fanatics, I was told on one hand; on the other, I was informed that they were proving the sound logic on which their religious beliefs were founded by enjoying an orgy of prosperity. Neither was true, as I found out one morning when I arrived at the little station of Brilliant in the Valley of Consolation, which is their headquarters. On the platform there was some confusion for a couple of moments because several persons were departing and good-bys were being said; but when the train drew away all was soon quiet again. The little crowd, every person of which was dressed in Russian peasant costume, the women with full skirts, bright-coloured waists and white handker-

chiefs tied over their heads and the men in full trousers and Russian blouses, quickly crossed the track and dispersed in various directions. From the people I had seen, the language I had heard spoken and the “loneliness” of the place — because I did not know at the time that every one — men, women and children — works if he dwell in a Doukhobor community — I might have fancied that I had alighted at a small station somewhere along the Trans-Siberian Railway. I knew the names of a few of the persons I wanted to see, but I waited for the station agent, who was busy, to ask him questions about directions. And, as I waited, as I glanced across the valley of the rushing Kootenay River, as I saw the splendidly tilled fields of ripening strawberries and other small fruits and vegetables, I wondered how I could have considered the place “lonesome,” even for a moment after the train departed. It is the “Valley of Consolation” — so named by a band of world-weary pilgrims who have been driven from one side of the earth to the other, because they insist upon living as they believe Jesus Christ would want them to live, and because Christian nations among whom they have tried to dwell in peace have insisted upon military service from their boys and because they would die for their convictions, they have been booted about the earth, grossly libeled and dismissed from consideration, as being “religious fanatics” who are half mad. The Valley of Consolation! It was not that when they arrived. It was a jungle wilderness most uninviting to other settlers. But it quickly was transformed into an agricultural haven, for the soil responded to their labours and it became the valley of consolation in fact as well as name, for here the Doukhobors found a peace from political interference that they

have never known in the two hundred years of their existence.

I knocked at their doors that morning, received a welcome and stayed with them until the evening train. I went everywhere and I asked questions, some of which may have seemed impertinent; but I wanted to know about them, even if I never told any one else. I wanted to know if I had been duped into a false belief by the newspaper stories I had read concerning them, so in the course of the day I touched upon almost every conceivable subject that concerned them in any way and they not only answered me willingly, but convincingly, and I left them believing that they are the most conscientious band of Christians I have ever seen in my life, and that Leo Tolstoi, the man from Nelson and the man from Vancouver were right. They appear to have successfully solved one of the problems that has tormented the human race for centuries; they know perfect happiness in work that knows no strife for dollars and no rivalry. They are the only Christians I have ever seen who take the commandment to "love your neighbour as you love yourself" literally, and who practise what they profess to believe.

As to their "ignorance" and their well-grounded objection to too much education, I am able to meet this widely-circulated libel with the fact that the man who talked to me more than any of the others is a graduate of one of the leading universities of this continent. On this point he said: "We believe that there are too many doctors, lawyers, dentists — and book-keepers, and purely from a social point of view we believe that not enough men are causing the earth to produce food, so our boys are encouraged to become farmers. And we



GROUP OF DOUKHOBORS AT BRILLIANT.

reject the kind of education that is received in public schools for other reasons. The way school is taught to children of the present generation, with boy scouting, rifle practice and military drill, we consider it the most pernicious and malicious invention of this age. The manner of educating the childish mind renounces the teachings of Jesus Christ, who brought peace, love and equality to this earth, which should be instrumental in bringing about the Kingdom of God. Look where we may, we find that it is those very educated men who are the strongest adversaries of the realization of this Kingdom on earth, and who are enslaving the plain, working classes of the people. The highly educated and much read capitalists sit tight on the neck of the common people and like parasites keep draining their blood in the most efficient manner. The school teaching is primarily a matter of easy lucre, from the highest to the lowest officials, lawyers, doctors and all manner and species of commercial buy and sell men, who have a great need of arithmetics and rapid reckoning in their insatiable greed for easy money and luxury. All these ardent advocates of the light of knowledge are striving to acquire the knowledge for their own gain, in order to have a soft time of it without doing anything good and worth while and of any real worth in all their lifetime on earth, which earth they have grabbed up all over the surface. We reject all this, and instead of it we consider spiritual regeneration. School teaching leads in precisely the opposite direction, disintegrating men into endless grades and divisions, vying with each other for greed and willing to shed the blood of innocent strange men in warfare. In the life story of Christ we find nothing about His being of scholarly education. He never enjoined men to build schools and

educate children so as to divert them from Nature. Take the Apostles — every one of them was a fisherman, or plain, common people, and yet the glorious record of their lives has come down to us in distant centuries.”

“Then you do not believe in warfare for any reason? I read the other day that Doukhobor women had contributed \$5,000 worth of strawberry jam to the wives and families of soldiers in the present war,” I prompted.

“We are not only opposed to warfare which takes human lives; we do not believe in killing anything. We have never tasted meat of any kind and none of our food is cooked in animal fat. You asked me if there was good fishing in the river here; I imagine that fish are plentiful for they abound in this region, but no fish has ever been killed by a Doukhobor; we are absolutely opposed to killing anything. We desire peace of the soul and love, fraternity and equality for everybody on earth. We not only believe that men should not kill one another; but many of our number have suffered death for this belief in Christian countries. They cannot make us fight; we will die first, just as our fathers did. As to the strawberry jam of which you speak, that was not a war offering, but was given in the hope that it might possibly come to persons who needed it and thus relieve suffering.”

“But in case of universal conscription — if you were forced to fight? You are now subjects of King George?”

“Our fathers declined to fight for the Czar and are we cowards? We have never taken the oath of allegiance to King George. Our King is in Heaven, and we acknowledge no other. We are all brothers on this earth. We are of Russian birth, and we live in Canada; but we consider ourselves citizens of the entire world. The

understanding when we came into Canada was that we would not engage in military service — covered by the Canadian Militia Act, and it has never been required of us. Naturally, we shall decline to serve, come what may.”

On and on I asked questions as we wandered through some of the fields and farms. At the station there is only the canning factory, a community store and a central office. This seemed the nucleus of the town which I thought might be in process of development.

“No, there will be no town and no city,” replied my informant. “We do not believe in cities, because there is no need of them. It is convenient to have the office, the community store and the canning factory in a centrally located place near the railway. That is why it may appear like a town there. No, our people are tillers of the soil and they live near their work.”

Doukhobor dwellings look like large double brick houses at Brilliant. In each of them dwells from thirty to forty persons, the majority of whom are agricultural labourers. One housewife attends to the cooking, another house-work, and the remaining women are employed at the canning factory, the grist mills, they make clothing, spin flax or wool and weave cloth. The labour seems about equal among them. The factory worker comes home and everything is done for her and her family by the housekeeper and cook as if they were in a boarding-house, and she has no duties in the home. The entire group in one house eats at a common table so that the same meal is prepared for all.

“So far as possible,” continued my guide, “we try to ascertain just what work each individual prefers to do and what he or she is best adapted to do, when there is

no preference. Some of the boys prefer the blacksmith shop, some work around our irrigation pumps, or in the canning factory, while the majority, of course, labour in the fields. The principal thing is that every one works, but he does it willingly, gladly. None may say that another shall work a certain number of hours each day. There are certain labours to be performed and there are no shirkers; but when a man, woman or child desires to quit work for the day, he does so and goes home. Nobody works on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, however, and as time goes on — well, you asked me what was our ultimate aim and I will tell you, we hope that the time will come when it will be unnecessary for any of us to work more than four days a week, at least not the fatiguing work which most of us perform at the present time.”

Every penny of profit from every Doukhobor activity goes to a common fund. There is no money in circulation in the community, for there is no need of any. The cook who desires a sack of flour or a bushel of potatoes, or salt, lettuce, preserves or new dishes to replace those that have been broken, the housewife who desires furniture, bedspreads or soap, and the office clerk, agriculturist or factory hand who desires a new suit of clothing, goes to the community store, makes his wants known, and the desired articles are handed to him. The communities in Saskatchewan province, where the soil is better adapted to the raising of cereals, send wheat to the communities in British Columbia who return fruit, vegetables and preserves. The returns from sales of products not required for the use of any of the communities, are placed in the common fund which goes toward the purchase of new land, agricultural implements, live stock, seed, im-

provements on buildings, extensions of irrigation ditches, pumps and a thousand incidentals that go to the successful operation of a veritable municipality of considerable extent. The exact numbers are not available, partly owing to the Doukhobors declining (on religious grounds) to keep records of deaths and births; but my informant at Brilliant estimated the present number at between fourteen and sixteen thousand. They own nearly twenty thousand acres of land in British Columbia and have extensive holdings in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Their houses are models of neatness — again on religious grounds as much as anything — and their bodies are clean, because every house is equipped with a Russian steam bath, in which every individual bathes at least once a week, with the thought that the body is or should be the dwelling-place for Christ on earth and that it must be kept a fit temple to receive Him. Their farms are examples to the farmers of neighbouring towns. Everything that they possess seems to be of the best material, devoid of all display or luxury and always confining itself to what would usually be termed the necessities. They came to British Columbia in 1910 and established themselves in the “bush.” They reached more eastern provinces when they were practically penniless and Leo Tolstoi and others helped them to cross the ocean. They expected hardships, which they were accustomed to in a measure because they had suffered them elsewhere, and regarded it as criminal to cause children to submit to what they might withstand, so when between four and five thousand of them reached Winnipeg there was but one baby among them and no children were born in their community for several years. They worked and their leaders saved and invested their earnings. To-day

they hold property valued at millions of dollars, the houses are full of children, and every one wears the smile of complete happiness.

“Just exactly what do you believe?” I asked bluntly. “What is it that is so different from what others believe?”

The question caused no surprise and was answered just as if I had inquired something about strawberry culture. “We know no creed, and only say of ourselves that we are of the faith of Jesus Christ. We acknowledge God as being in three personifications of the One and Unutterable. We believe that through the *memory* we assimilate ourselves with God the Father, through the *understanding* with God the Son, through the *will* with God the Holy Ghost. Our conception of Christ is based on the teaching of the Gospels; acknowledging His coming in the flesh, His Works, teaching and suffering; but this is accepted in the spiritual sense, and we affirm that all contained in the Gospels should be accomplished in ourselves. We believe in the salvation of man indubitable faith in Christ is necessary; but faith without works is death, as are also works without faith. Baptism consists of a man repenting with a pure and willing heart — the new birth and baptism are one and the same. We regard external baptism as unnecessary as water only washes uncleanness from the external body. We confess our sins in prayer to the heavenly God who forgives them. If we sin against our brethren, we confess before all and ask forgiveness. We condemn the practice of calling ourselves unworthy sinners, making this a boast; when a man has fallen, he should quickly recover himself, ask God’s forgiveness and strive not to fall into the same sin again. As to communion, we partake of the eternal, sacred sac-

raments in the acceptance of God's Word; we do not accept communion in the form of bread and wine which enter the mouth like ordinary food and are of no avail to the soul. Fasting we regard as not a matter of the kind or quantity of food, but of abstinence from gluttony and other vices. We respect the saints, but do not call for their help, believing that they have pleased God in their own behalf and that we must simply imitate them. We do not indiscriminately count as good all the acts of the saints, as for example when Saint Nicholas struck Arius on the cheek; we believe that the Word of God had deserted him. We do not regard marriage as a holy sacrament. It is consummated among us by the mutual consent of the young couple, their parents' consent and the consent of the community. As there is no such thing as rank, wealth or position among us, there is little interference in these matters. The parties concerned promise to live together and there are no rites or ceremonies. We commemorate the dead by good deeds and in no other way, never praying for the dead, considering it useless. We do not refer to *death* as death, but as a *change*. Pictures of great men and of saints ornament our homes; but they should not be worshipped as we consider that a deadly sin.”

“Do you believe in life after death — in the Resurrection?” I asked, as this point had not been touched upon.

“We believe that if we live as we should live on earth, that is a matter which we may leave entirely to God.”

“Are you expecting the Messiah to come to earth again?” This was the question that I had desired to ask all along, as upon it seems to hinge most of the “gossip” that finds its way into the newspapers when reference is made to the Doukhobors.

“Why, bless your soul,” said the speaker, “the Messiah has already come. He is here and lives in us, if we live as we should live. When we sin, He departs from us; but when we are truly repentant and confess our sins to God, He comes again and takes up His abode within us.”

“But some years ago you started out to meet the Messiah on the plains of Saskatchewan,”—I ventured.

“I see you read the newspapers,” was the rejoinder, and then came the “explanation” of the celebrated pilgrimage that may better be postponed in this narrative until something more is said of the history of this almost unknown sect in this country and elsewhere, as it relates to what transpired after their entrance into Canada.

As the Doukhobors are not writers they have no written history, and it is not known just when they originated, but presumably it was some time in the Eighteenth Century. By the end of the last century their number had become large among the Russian peasantry, and as they were obnoxious to the clergy, which aims to hold the peasantry in hand, a cruel persecution began with the aid of the government. As they worshipped God in the spirit, the outward Church had no meaning for them. Even to the present day they have no church. In inclement weather they gather in the community hall on Sunday, sing psalms, listen to the interpretation of the Scriptures and engage in a verbal discussion that is open to all. The teachings are founded on traditions which are grouped as the Book of Life, because it lives in memory. It is a compilation from both the Old and New Testaments. They consider murder, violence of every kind and everything that is not based on love as opposed to the will of God, and when their conscience tells them that a

man-made law is opposed to this Will, they defy the authorities. They do not use intoxicants in any form, nor tobacco, they do not swear, nor do anything that most people count “objectionable,” as they consider most of these things great sins. Perhaps they have an unfortunate name, which literally means “Spirit Wrestlers,” and this, in a way, classes them with certain obnoxious sects in Russia; so they have changed the name to “Christians of the Universal Brotherhood.” It is believed that the name *Doukhobors* was given to the sect as far back as 1785 by the Bishop of Ekaterinoslaff. In 1792, Kovichsky, the governor of Ekaterinoslaff, in his report to the higher authorities, said among other things that the Doukhobors were of exemplary good conduct, avoiding idleness and drunkenness, continually occupied with the welfare of their homes and leading a moral life. The Emperor Alexander I, in one of his rescripts concerning the Doukhobors, dated December 9, 1816, said: “All the measures of severity exhausted upon the Spirit Wrestlers during the thirty years up to 1801, only did not destroy this sect, but more and more multiplied the number of its adherents.” He proposed better treatment of them, but his suggestions were of no avail, and under Nicholas I they were banished to Transcaucasia near the Turkish border, where the Committee of Ministers said that they would be obliged to resort to arms to protect their wives and families from the wild tribes — a statement of rather grim fact. Moreover, it was a difficult climate into which they were plunged, a district where crops are often killed by early frosts. But the Doukhobors flourished there for nearly fifty years and founded successful colonies. In 1887 universal military service was declared for the Caucasus. The Doukhobors pro-

tested and property worth a half-million rubles was taken from them, after which they were banished to the government of Archangel. Twelve thousand of them decided not to depart from the traditions of their fathers and declined military service. The night of June 28, 1895, was fixed for the public burning of their arms. The fire was accompanied by the singing of psalms. They were attacked by a troop of soldiers, the report having been given out that they were attempting to burn the city, and although the fires were almost extinguished when the military arrived, the people were cruelly beaten with whips. A greater persecution than before followed, because Cossack troops were given permission to take up residence in Doukhobor homes. Property was stolen and the people were insulted and outraged in brutal fashion, some of the women being beaten with whips and violated. The men were either imprisoned or banished, this time to districts where not more than two of them were in one village. In one place one hundred and six deaths took place in one hundred families. Some were so cruelly beaten that they expired before they arrived at the place of exile; many others died in prison. One of them, Michael Scherbinin, was tortured to death by being pounded on a wooden horse in a gymnasium. The world was horror-struck when some of these brutalities were revealed. Men and women were being martyred by Cossack brutes because they were trying to practice the teaching of Jesus Christ! Leo Tolstoi wrote the *Appeal to Reason*, which stirred the world, but Russia looked on and did little or nothing to prevent a continuation of the outrages. When petitions and protests proved to be in vain, occurred what at the time seemed to be an incident of small consequence. A Siberian exile wrote a letter to a woman

of St. Petersburg, who chanced to be traveling in distant provinces on a visit. The exile was Peter Vasilyevitch Veregin; the woman who received the letter was Alexandra Theodorovna Romanov, Empress of Russia. It was the first time that the man had come to the attention of the world; but his letter not only brought the limelight upon his head, it was the means of setting free many thousands of Christian slaves. I mentioned Veregin's absolute spiritual and temporal authority to a Doukhobor at Brilliant, where there has been some kind of movement to have his name incorporated so that the vast properties of the community may continue in his name after his death and the man replied: “‘Thou art Peter,’ said Christ, ‘and upon this rock I will build my church and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.’ These were the words of the Saviour. He lived twenty centuries ago and preached by His life to all mankind that the Kingdom of God might be established on earth.”

Peter Veregin is now close to sixty years of age. As the real estate dealer of Creston observed: “He looks like a hayseed”—that is, there is nothing about his appearance or clothing to distinguish him from any of the Doukhobors. But one who studies his face soon realizes that he is a born leader of men, a leader of initiative and force and yet one whose kindness naturally draws all men to him and holds them. These points of difference to other men were observed by Lookeria Vassilevna, who succeeded her husband as chief of the sect. Peter was a member of a wealthy family and he received a thorough education that fitted him for his important post. On her deathbed his predecessor, who was the sixth leader, pronounced his name; he accepted the high calling and the

people accepted him in the position. He barely assumed the leadership, however, than he began a movement of more persuasive resistance to the Russian Government's system of compulsory military service. He was soon seized by the authorities and exiled to Siberia for five years. When the five years had expired the term was extended to ten years, and when this time had passed another five were added, and it was finally sixteen years before he was given his liberty. He continued to write pastoral letters to his flock, however, and some of these are greatly treasured to-day; his authority was supreme, although he was forcibly held at Obdorsk, Siberia, long after the other Doukhobors had been permitted to leave Russia.

Peter Veregin's celebrated letter that was instrumental in gaining freedom for his flock, through the intercession of the Empress, was as follows: "May God Almighty preserve thy soul in this life as well as in the future age, sister Alexandra. I am a servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, dwelling in the testimony and glad tidings of His Truth. Have been in exile since 1886, and hail from the Trans-Caucasian Doukhobor settlement. The word "Doukhobor" should be understood in this sense, that we profess God in the spirit and with our soul. (See — the Gospel; the meeting of Christ with the Samaritan woman at the well.) I beseech thee, sister Alexandra, pray thy husband Nicolas to spare the Christians in the Caucasus from persecutions. It is to thee I appeal, because I think thy heart is more turned toward God. And in those places women and children are now suffering the hardest. Hundreds of men, husbands and parents, are confined in jails, while thousands of families are dispersed among the native mountain



PETER VEREGIN, HEAD OF DOUKHOBORS.

villages where the population is incited by the authorities to treat the Doukhobors roughly, and this tells especially cruelly upon the Christian women! And lately they started imprisoning women and children as well. Our guilt lies in our endeavouring to become Christians as best we can; possibly we fall short of true conception in some of our actions. Thou art probably acquainted with the teachings of Vegetarianism. We are followers of these humanitarian views. Lately we gave up using flesh as food, to drink wine and have forsaken much of that which is conducive to loose living and befogs the radiance of human soul. And since we do not kill animals, we in no case regard it as possible to deprive men of life. If we were to deliberately kill an ordinary man, be he a robber even, we would feel like resolving to assassinate Christ.

“And therein lies the chief cause of the trouble. The State requires our brethren to be trained in the use of fire arms, in order to become proficient in man-slaughter. Christians will not consent to this. They are put into prisons, beaten and starved; while their sisters and mothers are savagely outraged, frequently with profane railery: “And where is your God, Why does he not help you?” (Our Lord in Heaven and on earth, and fulfils His will. See Psalms of David 113 and 114.)

“And this is all more painful because it is all perpetrated in a Christian country. Our community in the Caucasus consists of about twenty thousand souls. Can it be possible that such a handful of people could injure the organism of the State if the soldiers were not recruited from among them? Although soldiers ARE recruited now, but uselessly. Thirty men are held in the fortress of Ekatherinograd in the penal battalion, where the authorities are only tormenting themselves by torturing

them. We regard man as the temple of the living God and will on no account prepare ourselves for killing him, though for this we ourselves were to be threatened by death. The best way of dealing with us would be to let us settle in some little corner of the country, where we might dwell in peace, engaged in pursuit of our toil. We will discharge all the State obligations in the form of taxes, only we can not serve as soldiers. Should the Government deem it impossible to consent to this, then let them give us the freedom to migrate into one of the foreign countries. We would willingly go to England, or the most convenient resort for us would be America, where we have a multitude of brethren in our Lord Jesus Christ. From the fullness of my heart I pray the Lord for the welfare of thy family — Christ's servant Peter (living in exile in the Government of Tobolsk)."

The Russian authorities were slow to act, however, even with the pressure that was brought upon them. It seemed that they wanted revenge, as their plottings had been exposed to the world. Peter Veregin was in constant communication with Tolstoi and the latter continued to thunder his denunciations through the press, notably the *London Times*. "The great heat and the unaccustomed climate are doing their work," wrote a Russian officer from the Caucasus at this time. "There is not a single healthy looking face. As these people are, by nature, of a strong constitution, this feverish yellowness and paleness is the more striking. Some of them are so exhausted by the fever as to lose all strength and consciousness. It is clear to every one that they are dying out. The surest way for the government to get rid of them." And there was truth in what he wrote, for over one thousand of them died of fever and lack of food.

In March, 1898 came the joyful news that they would be permitted to leave the country. Tolstoi contributed the profits from his great novel *Resurrection* for the purpose, and generous friends elsewhere assisted in the exodus. The Doukhobors wished to go to America, or, failing that, to the island of Cyprus, choice finally falling on the latter, as they felt it imperative that they take advantage of the official ruling without delay, and there were no funds to carry seven or eight thousand persons across the ocean. But difficulties arose and only one thousand, one hundred twenty-six immigrants reached the Mediterranean island. They rejoiced in their freedom, however, and immediately laid plans for reviving their communal life. They worked very hard, erecting mud houses and putting the surrounding fields under cultivation. But the climate was trying and caused the death of ninety of the number. Still, they toiled, and considered Cyprus at least a resting-place in their long pilgrimage for freedom. Friends visited Canada and in time overcame the barriers that were at first raised against the sect on account of their refusal to participate in military service of any kind, and January 23, 1899, the steamer *Lake Huron* arrived at Halifax, bearing the first party of two thousand, one hundred Doukhobors. In the second party came one thousand, nine hundred seventy-four of them and they continued to come on later ships. They were given assistance by the railroads and others and finally reached their new home on the western prairies, taking land under the homestead laws which gives one hundred and sixty acres to any man from the age of eighteen upward. Two thousand homesteads were accepted in this way and every one immediately turned his hand to work, plowing the land and sowing

grain. Peter Veregin gained his liberty and joined his flock in Saskatchewan in 1902.

Things were moving along nicely, but one day an official arrived and reported that "the government regrets to perceive that the majority of the Doukhobors, after seven years' residence in Canada, still continue to till their land communally and declining to acquire the citizenship of this country. . . . Men born outside of the Doukhobor persuasion demand that the Doukhobors should not be allowed to go on holding their land without cultivating the same and without adopting the citizenship of the country."

It was the old, old story, "men born outside of Doukhobor persuasion" were beginning their persecution in Canada, as they did in Russia. The success of the Doukhobors won by diligent labour always aroused jealousy. The government said it represented the will of the majority of the people. And the "will of the people" threatened that the land held by Doukhobors, after a small allotment had been made to them, would be confiscated. Representatives of the community went to the Dominion capital declaring that they were deeply grateful to Canada for having extended its hospitality, but that they had government warrant for what they had done since arrival. But it was of little avail. The government said that Doukhobors who took the oath of allegiance would receive one hundred and sixty acres; those who declined, only fifteen acres.

At this very important moment in their lives occurred the celebrated "pilgrimage to meet the Messiah" that gained publicity throughout the world. The impression was given out that they were a troublesome lot of religious fanatics who gave the authorities much trouble.

In reality, it was all their mighty protest against what they considered persecution. Stunned by what they considered official treachery, they gave away everything, even threw off the clothes from their backs and started out, as a protest, with no possessions whatever. Their desperate straits led them to declare that they did not care what became of them. Just what happened in those trying days may be imagined. The Doukhobors were clapped into jails and madhouses. They suffered much as they had suffered in Russia; and all the time the North American continent was led to believe that the Dominion authorities were wrestling with a large band of lunatics.

Peter Veregin had been in British Columbia. I have seen it printed that he had purchased fifteen thousand acres of land; at Brilliant the Doukhobors told me it was nearer twenty thousand acres. Again they moved on; and again they broke new soil and put it under cultivation, making their community an example, or model, on which all agricultural communities might be fashioned with profit. Men “born outside of the Doukhobor persuasion” are again at work. One recalls the animosity of the Russian clergy long ago. And the Doukhobors, while happy in their labours, are wondering how long this happiness will continue. They are wondering if it will be necessary for them to move on again. Peter Veregin stands in the center of a large gathering in a grove or on the hillside on Sunday and addresses them sometimes for four, five, or even six hours; and they follow him implicitly—in spiritual and temporal affairs. They chant psalms, and on Monday morning they turn to their work not knowing from past experiences when their labour shall have proved in vain, because their motto of life is: “What would Jesus do?”

CHAPTER XVI

THROUGH ANCIENT GORGES

REVELSTOKE is the city that precedes the great plunge into the ravine and canyons of the Selkirks. It is where the locomotive receives its water and fuel, where the train crew is changed, and where the passenger on trans-continental trains from the West recovers from the surprise and wonder of what he has seen, takes a deep breath and launches boldly into one of the colossal amphitheaters of the earth. It has been the habit of tourists to pause no longer than that, a promenade along the station platform, perhaps a glance into the corridor of the hotel, which is reached by a long staircase from where the trains stop, an admiring glance toward Mounts Revelstoke or Begbie, perhaps an effort at speedy appreciation of the well-kept gardens along distant avenues — and the traveler climbs back on the train, seats himself and prepares for the wonderful hours that are soon to follow. Naturally, Revelstoke resents this slight attention from visitors and there is a well-defined movement to alter conditions as they exist. That the city and its neighbourhood possess natural features that should attract and hold visitors nobody doubts; the people of Revelstoke believe that they have been discriminated against in the generous railway publicity of recent years. That the railway has been the maker of the city, that it maintains it in prosperity at all seasons is likewise apparent, so the scheme is to retain the railroad yards and divisional equipment,

but at the same time let travelers know of scenic attractions, develop trails and roadways to the principal points of interest, and arrange for more elaborate housing and entertainment.

Probably Revelstoke is the most important commercial center between Vancouver and Calgary along the main line. Locomotives are forever whistling and these screeches echo around the mountain walls that encircle the city. The round-house that lies directly beneath the veranda of the big railway hotel is constantly belching smoke into the air. The bells are always tolling on switch-engines. All these noises that are tolerated elsewhere become almost intolerable in this huge granite megaphone. Yet Revelstoke aims to "combine business with pleasure," as one native of Revelstoke expressed it to me, retain the business activity and also entertain tourists.

But the two seem to conflict. Smoke, whistles, the roundhouse, great stretches of the valley spread with freight yards, do not seem to fuse into the picture that delights the eyes, ears or nostrils of a traveler to British Columbia. At least, he demands a hotel removed from the turmoil and bustle. He desires that it be perched on a quiet mountainside, and, as in Switzerland, he does not object to looking down upon a busy village or city; but at night he wants to be still, he demands air that blows fresh from mountain snows straight into his chamber windows. All these requirements, says the man of Revelstoke, will be filled if a hotel is built on any one of a thousand available sites located within easy distance from the station. He may be right, but what seems far more likely is that the city will develop along the lines of "combination" suggested by another man. Greater

numbers of tourists may come in the future, because several splendid projects are on foot for making beauty spots more easily available than they are at present; but it seems the "fate" of Revelstoke to remain a commercial center in future, as it has been in the past. It is a natural railway base and trade center of great "strategic" importance. Several new branch railroad lines are contemplated in various directions, the Columbia River will doubtless increase in value as a medium for cargo service, conditions not far away seem likely to favour fruit-growing, there are vast timberlands as yet untouched, mines are constantly being located, which pass their product this way, and two commercial enterprises, the sawmills and the Canadian Pacific railway, have a monthly payroll that brings over \$200,000 to local pocketbooks. Tourists may increase in future, but there will be no abandonment of what has given the city its life for the purpose of encouraging the world to think of it as a mountain resort. "The Capital of the Canadian Alps" is Revelstoke's slogan; but no doubt it will remain the commercial capital, even after the erection of the contemplated \$200,000 tourist hotel.

Revelstoke is not a city "set on a hill," but it occupies a site that seems fully as commanding as the mountain-side could be, because it spreads over the floor of a basin that seems to be completely surrounded by mountains, several of which are draped with greenish-white glaciers and capped with snow. There are cutlets and inlets between the mountains, through which rivers flow and where the path is followed by the railroads; but, in some instances, huge piles of rock stand in front of these passes, and the rivers make sharp curves around the granite screens as if too timid to approach. Over to the

south of the city is Mount Begbie, which wears a triple crown of white, reaching seven thousand feet above the valley. A trail leads to it from the city, a popular excursion for local amateur climbers, but one that should not be attempted by the tenderfoot who is deceived by the apparent distance to its crest. Begbie seems to lie "just beyond" the city limits; but one who has made the ascent on three occasions assured me that the base of the mountain is reached after following the trail four miles beyond the city and it is thought to be about eighteen miles to the summit by the trails usually followed. At the summit there is a clear, white glacier which rewards the climber, and Revelstoke has long cherished a firm belief in a sensational fiction which all who make the ascent endeavour to perpetuate. It is related that many years ago a Frenchman climbed to this ice-field, slipped and fell down a deep crevasse, where he met a horrible death, because the fall did not kill him and he slowly starved to death. Slowly, the ice has crept over his prostrate body during the years that have passed. "On a clear day, when looking over the precipice one may see him there, still grasping his old Hudson's Bay musket" say the tale-bearers, who always find some one to believe them. It is Revelstoke's favourite story and nobody seems to recall just who it was first started what is a preposterous yarn.

A motor road has been constructed up Revelstoke Mountain, just to the north of the city. This is more popular with visitors than the more difficult trails, and it offers pleasant hours for the excursionist who spends but a day in the city. Here are fields literally carpeted with Alpine flowers, and splendid views of the surrounding country may be obtained on this heavily timbered pile,

which, owing to its location in a group of towering peaks, seems to be much higher than it is shown to be in the official measurements. There are other interesting excursions to the Canyon of the Columbia River, to Silver Tip Falls; in fact any of the roadways that lead from the city are certain to bring one to dense forests, unusual rock formations, and, likely as not, pretty waterfalls that are not considered to be of sufficient consequence to have received individual names.

Just before the railroad enters Revelstoke on the way from Sicamous it penetrates Eagle Pass, which was discovered by Walter Moberly of Victoria. When the Canadian Pacific railway was being constructed, rails were laid from the west and from the east, the two sections meeting at the town of Craigellachle, where the late Lord Strathcona drove the last spike November 7, 1885. The mountains seemed to defy the onward approach of the rails, so it was an important discovery when Mr. Moberly watched the eagles flying in a certain direction and followed them. "I followed them along the Columbia," he relates, "and I saw them take a big curve. I knew that eagles always follow a stream or make for an opening in the mountains, so I found what was wanted, and very appropriately, I think, called the place *Eagle Pass*."

Soon after starting eastward from Revelstoke one enters a region that corresponds to the great Andean system of South America. The granite giants along the way are known as the North American Cordillera and compose the most majestic groupings of the Canadian Rockies. The next few hours of the journey are of as great interest to the geologist as to the casual tourists, for in the rocks are read some of the vital pages in that chap-

ter of the Book of Creation which relates to western Canada.

Charles Camsell says in a *Guide to the Geology of the Canadian National Parks* a government publication: "Since no one has ever seen mountain ranges in actual process of formation the manner in which they are built must be deduced from a study of their structure. The Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks along the railway line are built out of thick series of sedimentary strata which must have been laid down originally one on top of the other in the sea in a horizontal or approximately horizontal attitude. The first step in the formation of the mountains then was the accumulation of these sediments in a sea which covered the present site of the mountains and the floor of which was gradually subsiding. The position of this sea was determined as far back as the Cambrian Period, and from that time down to the end of Cretaceous it received sedimentary material mainly from a land area on the west until a thickness of over fifty thousand feet of material was laid down and afterwards consolidated into rock. The second stage in the building of the mountains was the upheaval of this thick mass of strata into a series of parallel folds striking slightly west of north. This was produced by lateral compression directed from the Pacific side and acting very slowly but with enormous force. As the compressing force increased the folds were arched higher and became more tightly crowded together until they were either overturned or broken and thrust one over the other towards the East. The greatest disturbance in the strata of the Rocky Mountains appears to be in the eastern ranges, and as one goes eastward to the prairie this disturbance decreases until it dies out altogether. . . . The

mountains are not now in the shape that they would have been left if upheaval had been the only agent concerned in their formation. But it is evident that their ridges, peaks and valleys have been carved out of other forms by the agencies of denudation. As upheaval is a slow process, denudation must have begun its work as soon as the crests of the folds made their appearance above the sea, so that the mountain probably never had the full height which the strata, if free from denudation, would have given it. The agents of denudation are running water, frost, wind and glaciers, and by these the ridges are carved into various shapes, valleys eroded out, and a general destruction of the ranges is carried out. For a long time the effect of denudation is to increase the ruggedness of the mountains and this is the stage at which the history of the Rocky Mountains now is. As time goes on, however, they will be worn lower and lower until they are eventually reduced to the level of the plains. Geologically speaking, the wearing down of a mountain range to the level of the plain takes place in a comparatively short time, but from a human point of view the process is exceedingly slow."

The train reaches Albert Canyon and stops long enough for passengers to visit the rim of the great gorge where the oldest rocks of the whole Canadian system are said to lie. Rails have been placed at the ledge so one may go out upon the shelf of rock and look far down where the Illecillewaet River is still wedging its stream deeper and deeper through the ancient aqueduct. The road eastward is bordered by deep valleys heavily timbered and the train performs several interesting twists and evolutions as it ascends to the station at Glacier, which the official figures show to be 4,086 feet above the



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.
ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER, NEAR GLACIER STATION.

sea. Previous to the last year, the train circled the shelf of a tremendous basin and deposited its passengers at the steps of the hotel which lies only two miles from the base of the Illecillewaet Glacier, one of the nearest rail approaches to a huge tongue of ice on the continent; but the completion of a tunnel has eliminated this ascent and the train plunges into Mount Macdonald shutting off the bewildering view and making it more conveniently imperative than before for one to break his trans-mountain journey at Glacier if this has not been done previously. Glacier is the first of the celebrated mountain resorts reached by the eastbound trans-continental trains and the first that usually claims attention from the tourist who expects to make only two or three stops between Vancouver and the plains. At this station he has arrived in what is popularly known as the "Canadian Alps." Elsewhere the mountains have been seen from a distance. Sometimes the snowy peaks did not seem far away, because of the cool breezes that swept from their faces and the clear air was deceptive. The story long ago told about the English visitor who emerged from the hotel one morning and fancied he would "take a run up to the summit of a nearby mountain before breakfast," but who did not return from his sprint until too late for the evening dinner has been the actual experience of all strangers in this region. They may not have made the climb, but they were perfectly certain of their ability to do so. In plenty of places further back on the line the mountain peaks seem to be almost at the side of the rails. "How far to that mountain?" asks the tenderfoot. "Ten, fifteen or perhaps twenty miles" comes the answer from one who knows. It was bewildering until one adjusted himself to the new range of vision.

But at Glacier the visitor finds himself on the slope of one mountain and within calling distance of several surrounding giants. The hotel is a series of picturesque chateaux and from every window, day or night, one looks out upon massive snow fields that drape themselves over surrounding summits. And most wonderful of all, only two miles distant along an enchanted pathway of pine, waterfalls and Alpine flowers, is the great glacier, which hangs threateningly over the shoulder of Sir Donald, colossal and awe-inspiring, but in reality only a prong from the Illecillewaet ice desert that lies far up in the clouds, seemingly detached from the earth.

In Glacier the professional or amateur climber might establish his headquarters and make daily ascents for a month without retracing his footsteps. In every direction there are trails. Some of them are fascinating woodland paths, where the government has constructed rustic fences along precipitous cliffs and bridges of logs over turbulent streams. A child might ascend them with safety, for they frequently become bridle paths for those who prefer to ride ponies. There are two such trails which lead to the base of the glacier. Other trails are as well made but call for greater endurance as they seem to be never-ending and the amateur turns back long before he has reached the summit. Still others are difficult, even dangerous if not accompanied by a guide, unless one has been much in the mountains and knows what it is to scale giant rocks as a fly ascends a pane of glass. Scores of the outings that appear upon suggested programs of the Swiss guides are through the trail-less wilderness that is rarely visited by man.

These tramps into almost unknown are eagerly sought by professional climbers and there are few mysteries of



TRAIL TO THE GREAT GLACIER.

the extensive neighbourhood that remain unknown to them. They visit Glacier one season and make a difficult ascent. If they were not mountaineers they might be satisfied; but they go away promising themselves that they will scale a more difficult peak the following year. The hotel shelters many of such persons in summer. They are well known and their "little eccentricity" is not discouraged. Some of the most celebrated mountain-climbers in history have come to a natural death, ignominiously lying down in bed and falling prey to disease the same as others. The percentage of those who meet death by falling on perilous mountain ledges is comparatively small. Any of them will assure you of that; and perhaps this is what spurs them on to constantly greater endeavour to mount the unscaled peaks. A disease? Perhaps, but it is also one of earth's greatest pleasures.

It is unnecessary to be a professional climber, however, to revel in the joys of Glacier and to imagine that one has performed feats of strength and endurance that are smiled upon by hardy climbers and called "baby tricks." Nowhere else on the continent may one alight from a railway train and with so little effort or experience find himself upon the eternal ice of a glacier. In few localities may one step from the train to the midst of such a galaxy of mountain marvels.

It is usually recorded that the Swiss guides were brought to Canada by the Canadian Pacific railway company soon after they built their resort hotels in the mountains. In reality, the present guides are the sons of those who came to the new country after the rails had been laid. Their elders have returned to their own Alps and the second and third generation of mountaineers now dwells in the chalets at the little settlement called "Edel-

weiss," which was prompted by a desire to make the visitors feel "at home," in summer and in winter.

The principal "sight" of Glacier is, of course, the ice field from which the station takes its name. While it is unnecessary to cover the trail in the company of a Swiss guide it is a fine experience to do so, and as one plants his pick in the ice, to hear a popular as well as somewhat technical explanation of the *seracs*, *moraines*, *tables* and *névé* concerning which every one has scraps of information, but which looms in interest as the beholder is confronted by the ponderous giant creeping into the valley. The afore-mentioned government *Guide* declares that "the present day glaciers which lie at the head of many of the valleys, both in the Rockies and the Selkirks, are merely the shrunken remnants of the greater glaciers of the Glacial Period." Many observations have been recorded of the "movement" of the Illecillewaet Glacier within the past few years and from metal plates that have been left in the rocks by surveyors it has been found that the ice has retreated a considerable distance since the building of the railroad. But the same authority is cautious of forming premature opinion in this matter and says that "the length of time over which these observations have been made and even since the glaciers were discovered, is so short in comparison to the length of time that has elapsed since the Glacial Period was at its maximum that it is unsafe to base any general conclusions as to the stage at which the ice now is, that is to say whether the climate conditions of this part of the earth are advancing toward or retreating from a period of glaciation."

Christiaan Haesler, at your service as Swiss guide, is a native of Interlaken and a young man who declares



MOUNT SIR DONALD.

that he "suffocates" on the prairies. He comes from a race of Alpinists, his grandfather having been a guide when the first European tourists were beginning to make ascents of difficult and remote peaks in Switzerland "just for pleasure." His father was the first guide brought to America by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and after a long career he returned to Switzerland to spend his life in the comparative ease that his previous labours had made possible. Some of his old patrons returned, however, and begged him to accompany them as they were about to undertake a particularly perilous ascent. He held a record for never having met with a serious accident in his life; but the last climb brought him into the pathway of a tremendous snow-slide. Trees were being swept down by the great drift, but the elder Haesler managed to keep "afloat" and above the drifts that would have buried him and his party. When the slide stopped, he was picked up almost unconscious and was found to have suffered a broken leg. "That's nothing," he is reported to have said while it was mending; "and I'm glad I kept my head, because I believe I was the means of saving the others. That's what counts." This narrow escape from death has apparently stirred an old war-horse to action, because he writes to his son that when the war is over there will doubtless be an invasion of Switzerland by hordes of world's tourists and he is anticipating taking up his work again and tempting the fates.

"This is a recognized profession with us, you understand," said Haesler, Jr., when I asked him how he learned to become a climber. "We are obliged to undergo a rather rigid course of training and preparation in Switzerland. I served other guides as porter before

I was permitted to take my examinations, although I had been climbing mountains all my life. Then, when I was ready, an examining board appointed by the Alpine Club and consisting of several scientists as well as professional climbers, gave me my final tests. I passed and received my license from the government when I was twenty-two years of age. But, you see, it was natural for me, it was in the family."

"When you first arrived in the Rockies was it necessary for you to make 'trial' trips over all the trails where you were later to take tourists?" I asked.

"Certainly not! I never made any trips until I had patrons. All mountains are the same in essentials; Alps or Rockies, Andes or Himalayas. The principal thing is to know your business on one mountain and then you'll know it on another. Now you have asked me questions, let me ask one: how do people ever spend their lives on the prairie? If they live there, they could come to the mountains for a part of each year, or I suppose some of them could who do not do so, and I can't understand it. People should live in mountains twelve months of the year, I believe, and then mountain-climbing is the best exercise and recreation in the world, if they want to enjoy a holiday."

A trip of barely secondary interest to that which leads to the Great Glacier is the trail that leads to the Nakimu Caves, a series of caverns that were discovered by a British prospector and hunter, Charles Henry Deutschman, in 1904. The region was soon explored in company with the discoverer and described by the Dominion topographer, A. O. Wheeler, in part as follows: "At the time of the first exploration the writer took acetylene bicycle lamps whose bull's-eyes enabled the pitch darkness



CHRISTIAAN HAESLER, SWISS GUIDE.

to be pierced to some extent. Magnesium wire also was lighted, and, by its aid, for a brief minute, the interior was bathed in dazzling brightness. Standing on a narrow ledge that overhangs a black abyss, the eye is first drawn by a subterranean waterfall heard roaring immediately on the left. It appears to pour from a dark opening above it. Below, between black walls of rock, may be seen the foam-flecked torrent hurtling down the incline until lost in dense shadows. Overhead, fantastic spurs and shapes reach out into the blackness and the entire surroundings are so weird and uncanny that it is easy to imagine Dante seated upon one of these spurs deriving impressions for his *Inferno*. As the brilliant light goes out the thick darkness makes itself felt, and instinctively you feel to see if Charon is not standing beside you. This subterranean stream, with its unearthly surroundings, is somewhat suggestive of the Styx, and incidentally supplied the name 'Avernus' for the cavern of the waterfall. . . . On making its exit at the eastern end of Gopher Bridge, Cougar Creek pours down a narrow rock cup for a distance of three hundred fifty feet, when it again disappears in a whirl of flying spray below the surface of the valley. It reappears three hundred feet further on at the bottom of a deep gorge, having dropped eighty-five feet while underground. . . . The rock-cut above referred to is narrow, about eight to ten feet wide, and of regular appearance. The upper half presents a series of cascades and falls and the sides show curious small potholes that are in the process of erosion from the soft limestone. It has been named 'The Flume' owing to its resemblance to a millrace. . . . Above the center of the flume, and thirty feet from it, is the entrance to the Mill Bridge series of the caves. This entrance is

a mere cleft in the rock strata and is only wide enough to admit of the passage of a man's body. The total length of the underground passageway, accommodating a very considerable volume of water, is four hundred feet. The height varies from a minimum of ten feet to a maximum of twenty-five feet, and the width from three to fifteen feet. At its eastern end it opens to an irregularly-shaped chamber of approximately sixty by seventy feet, with a greatest height of twenty feet. This chamber has been named 'The Auditorium' by the first exploring party. . . . Faint daylight enters through the passageway of the waters and serves to make the surroundings look dim and mysterious. The frosts of winter also reach this spot, and in the spring stalactites and stalagmites, formed of huge icicles, are seen in columnar groups surrounding the dashing waters and extending some distance into the chamber itself. . . . The exit of Cougar Creek from Mill Bridge takes place at the bottom of a narrow crack or gorge, running at right angles to the general direction of the stream. The gorge is three hundred feet in length, about fifty feet wide, and is spanned by two natural rock bridges. . . . On emerging from its subterranean course beneath Mill Bridge, the creek flows through the gorge eight feet below the floor of the valley. At the lower or north end is the opening that leads to the largest and most interesting of the series of passageways forming the Nakimu Caves. The gorge forms a very striking feature of the external scenery and several places are accessible from which views may be had into its depths that are wild and impressive in the extreme. The opening is a dome-shaped break in the wall forming the north end. Into this the stream tumbles with wild fury over a confusion of huge fragments of

rock piled up in the passageway. It creates leaps and falls and a dissemination of spray that makes the opening to the outer world, as seen from below, appear through a luminous mist. The aperture is some thirty feet wide and about the same height. . . . The Ballroom is roughly triangular in shape with sides of about sixty feet, and an estimated height of fifty feet. The largest portion of the space is occupied by an enormous rock that has fallen from the roof. This rock has a generally level surface, and is just the spot where a group of witch-hags might be expected to caper round the ghastly fumes of some hellish caldron at a Sabbath meeting; hence the name in sympathy with the ill-omened and weird surroundings."

The above are only a few of the enchanting vaults and chambers in the full series of caves, however, and one may well spend an entire day or more in visiting them. There are: the Carbonate Grotto; the White Grotto; the Art Gallery; the Gimlet; the Bridal Chamber; the Ice Cave, and several others that already have been named by the discoverer and various explorers who are constantly adding to the list. The Indian word Nakimu means "Grumbling," on account of the sounds of waterfalls, which resemble the sound that comes from a mill in full operation. The geologists believe that the age of the caves is about thirty-eight thousand years, assuming that the rate of erosion has been about one thirty-seconds of an inch per annum. The distance to the Nakimu Caves from Glacier House by way of the wagon road, Illecillewaet River and Cougar Creek, is seven miles; by horse trail via Rogers Pass over the summit of Baloo Pass to the Caves the distance is three miles further. Baloo Pass is six thousand odd feet above sea level and from the summit is an extensive view, including not only the

Hermit Range and Macdonald, but the Dawson Peaks, Bishop Range and the mountains that girt Cougar Valley.

The railroad formerly crept around a shelf of mountain on the rim of the great stone basin and arrived at Glacier's front door. It was feared that while the company might profit from eliminating this difficult grade and engineering feat that had cost a fortune to construct, the effect of the removal might be detrimental to the hotel. Many travelers who had not heard of the natural beauties of the place became enchanted by what they saw from the car windows and resolved to make a stop-over, thus becoming hotel guests; but there has been no decline in patronage. Tourists are delighted with the two-mile tallyho drive through the pine forest from the station to the hotel and there is a quiet seclusion that was impossible to maintain when the rails were so near. And now that fears in this matter have disappeared, a tremendous project has been suggested that would give Glacier an additional asset as a tourist resort and would be difficult to rival elsewhere on the continent. The rails are being removed from the serpentine mountain-shelf all the way to Rogers Pass; but the roadbed remains. It is located within the vast Dominion Park, so the proposal is for the government to make this roadbed into an automobile highway, thus making it possible to view many of nature's wonderworks during a brief motor car excursion.

The guest at Glacier imagines that it must be spring-time, even when the August sun shines warm and when the foilage begins to turn in September. The fountains from glacial streams are continually playing on the wide green lawn and there is a profusion of blossoms in the gardens; still the nights are chilly and there is steam heat

in the hotel's radiators throughout the summer months. Far along toward the end of June I have seen huge drifts of the last winter's snow banked around the northern and western sides of the hotel; but, at the same time, on the verandas were hanging-baskets of geraniums in full flower. Four or five feet of snow less than three yards away from them; but the plants were uninjured. It was a delightful paradox in this huge basin of the unusual.

A good trail leads from the hotel to the Asulkan Glacier, affording splendid views from the Asulkan Pass, which is over seven thousand feet in the air. Other excursions that are popular with tourists are to Glacier Crest and Lake Marion. The summit of Mount Abbot is a day's climb, but not counted a difficult peak. Easy trails lead up to Eagle Peak and the top of Mount Avalanche. The Cascade Pavilion sits upon the latter, visible from the hotel veranda, but a thousand feet upward and easily reached by "pony express" in about three hours. Glacier offers hours, days and weeks of excursions for one who has the leisure to enjoy them.

Immediately the train leaves the little chalet station it plunges into the longest tunnel in North America which pierces Mount Macdonald. From portal to portal it measures five miles, eliminates over four miles of rail by the old route, reduces the elevation of the road five hundred and fifty-two feet, and by its straight shaft cuts through where several circles were formerly necessary. The train arrives at Beavermouth, now a distance of sixty-three miles from Revelstoke; one hundred and sixty-three miles by the river which formerly marked the channel and pathway.

The next station of importance, after coming close to the Columbia River and emerging from the canyon, is

Golden, a prosperous mining town, point of departure for big game hunters and the junction for the branch south to the Windermere country and the Crow's Nest. The city nestles between the Rockies and the Selkirks at the confluence of the Columbia and Kicking Horse rivers and is capable of development in various directions: as a tourist resort, the agricultural center of a territory of eight hundred thousand acres, or as a purely manufacturing town with nearby waterfalls capable of aggregating thirty thousand horsepower. At the present time it is passed by the traveler, which is likely to be the case until the contemplated tourist hotel is built.

As the train leaves Golden it quickly passes into the tremendous Kicking Horse Canyon, with cliffs so high that they seem to shut out the light, a heavy tree growth, and rushing waters echoing against granite walls. The passage through this vast chasm is considered by many people to be one of the notable hours of the entire journey through the mountains. An abrupt turn in the river reveals Mount Hunter between the Ottertail and Beaverfoot Ranges. Just before reaching Leancholl, the Canadian National Park is reached. In the distance is seen Mount Goodsir towering to over eleven thousand feet, and the Beaverfoot River comes foaming into the Kicking Horse. There has been a long discussion in regard to how the latter received its name. Many writers have maintained that it was named for its mighty rush among the rocks, the antics of a kicking horse or pony. The popular legend, however, is that an engineer named Randolph received a severe kick from a horse while going through the Pass. Three ribs were broken, and as he was unconscious the Indians supposed that he was dead and dug his grave. While he was being carried thither,

he regained consciousness and asked his bearers what they thought they were doing, whereupon the Red Men christened the place Kicking Horse Pass. Another story is that when a long pack train was following the river, two bronchos went on a rampage and confused the train so that hoofs flew out in all directions. The Indians later spoke of the Pass as "The place where the horses kicked," which in time became condensed into Kicking Horse Pass.

The Kicking Horse broadens into wide flats that in summer are barely covered with water, scarcely indicative of what is soon to follow in its course. And when one receives the impression that he is coming upon nature in much gentler mood he glances ahead and in solemn majesty there arises the isolated Gibraltar known as Mount Stephen, the highest mountain close to the rails of the Canadian Pacific railway. The train stops — and so do most of the travelers. They have arrived at Field, where is located what is usually called "The Grandmother of the Canadian Mountain Hotels."

CHAPTER XVII

AMONG LAKES IN THE CLOUDS

LEONARDO DA VINCI wrote: "Listen to far-off bells, you can find in their confused clang the very names and words you lack."

Sitting on the balcony of the Mount Stephen House I came across these words and I wished that bronze gongs might chime from any of the peaks in the neighbourhood and come to my assistance. But I waited in vain and became convinced that all men must lack the words that might convey an adequate description of the place to one who has never beheld it. Perhaps Leonardo's words are true; perhaps the clanging of bells and their echoes from these lofty heights and through these colossal valleys are what is necessary, because it is certain that no writer has found words to describe their grandeur. Even the verbal enthusiast among these beautiful scenes finds himself dumb, the pen halts and the writer concludes that it may be better to attempt no description. Whole volumes written by trained mountaineers have failed to tell the story, long and familiar acquaintance with several individuals in the various mountain groups has served no useful purpose; and the valleys decline to reveal their awesome mysteries, even when one has dwelt among them for weeks, communed with them, feasted upon their never-ending charms, made comrades of them day and night. The solemn majesty of it all remains as it was in the

beginning, an unfathomable and indescribable miracle concerning which even the scientists disagree as to main facts. The geologists have found no Rosetta Stone to guide them in a full understanding and interpretation of the story. Perhaps the layman grasps the futility of attempting the impossible as the scientist cannot; to the former the district is a problem of the fourth dimension waiting to be solved, but to the latter the scientific mysteries are not apparent. Field and its neighbourhood are simply a profusion of never-failing delights to the lay traveler and he asks nothing more.

Mount Stephen, the gigantic pillar at the town's threshold, is said to be "the most climbed mountain in the Canadian Switzerland." Had it been located somewhere in the antique world there would be volumes of epics preserving its legends. It would have been the abiding-place of the gods, the High Place of pilgrimage. Perhaps the world's most celebrated sacrificial altar would have been upon its summit. Raising its towering bulk in the unknown regions of the New World, it almost awaited discovery by the railroad builders who followed a pathway around its base and made it a future joy for the world's people. Stephen is superb when viewed in any light. I have seen it at night when it seemed to be an approaching cloud brushing across the earth, levelling everything in its wake. I have observed it at dawn, noon and at sunset; once it appeared to be a huge block of yellow ochre when the morning light flashed over its walls, at noon it was pink, and then at night the reddish tints dissolved and a mantle of purplish-blue was spread over its form. It is frightful in its majesty when one first beholds it, but on closer acquaintance it has a compelling friendliness, an alluring attractiveness that compels admiration. One

hesitates when contemplating the ascent, if he recall weary muscles from earlier adventures among the peaks, for Stephen seems to tower above the others on account of its isolation; but a forty-eight hour visit to Field usually decides the inquiry in the traveler's mind and he answers in the affirmative. He falls a victim to the magnetic appeal. "I will" he declares, and early in the morning he starts out to follow the trail to the lofty crest in the clouds. The ascent usually requires about ten hours and one should plan to leave the hotel soon after dawn, carry a lunch and return to the hotel limb-weary no doubt, but with an unexpected appetite for dinner.

This will be the most strenuous among the number of days that the tourist allots to the stop-over at Field. Plans have been made for his comfort and he may mount a saddle or lounge in the cushioned seat of a carriage when visiting most of the wonders of the region. First place among the regular tours is to Emerald Lake, which lies only seven miles away, the return drive being accomplished with ease in a half day. The road winds around the spurs of Mount Burgess, through a splendid spruce forest along "Snow Peak Avenue," a straight highway for over a mile, to the placid water in the bowl among the mountains. On the way the Natural Bridge is crossed, there are foaming rapids just over the brink; and one may be fortunate enough to witness the slide of a distant avalanche if the time is the early summer when the sun has loosened the ice claws by which great drifts hang to the mountain-side. At Emerald Lake is a comfortable chalet hotel owned and operated by the railroad. It is set in a basin of ten-thousand feet peaks, a delightful retreat in which to spend a few days and nights. A fine evening excursion from Field is to the Bridge where the

Kicking Horse River has built a span across the river torrent by the action of its waters against the limestone rock.

The Ottertail Drive is another half-day excursion to the Alpine flower fields of the Ottertail Range, where a fine view may be gained of the Van Horne peaks. This trip also offers an unequalled opportunity to observe the Kicking Horse Canyon and takes the tourist over the highest traffic bridge in the Canadian Rockies.

The amateur geologist who does not make the ascent to the summit of Mount Stephen will be interested in taking the pony trail twenty-six hundred feet above the railway, where in a lentile of shale there is a fossil-bed from which thirty-two species of trilobites and brachiopods have been determined. As a horse-owner remarked: "There are fossils enough for everybody up there," and all who desire to do so may find them, and a new fossil-bed has been recently discovered on the same mountain which makes the "supply" practically limitless. These beds contain the shell impressions of marine animals which lived in the sea that at one time covered the present site of the mountains. When the animals died their shells were covered with sediment and impressions of them were preserved, thus providing an insight into conditions of life in the Middle Cambrian Age.

The de luxe exhibit adjacent to Field is the celebrated Yoho Valley. Aware of its importance and desiring to make its beauties visible to the largest number of people, the railroad conducts a three-day camping tour that increases in popularity each season and may one day become impracticable owing to the large numbers of people desiring accommodation. In time, no doubt, hotels will rise

where tents are now pitched in the summer season. Fashionably-gowned women will be promenading the verandas and their escorts will be experiencing comparatively small relief from the tedium of offices and busy city streets. It will then be a holiday ground for the men and women who enjoy the crowded hotels at sea beaches, board walks and balls. The scenery will still be there, the never-to-be-forgotten scenery; but the place will have lost much of the natural and rugged charm which it now possesses. One feels rather envious of all who have the fortune to make the trip as it is conducted at the present time; almost a feeling of pity for those who will come in future days of the hotels. White-tops amid these pines, glaciers and cataracts seem more appropriate than hotel roofs when viewed from a distance; a camp in the Yoho Valley seems to be something more wonderful than a hotel can be, even though it be erected beneath the Takakkaw cataract itself, with verandas commanding a view of much that is difficult to equal for superlative grandeur elsewhere. The falls are the highest in America, eight times as high as Niagara, and yet the falls are but one of the attractions that make the three-day excursion unusual. From Field the pony trail skirts Emerald Lake and leads to Summit Lake, where lunch is served, followed by a brief rest before the ascent to Lookout Point, where a view is obtained of the Wapta Glacier, Takakkaw Falls, and the long sweep of the Yoho Valley. From here the bridle path leads down to what is known as the Upper Camp at the head of the Yoho, where the first night is spent. It is not upon a bed of pine needles, there is no bacon and flap-jack breakfast beloved of the woodman, none of that delightful building of camp-fires, scurrying for dry fuel

and blissful "discomforts" of the camper who goes further afield on his own responsibility; but there is splendidly appointed camping equipment, luxurious fare for the wilderness, and one has not the slightest reason for doubt that all will move in clock-like precision so far as creature-comforts being amply provided for him are concerned. Competent guides and servants who know exactly what is expected from them and who have learned by experience exactly what is possible to make the tourist's pilgrimage a pleasant detail of his entire tour of the mountains, move by schedule and arrange everything. One has but to sit in a saddle, follow the leader, eat his meals, and sleep in comfort. There is no suggestion of hardship nor discomfort, and there is a constant feast for the eyes. Gentle and gentlemanly individuals these guides! They are men who would deal gently with a suffering dog; most of them would probably hesitate before shooting an animal unless they wanted it for food. But experience has taught them and their employers that the much heralded "Wild West" must not entirely lose its wildness if it comes up to tourist's expectations. So they make up as skilfully as actors do and in their weird, brilliant costumes, hats, chaps, spurs and perhaps manner of speaking which has been carefully cultivated to be used when required, there survives the "atmosphere" of the theatrical West, that legendary region which is peopled with men and women whose portraits appear upon the covers of popular magazines. "We are starting for the Yoho Valley to-morrow morning," said a young lady to me as we met on the hotel veranda. "We have just been talking things over with our guide. He is a very devil of a fellow, as wild as they make them out here, I guess. It almost frightens us when

we think that we shall trust ourselves to him for three days. I'll bet that man has a record!"

The young gentleman referred to was just leaving the hotel. He strutted down the walk with a devil-may-care stride. He wore magenta-pinkish chaps, a red silk 'kerchief was knotted about his throat, and a combrero with a wide band of Indian bead-work — perhaps at one time a belt — was perched on one side of his head. "Perhaps a good motion picture star was lost when that man became a Rocky Mountains guide," I thought, but I admit that I said something else to the lady, who with her pale husband was on her honeymoon. Had I spoken my thoughts, her dream of the romantic West might have been shattered, which would have been a cruel blunder on my part, because she was radiant with joy.

As it chanced, I was on the station platform that night when the east-bound train arrived. The young guide was there, much admired and commented upon by tourists who were departing. As a young woman and certainly *their* little child stepped from the car, they were met by this "very devil of a fellow," who gathered the two of them in his arms and spoke to them as gently as any husband and father from the effete East could have done as they passed along and were lost in the crowd.

A third time I saw this conspicuously dressed individual, so quickly observed in a crowd. It was the following morning. His "party," the honeymooners from New York, were in the saddle. The guide, "wild as they make them," sat jauntily astride his restless pony, still as cleverly playing his *rôle* as any actor of the theatrical stage could have done. I waved them farewell and the bride threw me a wistful glance. I am certain that she was not certain that they were acting wisely in going

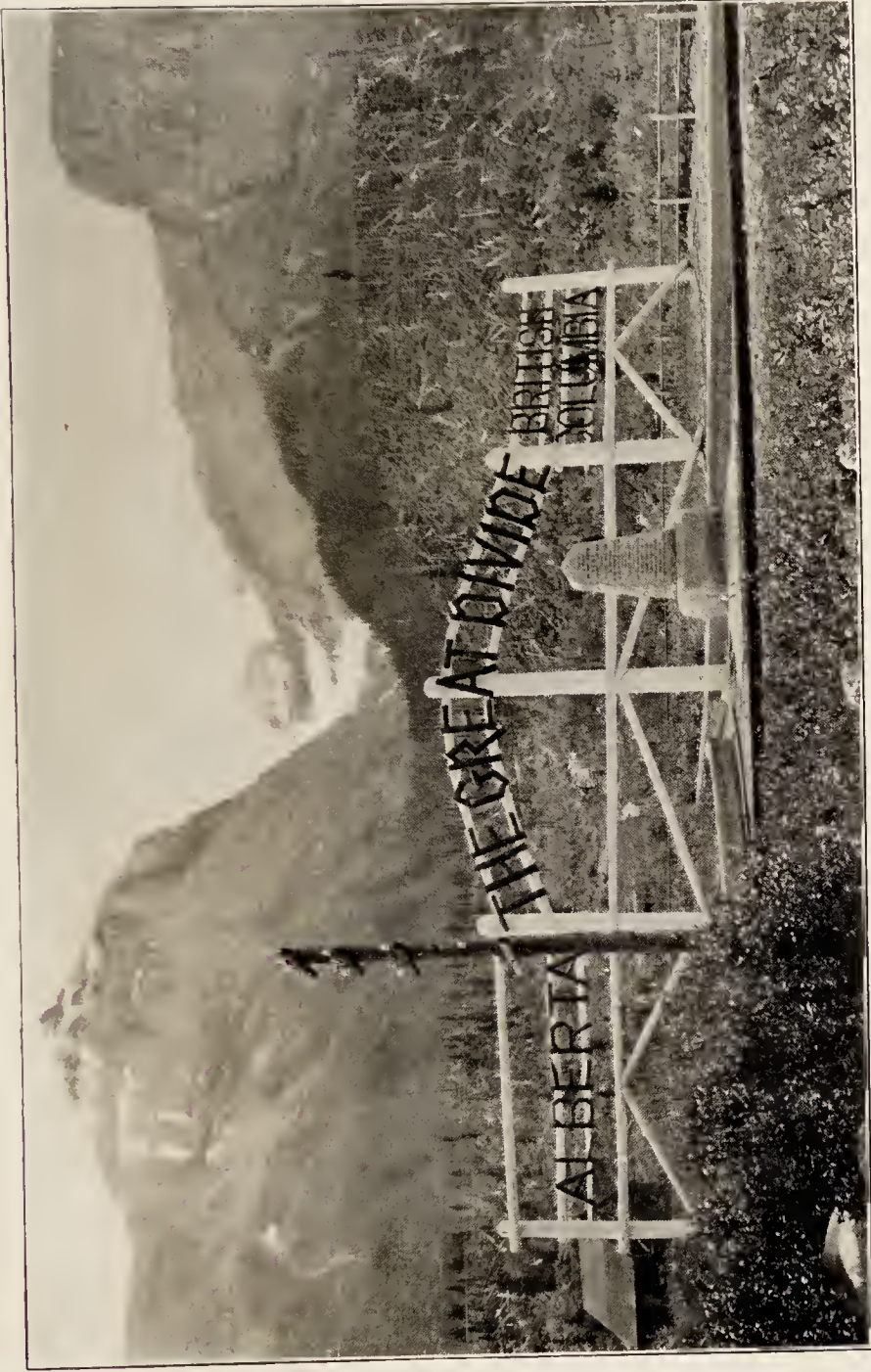
beyond "civilization" alone with this man for whom she had created a romantic "record."

After a night in the Upper Camp the trail leads past Twin Falls and Laughing Falls and slowly descends the mountain to the foot of Takakkaw Falls, where supper and another camp await the riders. On the third day the return trip is made over Burgess Pass and down the southern slope of Mount Field into the Kicking Horse Valley. At Surprise Point the traveler suddenly beholds Field, Emerald Lake and the Bow and Yoho Valleys.

There are several other "favourite" excursions from Field and the list is being added to each season with the arrival of mountaineers who seem always looking for new ascents. Most of them long ago covered the "routine tours" of this fascinating neighbourhood, and while they come back with the enthusiasm of first-timers they follow different canyons to peaks not before reached by them, and though it seems that by this time the entire Rocky Mountain system has been "covered," some one more daring or energetic than the crowd frequently brings tidings of a "new" lake "just beyond" one of the old trails, a "new" and better trail to a certain peak, or another cataract that does not appear in tourists' catalogues. Another pony journey of three days, upon which one must carry his own equipment — provided by the guides — is to O'Hara Lake and McArthur Lake. W. D. Wilcox in *The Rocky Mountains of Canada*, gives O'Hara Lake first place among all bodies of water above the clouds. "In all the mountain wilderness the most complete picture of natural beauty," he declares, and again: "of all the finer lakes, O'Hara presents the greatest variety of pleasing views." McArthur Lake is over seven thousand feet above sea level, a pocket of clear

water over two miles in length, fed by a glacier from which icebergs break and float in a manner that gives it what Wilcox calls a "thoroughly Arctic" appearance.

As the railway circles around Mount Stephen, starting eastward from Field, the tourist feels that he has arrived close to the third-act climax of the great mountain drama. A backward glance at the fading city gives a better impression of its splendid location than it was possible to gain upon arrival. The train performs some remarkable feats in its last great ascent towards the roof of the Canadian Rockies and arrives at Hector, which is five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine feet in the air and named after Sir James Hector, the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Just beyond this point there is a large arch of logs, which in two-foot high rustic letters announces arrival at *The Great Divide*. The train does not stop; but one realizes the wonderful moment as he glances at the trickling stream flowing over gravel and small pebbles at the train-side. Its course is westward and in time its waters will join other streams and reach the Pacific Ocean. Another glance. The rustic sign-post has been passed. There is another stream flowing over the pebbles, and it is flowing towards the Atlantic Ocean. The train reaches Stephen and the great descent begins. There are twists and curves, other ascents around rock masses that lie in the direct pathway, there are halts by the way and it is a long distance ahead, just as it was a long approach up the great granite stairway from the Pacific; but the tourist knows that he has crossed the highest rock touched by the rails; he is descending toward the plains of Alberta! Almost before the mind is capable of grasping the wonder of it all, before he is fully aware of its tremendous im-



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

portance, the traveler finds that the train has arrived at Lake Louise Station, a log chalet over five thousand feet above the sea. One "changes cars" if he make this place a stop-over, and quickly finds himself and his luggage aboard a tram-car. Perhaps it is July, even August, but the hotel attendants caution new-comers to fold big red blankets over their knees as the car begins an ascent of another six hundred feet over glacial streams, through pine woods, a three-mile ride "that may be chilly in the open car." The tram-way leads to the big entrance of Chateau Lake Louise. The tourist has been transported to fairyland, the Princess has brought him to her castle by the sapphire lake!

Lake Louise and the Chateau are the aristocrats among Rocky Mountains scenes and hotels. Probably it is the ultra-fashionable resort of the western part of Canada. It is the summer Palm Beach and the Newport of the Rocky Mountains, although this distinction is claimed by other localities, the *pièce de résistance* in a sumptuous menu. Just how long the tourist should remain here varies in individual cases, according to purse and wardrobe. One thing is certain, however, it should receive a visit from every trans-Canada traveler although he be unable to give it more than a passing glance between trains. Three days are preferable to one, and a week is better than three days. Lake Louise is essentially a place that suggests leisure — pony trails, tallyho-drives and short walks, rather than the more strenuous activities of the Alpinist. The train and tram deposit the visitor in the midst of charming views; it is not imperative to leave one of the huge plate-glass windows of a Chateau lounge, in reality not necessary to leave one's apartment, if he arrange to be located in one of the towers, to feast his

eyes for many hours on a rare landscape. In fact, I believe that the first day of the visit may be most profitably spent before a window or upon the hotel veranda. In the course of a few silent hours in a rustic chair it may be possible to gain a somewhat comprehensive idea of the picture which cannot reveal itself suddenly and which cannot be appreciated by one who hurries forth for the announced "excursions" soon after arrival.

Perhaps one comes to understand better what was in his mind when Pater described a landscape as "state of soul." Dawn throws rare daffodil, coral and amethyst tints over the rocks, snow and water. Each quarter-hour later in the day plays a new prank in chromatic experiment. Sometimes, when the sun blazes at high noon and the sky seems white, I have seen the water of the lake as blue as sapphire. When fleecy clouds play around the sun the lake sometimes turns pale gray and the huge rocky walls at its sides throw a shadow that is a deep myrtle green. At sunset I have seen the water indigo, while the rocks were splotted with bright yellow. In the moonlight I have seen the landscape from a chateau window when it looked as if it were viewed through Tyrian purple gauze. Always it is fantastic, because at all hours it is just a little different from other landscapes. One recalls the lady who told the artist that she had never seen the colours that he put on a canvas sunset and his reply: "I know it, Madam, but don't you wish you could?" One has seen many canvases that represented lakes, snow, evergreens and mountains. Sometimes the artists have depicted realities; sometimes they have painted things not as they are, but as they wish they were. Louise the Magnificent seems the reality of

what all who have not seen it may consider idealization in landscape painting. Here the master painter seems to have assembled within small compass everything that is sublimely beautiful. No human being is capable of grasping such realities in less than twenty-four hours, and as it is well to have one's first peep at Paris from the balcony of the Eiffel Tower so it is advisable to arrive at the Chateau on the night train, retire, awaken with the sun and spend the first day in contemplation of one of earth's most beautiful amphitheatres with a glance at projecting prongs of white peaks beyond that insure many happy excursions for the days to follow.

These days may have taken the visitor along the trails that lead to rocky heights, beside avalanches of snow or ice, or through heaps of logs piled high by the landslides, he may have wandered into rather distant valleys, taking lunch on mossy banks by crystal streams, and he may feel that he has tasted all the joys of Lake Louise and the neighbourhood. Then he may proceed a few steps from the Chateau to the boat-landing, hire a rowboat and drift out onto this fascinating blue. It seems that a few strokes of the oar will bring one to the other end; but if he follow the shore-line he will find it a ride of two miles going and two returning. He makes the circuit of the lake and frequently looks into the awful depths that like a mirror reflect the masses of stone that have tumbled from the heights in recent or distant days. The skiff will enter little bays over which there are frowning precipices that often are obscured in clouds. The celebrated Palisades of the Hudson seem pigmy by comparison — yet a few more strokes of the oar and he is within arm's reach of the mold where wild flowers grow in profusion, where towering pines, spruces and hemlocks throw their

roots in a tight grasp around boulders that at some time dropped from the great Victoria Glacier which seems to rise a greenish-white triangle with bow pointed toward the water. Lake Louise has been called "liquid music" and one slowly arrives at realization that the appellation was not a meaningless poetic flight. The Indians knew it as *The Big Snow Mountain Above the Lake of Little Fishes*, by which they meant to offer it rhetorical homage. Red Men and white men, savage and civilized, meet on common ground when they behold this rare pearl among the crown jewels of Canada.

The Chateau is just what it should be, a rambling series of structures united by large towers and passage-ways of concrete and glass. It is not a "formal" structure in any way and one would have difficulty in classifying it by architectural phraseology. Additions to the original building have been made until the outline is no more like the first "Chateau" than this building was like the small frame cottage to which the first "visitors" were admitted soon after the completion of the railroad. It sits on a terrace overlooking the "stage" of the amphitheater, with a full view of lake, mountains, glacier and forests. Around it are grouped attractive chalets, like the lesser buildings of an ancient town around the castle. Yellow poppy gardens and a close cropped lawn slope to the water's edge. It is the hub of a great excursion wheel from which well-built trails radiate in all directions.

The one-day visitor usually contents himself with a circuit of the lake and perhaps a climb to Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes (called *The Goat's Looking Glass* by the Indians) not at all difficult nor dangerous, as frequent rest-cabins have been roofed along the route, foot-



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

LAKE LOUISE AND VICTORIA GLACIER.



bridges have been constructed with rustic railings that hedge back the adventurous but inexperienced climber, and a refreshing cup of tea is at the summit waiting for travelers who rest before undertaking the descent and revel in the new view gained from the heights. This trip may be taken by pony and in this way about four hours are usually allotted to it, the return being made by what is known as the High Trail which leads back to the Chateau. Lake Agnes was named for Miss Agnes Knox of Toronto, who is said to have been the first woman to visit it. Lake Louise was named for Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria.

The two-day tripper usually includes the trip to Victoria Glacier in his itinerary. It is advisable to secure the services of a Swiss guide from the hotel and accompany his party which is usually made up twice a day for the excursion. It is also advisable to allow one full day for this jaunt, where much information may be gained concerning the weird formations of glacial ice, aided by close contact with what is being described, as at the Illecillewaet Glacier. The giant snow-capped Mount Victoria, over eleven thousand feet high, which lies at the end of the lake, is frequently ascended, and it is not counted difficult by experienced climbers. The trip cannot be recommended unless in the company of guides, however, and should not be undertaken by one subject to mountain sickness. "Easy" say the guides and the professionals, but the trail so lightly dismissed leads through the Abbot Pass or Death Trap, where there is frequently soft snow and along seven-hundred-foot ledges, where a "ladder-like snow curtain must be scaled and then a long, narrow ridge traversed," which are counted the only trying experiences on the entire route.

This information is enough to send the ordinary pleasure-seeker into other localities.

The three-day visitor should not fail to visit the Valley of the Ten Peaks and Moraine Lake, and while the trip, like that to Victoria Glacier, may be accomplished in four hours, it is well to spend the entire day there, going by the morning stage or automobile and returning in the evening. The road leads by the base of Mount Temple, a stupendous mound of rock that seems to be a gigantic cathedral of ornate carvings. Lake Annette lies here, nestled in a pocket surrounded by forests, five thousand feet beneath the glacier which forms the summit. It is a favourite climb for the Alpinists, up this precipitous slope of a giant among giants; but it should not be undertaken by the timid. Fifty-three members of the Canadian Alpine Club made the ascent in 1907 during their annual camp in Paradise Valley.

Moraine Lake is two miles long and a half mile wide. It is flanked on one side by ten sharp mountain peaks and in another direction by the celebrated Tower of Babel, a monster bastion that seems to have been built of blocks of masonry. The "entrance" seems to be guarded by two rounded towers, perfectly matched, and a pathway of rock seems to lead between them from the valley.

There are trout in this clear lake and a camp for fishermen. Also a tea-house, which so far as my experience goes, holds the world's record in at least one particular. Having entered the cabin and supped a cup of tea from a small Japanese cup, in addition to a nibble from a biscuit as large as a silver dollar, I inquired the price. A genteel English lady who had served the tea replied: "One dollar, please." "And have you a photograph?"



VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS AND MORaine LAKE.

I inquired. "A photograph of what?" "Yourself. I would like to preserve a photographic likeness of one who has enough — what I will call 'courage' — to charge one dollar for a cup of tea!" and I departed.

W. D. Wilcox, the discoverer of Moraine Lake, named it for the ridge of glacial formation at its lower end. He has written: "At the time of my arrival the lake was partly calm and reflected the rough escarpments and cliffs from its surface. No scene has ever given me an equal impression of inspiring solitude and rugged grandeur." Might it not be possible, I reflected as I read these words, that the lady of the tea-house had become "inspired" in this solitude, inspired to demand a profit of about five thousand per cent. for selling tea?" I recalled a year before when I was in similarly far-away places in the Japanese mountains and stopped beneath a sheltered cabin of bamboo, ordered tea, drank a potful if I wanted to do so and pleased the attendants by paying them the equivalent of about five cents!

There is another half-day pony trip to the Saddle Back, where may be obtained a splendid view of Paradise Valley, Horseshoe Glacier and Lake Annette. The trail through Paradise Valley to the foot of the glacier and Giant Steps Waterfall passes close to the foot of Mount Temple, as on the excursion to Moraine Lake. At the head of Paradise Valley is Mount Hungabee, which is considered one of the difficult peaks of the region, even for Alpinists.

The guides say that one of the easiest mountains to climb is Mount St. Piran, reached from the Chateau by the "Lakes in the Clouds" trail, and they tell that the view from its summit is so beautiful that when the ascent was made by Edward Whymper, who had conquered the

Matterhorn, he became entranced and stayed over night for the purpose of making the descent in the morning light.

Mount Lefroy is not supposed to be more difficult than some of the others, but it has a tragic record, which is related at length in a chapter called "*The Tragedy of Mount Lefroy*" in Outram's book on the Rocky Mountains. Fatal accidents have been few in these mountains among the climbers, thus more publicity has been given to the death of Philip Stanley Abbot of Boston than would be the case for example among Swiss mountains, where there have been so many fatalities. He was a man of long experience and a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club. A party of four, including Mr. Abbot, left the Chateau August 3, 1895, and started out to ascend Lefroy. A local guide tells the following story: "The party at five-thirty drew up under an immense bastion and Abbot, who was leading, saw an angle in the bastion a vertical cleft up which it was possible to climb. Unroping, Abbot ascended some thirty feet when Professor Little called to him if it would not be better to try and turn the bastion on the shelf. To this question Abbot replied: 'I think not. I have a good lead.' These were the last words he ever spoke. A moment later Professor Little, whose attention was for the instant diverted, was conscious that something had fallen swiftly past him and knew only too well what it must be. Thompson, standing at the base of the cliff, saw Abbot fall backward and then saw him strike the upper margin of the ice head foremost, turn completely over and begin rolling down a steep incline. As the limp body rolled downward two lengths of rope coiled upon it as upon a spool, which affected the velocity of the descent of nine hundred feet



Courtesy of Byron Harmon.

DIFFICULT CLIMBING ON MOUNT LEFROY.

and prevented the unconscious man from falling over the cliff below. Abbot died a few moments after his friends reached the place where his body had been arrested in its terrible fall. Two days later the party returned and recovered Abbot's body, now wrapped in a mantle of snow."

Mount Fay receives its name from the president of the American Alpine Club, who thus describes its ascent: "The approach of Mount Fay is from one of the most exquisite of those deep blue Alpine lakes, in the number and beauty of which Switzerland is quite outclassed by this region — Moraine Lake. Its environment is most impressive, yet almost forbidding. Mount Fay is another massive ridge, rising as if to form a second terrace, from a great arena filled to the depths of hundreds of feet with a crevassed glacier. Its feeding never sweeps at a precipitous angle up this frowning ridge and seems to curl backward like a breaking wave in a ponderous changing cornice that precludes secure approach from this side. And this is, in part, why the ascent was one of the longest as well as most arduous that I have hitherto made, fifteen hours from our camp by the lakeside and return from 3:30 A. M. until 6:30 P. M. To the top of the couloir we made our way, chiefly on the ice, with frequent step cutting but with one diversion for variety to the crags. It was a parlous-looking place, and as we noted it upon our return by the ice below, we asked ourselves: 'How many persons inexperienced in such climbing would consider a passage over such a frowning donjon as in any way possible without wings?' Then over snow fields and a brief rocky ridge between peaks Three and Two, then skirting over the latter's snowy side — avoiding in one place a mass of rock discharged at us as if in fury from the outcrop near its summit —

and we found ourselves at the *col* or depression, between Two and the great snow-faced ridge still left for us to surmount, and even now towering some thousand feet above us. It remained only to pass over the ponderous dome of snow that crowns the midway portion of the great ridge, and then beyond it by an easy slope to gain its culmination. A vast panorama is here unfolded, the most impressive feature of which is the seemingly perpendicular drop of about five thousand feet, on its northern side to the lakelets of Consolation Valley."

Another popular pony trip from Lake Louise is to the Great Divide, where one may observe "the parting of the waters" at greater leisure than is possible when passing the point on the railroad. Also highly recommended is the trail that leads away ten miles to the Ptarmigan Valley, where there is a fossil-bed; and an extension of the trip to Pipestone River, where there is good fishing. A camping excursion certain to be full of adventures is the ten-day route that leads to Banff; and, as mentioned in an earlier chapter, it is the opinion of several experienced mountaineers and wilderness-lovers who have made the journey, that the finest views in the entire Rocky Mountain system are to be gained over the long passage between Lake Louise and Jasper Park.

CHAPTER XVIII

CAPITAL OF THE ROCKIES

WHEN the railway surveyors reached the valley of the Bow River they saw "smoke" rising from what seemed to be a perpetual fire at the base of one of the mountains that surround the huge basin. Perhaps they suspected that it was "perpetual devotion" before some altar that was held sacred by the Indians. Certainly it was a place of pilgrimage, because the Red Men came from all directions and bathed in a "sacred" pool. The suspected "sacrificial" fire burned dim and the surveyors never saw its flame. Day and night, however, they could detect a curling column of smoke that arose from the pine trees. Inquiries from Indians brought no satisfactory explanation, so as they came near to the torrential waters of the Bow they followed the stream to a point where it could be crossed. Whatever it was, the origin of this column of "smoke" was worthy of investigation. Arriving near the base of the mountain they found that the pillar of vapor came from a large hole in the ground. Cutting down a tree and crossing it with limbs for steps, they dropped the huge ladder into the hole until it struck bottom and then explored a large cave, the ceiling of which was hung with stalactites and the floor of which was a pool of hot water. Further investigation around the big hill revealed several places where the hot water came to the surface. The fumes that arose from the water were laden with sulphur, so the hill was named Sulphur Mountain. Sir George Stephen named the basin

Banff, after his native town in Scotland. It was the beginning of the metropolis of the Rocky Mountains. Although situated forty miles from the eastern boundary of the great Canadian National Park of five thousand seven hundred and thirty-two square miles, it is the official "entrance" to the mountain wonderland from the East, while it is the glorious climax to the tour of the Canadian Alps, when approached from the West. The great basin when entered from either direction is of predominating importance to the tourist; one who makes no other stop-over on the trans-mountain tour will stop at Banff. And in consequence, an enterprising and thriving little city has arisen in the valley of the Bow River — across the river by the railway whose surveyors followed the "smoke" shaft that arose from the base of the mountain.

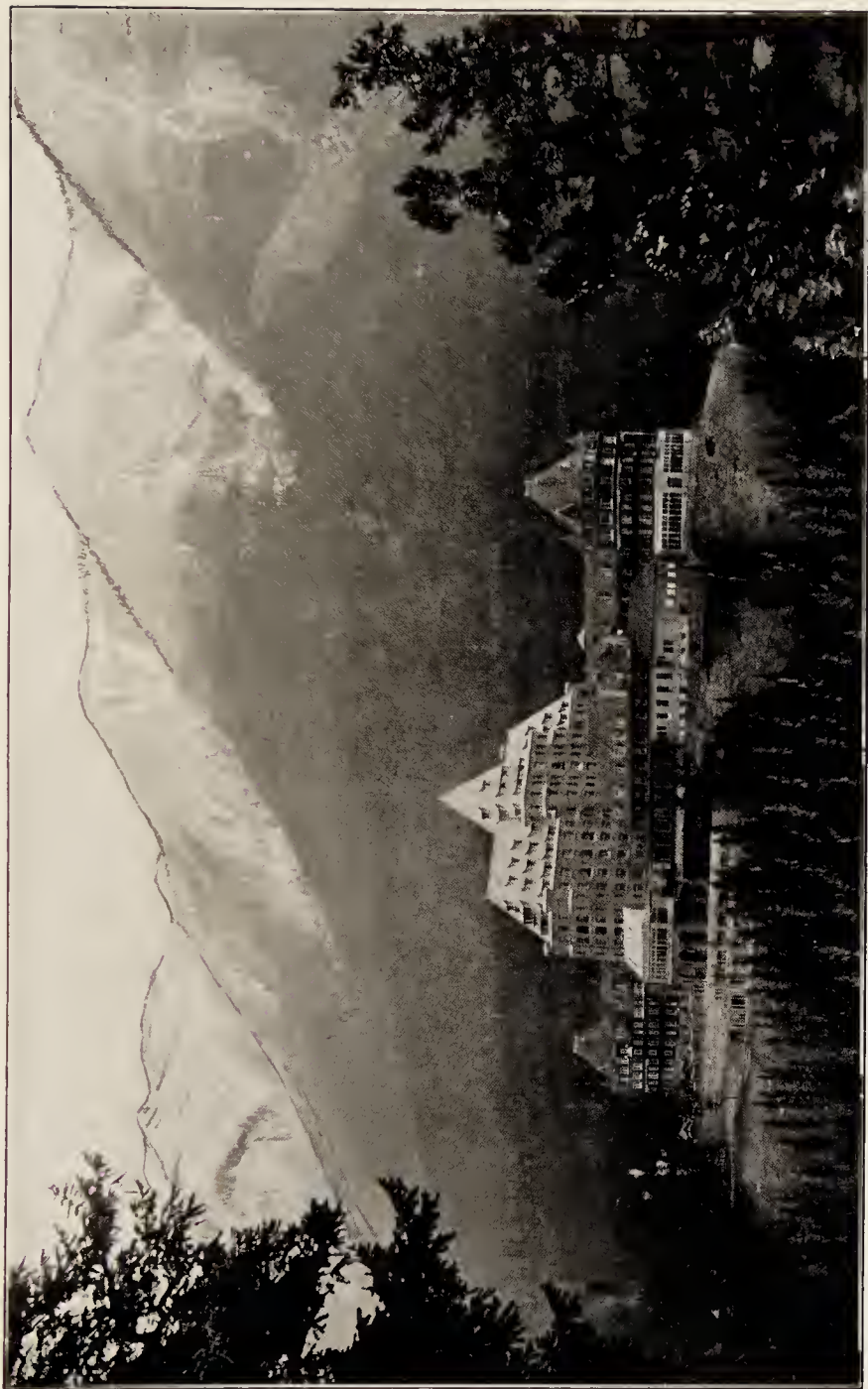
The Indians bathed in the warm sulphur pools and went away rejoicing. White men followed their example and found relief from many human ills. The locality seemed destined to become known as a "cure." The warm waters were collected in huge basins and people came in such numbers that rustic stairways were built along the steep portions of the trail to make the pools more easily accessible to the invalids who went up to them from the valley. In time the stairway railings became the repositories for the crutches of sufferers who had no further use for them. It was counted a great advertisement for Banff Springs, this display of sticks and crutches upon which people had hobbled to the healing pools before what they considered almost miraculous cures. Then one day there was a fire that destroyed these relics of bygone suffering, and as Banff's promoters realized that these somewhat primitive advertising methods

were no longer necessary, and as things generally had taken a new and favourable turn, it was decided to place less emphasis upon the curative properties of Banff's waters and more upon the locality itself as an ideal tourist resort for those who enjoyed perfect health as well as for the ailing. The Canadian Pacific Railway company built the mammoth castle-like hotel in a large park overlooking the Bow Rapids. The water from sulphur pools were piped to splendid outdoor tanks beside the hotel verandas, and while it remained one of the "attractions" of the place, wealth and fashion soon decreed in favour of Banff and its fate was sealed. Almost without effort the place became the best-known resort in the Rocky Mountains, and European writers have frequently declared that it is easily the equal of any similar playground in Switzerland or Italy.

Such is the Banff of to-day. The invalids still come to bathe in the sulphur waters, but they are no more conspicuous in the crowd than the water-drinkers at Saratoga Springs are during the race week. Banff is the capital of the mountains, the metropolis of the scenic Northwest. Here are to be fired the opening guns in the well-planned campaign to make the Canadian Rockies a winter as well as a summer resort. The world is being brought to a realization of its qualifications in this respect and there is believed to be little doubt that within a few years such pastimes as tobogganing, ski-ing, skating and curling will gain in popular favour among excursionists here as they have in Switzerland. The Alps were considered only a summer resort a few years ago; but before the war they were sharing popularity with the flower-bordered towns of the northern Mediterranean coast. One great winter attraction which other Alpine resorts can-

not boast will be the sulphur hot springs. In winter time with the thermometer falling to twenty degrees below zero, a bath in the open-air pool is said to be attractive, stimulating and healthful. It is a distinct novelty to plunge into an open-air pool the sides of which are hung with icicles and the banks covered by snow drifts, yet this is an everyday possibility at Banff during the coldest period of winter.

Banff has become a mountain Atlantic City on weekdays and a mountain Coney Island on Sunday — unless one is sheltered within the huge stone walls of the big hotel on the mountain-side, or comfortably located within the shelter of a sequestered bungalow among the pine forests. One who stays here for two hours realizes the distinction between “the man who lived in the terraced house and the brother in the streets below”—the old verses we formerly heard so much at school rhetoricals — for one either stops at *The Hotel*, or he does not. Many tourists do, and many do not. There are several hotels — some on hillsides set in pleasant parks, others on the banks of the Bow River and some on the main street of town — and then there is the Banff Springs Hotel, with its great arcade like an European castle entrance, through which four horses prance dragging a tallyho as guests arrive from the station. In the courtyard are riding-horses and grooms in cowboy costumes, smartly tailored women about to go for a ride, guides and their parties starting out for a climb in the mountains, and uniformed servants standing at the entrance eager to be of assistance to arriving or departing guests. It is a picture that one imagines exists only in reality at some medieval castle in the Tyrol. The furnishings and appointments of the hostelry complete this picture that was suggested by the



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.

external view. Spacious corridors and balconies are hung with tapestries and trophies of the hunt. Reception-rooms, drawing-rooms, writing-rooms and smoking-rooms are occupied by groups of cosmopolitan guests who make the hotel a rendezvous in their world wanderings. Mother sits in a glass-enclosed balcony and "chaperons" daughter who is taking her daily plunge in the sulphur pools. In the dining-room, as at the Café de la Paix, one meets all the world, for no self-respecting round-the-world tripper overlooks Banff, and he has heard of this mountain hotel and includes it in his itinerary as soon as he finds that he will cross Canada.

In recent years, however, an increasing number of Banff visitors have availed themselves of the opportunity to lease furnished bungalows. They stay at the hotel a few days and then a leisurely walk around town brings a "For Rent" sign to their attention. Regular residents of Banff are encouraging the idea by moving into tents for the months of July, August and September. In many instances one may move into the dwelling and take full possession for a price ranging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week. This makes "roughing it" and "camping in the Rockies" possible "with all the comforts of home," and the plan has met with favour from hosts and guests alike and shows great possibilities for future development. Tourists leave large sums of money in Banff every year, and the municipal, Provincial and Dominion governments continue to spend money to attract larger numbers of them each season. It has been said that nobody ever went to Banff and left the city disappointed with what he had seen and experienced. This is an enviable record and one that may be difficult to maintain with the increasing horde of visitors; but it is hoped

in future to please all tastes as well as all pocketbooks. The city possesses all natural attractions, so an effort will be made to make them available to the larger crowd.

It is one of the best localities imaginable for the vacation devoted entirely to hiking. It is reminiscent of the wonderful country on the borderland of Italy and Austria, with its mountains, heavily-timbered hills, rapidly flowing streams and trails. Most of these pathways in the environs of Banff have been well made and they are being improved constantly. There are one hundred and eighteen miles of roads and two hundred and forty-nine miles of trails that have been specially constructed in this monster park which covers over nine hundred thousand acres. It consists principally of mountains, lakes and rivers and it has been the aim of the authorities to keep it in as nearly its primeval condition as possible, at the same time making it convenient and comfortable to visit the most attractive localities. The park, as its promoters claim, is in reality "a paradise for the nature-lover, the admirer of grandeur, the individual seeking rest, or him who seeks mountain climbing, rambles in the valley or forest, drives along the banks of rivers or lakes, horse-back riding, invalids, campers, fishers, hunters, canoeists, botanists, geologists or explorers." And to this list might be added the still larger number of travelers who are not so easily classified, those who go everywhere and do not expect to be disappointed when they arrive.

Most of the roads and trails around Banff have been well made. In the first instance they did not follow the zigzag runway of grazing cattle as is so frequently the case elsewhere; most of them were laid out by professional hunters, guides, trappers and mountain-climbers

who studied the territory and found the best routes to afford an opportunity to view beauty spots and vistas of great charm and rarity. Just at present the automobile tourist is being much thought of by all road-builders, by powerful governments, as well as by keepers of tiny tea-houses. Where roads exist, they are being improved and repaired to provide motor-ways; new ones are being built, and roads are in prospect that will make it possible for the owner of a car and his party to roll along luxuriously in districts of the Rocky Mountains where only the surveyors and a few lovers of the wilds have ventured to go, either on horses, or toting blankets and provisions with them. This is highly preferable to not seeing the region at all. It is as if an individual possessed some beautiful painting which all the world wanted to see, and instead of keeping it in his own dark palace he placed it in a well-lighted museum, where every one could admire its beauties. The Dominion Government is placing its chief treasures on exhibition. It is making the means of seeing them as practicable and convenient as possible. Whatever its motive, for the motive is immaterial, the Canadian government has accomplished a great work in this respect of making beautiful scenery accessible to the public — and it is continuing this work. It was doing so even in wartime, when Provincial and Dominion resources were being rather severely taxed. Interned prisoners of war were put to work on roads, either building new ones or adding safety to old ones by piling pyramids and rows of stone at curbs along streams, lakes, and on mountain curves. At a glance it is apparent that all the improvements, like those in city parkways, are made “for all the people.” Of course it is a comparatively small percentage of the people who will tour over

the roads in large automobiles; but I think the time is coming — there are already signs of it — when the walking-tour will be as popular in this country as it is in Europe. Distances are vast in this great western section of Canada. The casual reader of a map fails to appreciate them; but railroads are convenient avenues to follow between the principal towns. With these towns as a center, the footpaths of the walking tourist will lead to thousands of places that for a long time or perhaps always, will remain invisible to the motorist. In fact there are hundreds of these paths already — hundreds of them around Banff alone. The walkers should avail themselves of this splendid opportunity to see how much more enjoyable a walk of ten miles can be among mountains, rivers and lakes, than a one-hundred-mile tour is likely to be. An early start, breakfast at the hotel, lunch in knapsack, and back to hotel or cottage in time for an eight o'clock dinner! This is the way to "see" Banff — the best way, or at least the best way to spend two weeks of the month that one could spend here enjoyably.

Perhaps the newcomer may best begin his excursions in Banff by short walks to the principal points of interest in the town itself and the immediate vicinity reached by the extension of city streets. Near the river in the center of town is a park where there are living specimens of the principal animals of the region, bears, mountain lions, coyotes, porcupines, gophers, foxes, and several others. In the park is the Rocky Mountains Park Museum, where one may inspect mounted specimens of almost every kind of animal to be found in the mountains. Across the bridge the roads lead to the baths on Sulphur Mountain, where the water comes splashing down the hill at a tem-



Courtesy of Byron Harmon.

BIG HORN ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

perature of ninety degrees to the hotel, and in another direction to the Cave and Basin, the springs from which the surveyors saw steam arising and where the Dominion Government has now constructed a public bathing station which is popularly believed to be the finest in America. The pool is two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide and it is constantly filled by the water flowing from the Cave. The stone of which it and the adjoining Pavilion are constructed were quarried from the neighbouring flinty mountain, but the cost of construction was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The big basin has no roof, but is surrounded by huge plate glass windows, allowing bathers a full view of the mountains on all sides. There are nearly two hundred dressing-rooms, chutes and jumping-boards, and at night the place is lighted by over fourteen hundred bulbs. An easy climb is to Tunnel Mountain, whence a fine view of the valley may be gained. Walks beside the Bow River, either in the forests, where it flows rapidly, or to its Falls, and where it is joined by the Spray River will consume pleasant hours. Another nearby excursion is to the beautiful Vermillion Lakes, which lie at the city's front door, but are invisible unless the road is followed for a distance of a mile or so, where the waters are hidden by forest trees. To Sun Dance Canyon is a round-trip of about four miles. Following an automobile road, one is likely to be fortunate enough to see deer browsing at shrubs by the roadside. A stream of water splashes from a great height in this canyon, where the scenery is rugged and usually betrays the results of the season's snow-slides.

The animal paddocks are only two miles from town and here one may see "big game" confined within comparatively limited quarters, but living as upon the plains,

or in the mountains. Elk, yak, moose, deer of various kinds, mountain sheep, and mountain goats roam at will over a large territory that is penetrated by convenient walks and drives, where they may be observed at close range. Of principal importance in this park is the splendid herd of buffalo, which with another herd under government protection at Wainwright, Alberta are counted the finest specimens of the American bison extant. The history of these herds dates back to 1873, when an Indian captured four bison calves, by cutting them out of a stampeding herd on the Flathead Reservation in Montana. The Indians gave them to the mission of St. Ignatius, where they were kept as pets and became as domesticated as ordinary cattle. They gradually increased in number until in 1884 there were thirteen, and the Indian owner, finding the care of them too great a tax on his scant resources, decided to give the Dominion government an option to sell them. Ten were purchased for \$250 apiece by C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo, who were ranching on the reservation. The buffalo herd increased under their supervision, and in a few years it became possible to sell specimens at very high prices. Some idea of the average rate of increase may be deduced from the observed fact that half the cows give birth to calves every year, while twin calves are not uncommon. As a rule, the bison calf is a very hardy creature. There are instances of the Pablo-Allard calves finding their feet in less than a minute after birth and showing fight within half an hour. In 1906 Hon. Frank Oliver, then Minister of the Interior, obtained an option on the six hundred unsold head belonging to Messrs. Pablo and Allard, and eventually they were bought for two hundred thousand dollars. The "round-up" lasted two months, and was carried out



HERD OF BUFFALO AT BANFF.

by seventy-five cowboys, horsemen picked for their ability from every part of the great Montana ranges.

In addition to preserving one of the most interesting quadrupeds in America, many cross-breeding experiments have been made between buffalo and domestic cattle, with a view to the development of a new type of domestic animal which will be able to "rustle" or take care of itself under conditions that are fatal to ordinary range cattle, and which, in addition, will possess the value of producing a robe like that of the buffalo. The animal born of cross-breeding is called the *cattalo* and great future importance is attached to the experiments already made.

One sees fine and healthy specimens of buffalo at Banff, big fellows, some of which weigh over two thousand pounds. They are ranging over the field and occasionally come close to the walks and look at visitors with noticeable curiosity and interest. When one pauses to think of what was almost the miracle that saved this noble animal from total extinction he becomes more interested than before in its life history. Buffalo were more numerous than any other large animal of historic times (the first record of a white man having seen one was in Montezuma's menagerie in Mexico in 1521, and the first one not in captivity in Texas in 1530) and if the keepers of the large paddocks are inclined to do so, they can discourse interestingly upon one of the great tragedies of this north-western part of the continent. At one time it was possible to drive for twenty-five miles through an unbroken herd. It is said that Buffalo Bill, while a hunter for the construction company of the Kansas Pacific Railway in 1867-68, killed nearly five thousand buffalo, which were consumed by the men employed

in track-laying. Colonel Henry Inman says in *The Old Santa Fe Trail* that in 1868 he rode for three days through one herd. In 1868 a train of the Kansas Pacific Railway was delayed from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening to permit one herd of buffalo to cross the tracks. In Kansas alone in thirteen years following 1868, when they were ruthlessly slaughtered for their tongues and hides, it is claimed that about thirty-one millions of the animals were slain; a figure arrived at by assuming that it took about one hundred carcasses to provide one ton of bone, that eight dollars per ton was the usual price paid, and that \$2,500,000 was spent for bone to be used at carbon works, which is believed to be the correct figure.

Buffalo once roamed over the vast territory between Pennsylvania and Mexico and as far north as Great Slave Lake, the home of the muskox. His favourite grounds were the great plains, but he was found at an elevation of eleven thousand feet in the Rocky Mountains and he came near to tide water east of the Appalachian Mountains. As late as 1870 they ranged from Texas to the Arctic Circle. They were the most valuable possession of the Indians, because they provided meat which tastes like beef, covering for tents and clothing for the body, and hunting implements were made from the bones and horns. Hendry, who went into the Saskatchewan country with the Indians in 1754, wrote: "So expert are the natives buffalo hunting, they will take an arrow out of the buffalo when the beasts are foaming and raging and tearing the ground up with their feet and horns. The buffalo are so numerous like herds of English cattle, that we are obliged to make them sheer out of our way." It is recorded by witnesses that a chief of the Kiowas named



MOUNT RUNDLE, NEAR BANFF.

Smoke Shield was a giant over seven feet tall and that he never rode a horse when buffalo hunting but ran after the animals and despatched them with a lance. Another Indian called *Two Lance* was distinguished for his ability to shoot an arrow through the body of a buffalo so that it fell out on the other side.

The buffalo existed in such almost unbelievable numbers, however, that the annual death toll of the Indians made no inroads upon the herds which multiplied with great rapidity. It was the coming of the white man that sealed their doom. They fell by the millions and were threatened with extinction when a few were gathered as here at Banff in a somewhat desperate endeavour to perpetuate the species. The only buffalo so far as known which continue to roam in a wild state are near Great Slave Lake, where there are said to be about five hundred of the variety known as Wood bison.

Seven miles beyond the huge buffalo corrals lies Lake Minnewanka, a beautiful body of water that provides excellent trout fishing and a long launch ride through a curving channel bordered by gigantic cliffs. On the route may be obtained good views of Mount Aylmer, over ten thousand feet. Peechee and Ingilismaldie, nine thousand feet peaks. The drive to Mount Edith Pass leads along the shores of Vermillion Lakes as far west as necessary to obtain a fine view of Mount Edith. In the foothills to the north the tourist may usually observe mountain sheep and deer on natural grassy lawns. What is known as the Loop Drive follows the Bow Valley in view of the Falls, crosses the Spray Bridge and skirts the base of Mount Rundle with a view of the stone pillars known as the Hoodoos, across the river. Probably the longest mountain trip to make an appeal to amateurs in this vicin-

ity is to the Observatory on Sulphur Mountain, a distance of twelve miles. The Pavilion is three thousand feet above the town and commands a grand view of the surrounding mountains and valleys. Mount Assiniboine rises over eleven thousand feet and the trail is usually counted about thirty-five miles to its summit. It is a difficult climb as the rocky side is almost vertical and has won for it the popular name of "The Matterhorn of the Rockies." Its ascent, like so many of the long and arduous climbs from nearby resorts, is accounted one of the "rare" experiences by the guides and outfitters who are always attempting to lure their patrons from the "tame cat" excursions near the railroad. The vast majority of travelers, however, will find enough to satisfy them in Banff and its easily accessible environments. As in other things, however, Banff offers something that will satisfy all visitors, those who desire a quiet holiday in a fashionable or a moderate price hotel, those who prefer to saunter in beautiful woodland, the walkers, riders, drivers; and those who desire for the strenuous leads them to undertake long trips that require from one week to thirty days. Banff provides it all, in reality, the little city that has grown up around the steaming springs is all embracing, the climax of the mountain tour from the West, a summing up and review of all that has been seen or experienced elsewhere. When approached from the East it offers its dazzling variety of marvels almost as soon as one has entered the gateway from the plains, and the tourists' first hours are spent in bewilderment and amazement that such scenic prodigality exists — not in some faroff corner of the Urals, Caucasus, Andes or Himalayas, but so close to home, just beyond the great wheat fields around Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary.



As the departing train leaves Banff it circles into the great eight-hundred-acre corral of the buffalo and soon reaches the coal-mining towns of Bankhead and Canmore. A good view is obtained of Three Sisters Mountain in profile and of Wind and Pigeon Mountains looming in the far distance. The peaks still raise their heads into the clouds as if in an heroic effort to defy the inevitable monotony of the plains. The Bow River, which is to provide the water for vast irrigation systems in the wheatlands and power for great electric plants in its descent toward the prairie, bursts through the Gap and the rails follow its channel. At Exshaw is one of the largest cement works in Canada, and the surrounding mountains have now become tremendous uplifts of the Carboniferous and the Devonian Ages, which have broken through the earth's crust and slowly heaved aloft as if in a futile effort to reach the majestic proportions of sister peaks to the westward. At Cochrane the descent is becoming rapid and the train runs along the great terraces of the foothills. From the observation platform this slide to the plains is easily perceptible as one sees the snow tips of the distance receding and the billowy grass hills of Alberta bordering the staircase that has its base in one of the colossal cereal gardens of the world. The river froths and foams as if from habits contracted in its youth among mountain chasms, but its bed seems level and it will soon flow as undisturbed as the meadow brook. The mountains and hills are visible off there to the West among the clouds, but the rails lie flat upon the earth's floor. Man-built peaks appear on the eastern sky-line, grouped together like the rims of the basins of Glacier, Field, Lake Louise and Banff; they are the towering "skyscrapers" of Calgary.

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